THE CALCUTTA REVIEW.

VOLUME CXXIII.

January 1906.

No man who hath tasted learning but will confess the many ways of profiting by those who, not contented with stale receipts, are able to manage and set forth new positions to the world; and, were they but as the dust and cinders of our feet, so long as in that notion they may yet serve to polish and brighten the armoury of truth, even for that respect they were not utterly to be cast away.—MILTON.

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THE CALCUTTA REVIEW

No. 243—JANUARY 1906.

Art. I.—NOTES ON THE QUARTER.

THE visits of members of the Royal Family to India are always, and quite rightly, regarded as historical events of the first importance. The East has ever been peculiarly susceptible to the influence of personality, and the actual sight of their rulers always affords a special satisfaction to its people. In the Roman Empire, in so many respects the prototype of our own, it is a fact not without its own significance that the personal tours of the Cæsars, apart from purely military expeditions, took place as a rule in the eastern half of their dominions. The personal contact of the Heir Apparent to the throne of England with this great dependency cannot fail to be productive of great and wide-reaching results. The Prince of Wales himself will fall under the spell of India, like his august grandmother and our present gracious King. In future India, in its manifold aspects, will be to him something more than a name. On the other hand the progress of Their Royal Highnesses through India will bring clearly before the minds of its myriad inhabitants of every class and creed the great ideas of the solidarity and unity of our empire, and of the strong ties of personal and individual loyalty that hold together the framework of the bureaucracy with which we are all

at times apt to feel annoyed. The minor questions which agitate the various communities will be dropped for a salutary interval to give place and scope for the outpouring of all hearts in a welcome whose depth and intensity have already been made partly manifest. It will be felt on all sides that whoever else may blunder the King can do no wrong, and that no jarring notes must be suffered to mar the harmony of India's greeting to the King's son. And it is this spirit of personal devotion to her visible rulers which enables India to benefit so largely by their rare visits, and to remember them with such vivid recollection.

The departure of Lord Curzon from Bombay marks the end of an administration about which it is already possible to say many things. Like all great rulers, the late Viceroy is a man who, having made a deep mark upon the history of India, will be greatly missed. For sheer weight of personal influence, felt through all departments and grades of every service, we doubt whether any of his illustrious predecessors can challenge comparison with Lord Curzon. If it be true, as has been cynically observed, that the first act of most senior servants of Government on hearing that the "Dufferin" had really sailed was to call for a long chair and a peg, we doubt if Lord Curzon himself could have wished for a greater compliment to his ceaseless energy and indomitable power for work. It is too soon to pass criticisms upon his tenure of office. As he has said himself, all India will be his judge. And he need have little apprehension as to the ultimate decision. But there should be no ungenerous delay in the recognition of his marvellous ability, his unsparing labour, and his lofty ideals. His present detractors may find hereafter that their scathing comments upon a policy that they have

not grasped, and an enthusiasm that they are unable to appreciate, will recoil with considerable force upon themselves. In any case present popularity is no proof of greatness, but rather the reverse, and he who elects to live a little in advance of his fellows is usually well aware that he must expect to have his motives abundantly misconstrued and his best intentions misunderstood. But the solid achievements that Lord Curzon has left behind him will be sufficient to ensure him a permanent place among the great rulers of India, even if the methods that he has stimulated, and the machinery that he has quickened by his spirit and example, lapse after his departure once again into the comparative repose from which for a while he has roused them.

To a certain extent, it cannot be denied, Lord Curzon has left legacies of considerable difficulty to his successor. During the past seven years so much new machinery has been set in motion that for some time to come it will need careful supervision to ensure that it shall run smoothly and easily. And unfortunately in a country like this there are always plenty of persons interested in the breakdown of improvements and in the reintroduction of the former system. And the passive resistance that can be offered by such persons, both consciously and unconsciously, is very serious. For example, in higher education, the University reforms that were effected with such effort, and, in the late Viceroy's case, at the cost of so much personal unpopularity, have so far produced sadly little result. The loyal co-operation of many individuals is needed to give every measure of reform even a fair chance of proving its value. And such co-operation can never be enforced by legislation. Perhaps in some respects Lord Curzon may have moved a little too fast, and consequently a certain interval will

have to elapse before the full force that his reforms were intended to create can be expected to operate, but much will necessarily depend upon the consistency with which his policy is followed up. In many directions even he, in the comparatively lengthy period of his Viceroyalty, has been able to do no more than to lay down certain lines of possible progress and to challenge attention to their capabilities. It must be left to others to make full trial of them. The unpardonable sin will be in all such cases to revert to the old ways, and to neglect the use of the opportunities of advance that have been given. The deservedly high reputation of Lord Minto as a statesman and organiser minimises the risk of relapses, and give confidence that the ground so painfully won will not be lost again. It is a great thing for India that a strong man has arrived to undertake the completion of the many schemes inaugurated by the active genius of Lord Curzon.

The condition of Russia is one that must cause grave anxiety to all students of human history. So far the course of the inevitable revolution is proceeding jerkily upon lines of complete novelty in the records of such movements. This is largely due to the steadiness at present of the large mass of the army. To what extent the rougher element of the population has been bribed by the dangerous expedient of turning its fury temporarily against the hated Jews, and practically condoning any outrages committed against that hapless race, remains to be seen. It is a perilous policy, inasmuch as a thirst for blood and plunder is more easily aroused than quenched, and it may some day occur to the Russian people that a bureaucracy which can stoop to purchase its own safety by the sacrifice of any portion of the public in whose interests it theoretically exists is

not itself impervious to similar treatment. The great danger of all national revolutions to the world at large is simply that so forcibly illustrated in the case of France. When all internal government is overthrown, national credit destroyed, and home resources exhausted, aggressive wars afford the only means of securing the continued existence of the nation. If in addition to this necessity a great military leader is also forthcoming, the period of anarchy is succeeded by a period of foreign conquest. Germany, Austria, and Turkey lie specially open to this risk, but we cannot afford to forget in India that Russia has Asiatic frontiers too. Probably the best result of the disturbances in Russia, from the point of view of her nervous neighbours, would be her disruption into two kingdoms, even if the capital of the southern one had to be Constantinople. But this development is unlikely to occur, and the prospect seems to be that Europe will be confronted at no distant date either by a despotic autocracy without ruth or clemency, or by the no less disquieting proximity of a military and menacing republic.

The Sultan of Turkey really seems at last to have exhausted the patience of the Powers. Whether naval demonstrations will do more than afford a pleasing and novel entertainment to the subjects of the Sublime Porte will soon be a matter of history. But it is interesting to note how time brings its revenges. In the middle ages the demonstrations of naval power that took place in the Mediterranean were generally arranged by the Mohamedan empire to impress the Christian Powers, and they invariably met with considerable success. He would be a bold man indeed who should attempt to prophesy as to the practical results of any such pressure upon the Turkish ruler of to-day. The Sultan has

shown such wonderful talents for diplomatic evasion that the present situation is probably causing him no very special anxiety. He relies, and with a confidence amply sustained by previous experience, on the international jealousies of his Christian monitors. The same cause which wrecked the Crusades, and later on allowed the Ottoman to capture Constantinople, will no doubt operate for some time longer to delay the enfranchisement of the provinces of Turkey in Europe. And amid the general progress of the world it is possible that there may arise in Turkey some day a wise and tolerant sovereign, after the type of the great Saladin, in whose reign the necessity for displays of physical force to secure the adequate administration of law and justice may cease. But it is idle to suppose that that day has dawned as yet. The condition of Macedonia alone calls with a voice which cannot be ignored for outside interference. That interference will be fully justified if it conduces even to the mitigation of the troubles of that unfortunate province. United action on the part of the Powers is in every way more desirable than the single intervention of any one of them, a limitation of authority and influence as unnecessary as it might prove perilous.

The placing of an English princess upon the revived throne of Norway is another of the pleasant little revenges of history. We have had kings, and good kings, of Scandinavian blood, and we are now returning the compliment in the most graceful manner possible. The only cloud on the horizon, and it is rather a dark one, is the fear that the division between Norway and Sweden may render both less capable of offering a powerful resistance to any future schemes of Russian aggression in the Baltic than is now the case. This new severance is a final comment upon the impracticability

of the old dream of King Knut, the formation of an Anglo-Scandinavian empire in the north of Europe, consisting of Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, to counterbalance the then existing Holy Roman Empire in the south.

The most interesting portion of the Anglo-Japanese understanding, from our point of view, is the contemplated possibility of a Japanese force acting in concert with the Indian army to repel an attack upon India, presumably by the old way of the north-west. The question has often been discussed as to how far the soldiers of the Mikado would appear to advantage in a hilly country. To a certain extent they have returned a most satisfactory answer to it in Manchuria. From their marked resemblance in so many respects to our own Gurkha regiments our allies would in all probability readily adapt themselves to the arduous conditions which they would be called upon to face. In any case, the contemplation of such a contingency in the agreement will not have been without its value if it induces any hostile power to think matters over with greater care before attempting any such invasion. The moral support of a country which has so signally proved its fighting capacity is an important asset in the modern game of diplomacy, in which every available move of an antagonist has to be foreseen and guarded against.

The serious attention of the Government of India will have to be challenged before long to the question of the prospects set before European boys educated in India. A pamphlet published some years since by the then Warden of Mussoorie School pointed out how the higher branches of the Service had closed their doors one by one to such boys. The only practical notice that

seems to have been taken of it is that since then the superior grade in the Indian Police has also been made a close preserve for candidates who appear for examination in England. Now we have no hesitation in asserting that in this matter Government is dealing very short-sightedly with the leading European schools out here. It is most useful to increase efficiency by enhanced grants in aid ; but provision must also be made either to give the best boys in these schools substantial assistance in proceeding to England to complete their education or to provide them with suitable appointments in India. Still less advisable does it seem to squander public money upon salaries of inspectors and directors, before enough good schools have been created for them to inspect or direct. It may also be suggested that when commissions are appointed to improve codes or to suggest remedies for financial or educational inefficiency not much result in the way of practical reform can be expected when those commissions are composed solely of the departmental officers who are surely chiefly responsible for the chaos which they meet to set in order. The actual lapse of time which is permitted to take place between the stating of the proposals of these commissions and the execution of them seems to show that the Government itself does not attach overwhelming importance to their recommendations. Meanwhile generations of school life pass, and the hearts of the workers grow heavy, as they see the reforms so urgently needed and so frequently promised still postponed with a procrastination as much without excuse as it is without precedent.

The remedy for the present condition of affairs in European education has been clearly pointed out over and over again, and has been recognised practically by

the commission of Directors of Public Instruction. From such fragments of their report as have been made public it is evident that they have realised the gravity of the situation, though their recommendations in the direction of Government assistance hardly go far enough. They are right in suggesting that there should be three hill schools for Europeans, and their scale for the payment of assistant masters provides adequately for the engagement of a competent staff at each of these schools. But a step further will have to be taken. To ensure a supply of the men needed Government must become responsible for the salaries named, and put the men into a regular service, making them retire ultimately according to the usual custom upon a retiring pension of a third of their last pay. Government should also assume full control of the finances of the selected schools, and order their curricula in accordance with its own requirements for the subordinate services. This would be a far simpler, cheaper, and more efficient method of dealing with the problem of European education than the present system of dealing out inadequate sums of money to a large number of struggling institutions for the maintenance of an education which is not regarded as sufficient to qualify its victims for the public service when it has been obtained. But half a loaf is proverbially better than no bread, and it is gratifying to the Anglo-Indian public to reflect that the Government now stands committed to the maintenance of the European schools in a state other than that of impending bankruptcy. It is the peculiar privilege of sound principles of education that as the world grows older and wiser they must ultimately prevail, and assert their inevitableness against all forms of popular or official obscurantism, whether religious or secular.

The death of Sir Henry Irving, in harness, has naturally aroused a great deal of discussion as to the extent and value of his life's work. There can be little doubt that he has done much to raise the position of the actor in English social life. Whether this development of modern times be an unmixed advantage it is too soon as yet to decide. But if we are to have an acting profession at all, and the extinction of the theatre will appear a benefit to none but the most rigid Puritan, it is eminently desirable that the profession should be manned by artists with high ideals and with their hearts in their work. If Sir Henry Irving's death can hardly be said to have eclipsed the gaiety of nations, it has at least removed a most strikingly dignified figure from English stage life. And should the commemoration of his life take the form of provision for the maintenance on a fitting scale of grandeur of the Shakespearian drama, that life will not have been lived wholly in vain.

It will be noticed from our title page that the Rev. Canon A. Saunders Dyer, M.A., F.A.S., who has edited the CALCUTTA REVIEW so successfully since the year 1902, has severed his official connection with this magazine. His new duties as Archdeacon of Calcutta will curtail the time which he might otherwise have devoted to literary work, though we are not without hope that he may appear from time to time in our list of contributors. Mr. Dyer undertook the editorship at a time of considerable anxiety in the history of the Review, and saved it from perishing prematurely. We venture to think that he may congratulate himself that the continued existence of the Review is now assured, and that his labour in this respect has not been thrown away. It will be our privilege and duty to maintain the quality of the paper at the level to which he has restored it, as a record

of contemporary thought and study upon subjects of specially Indian interest.

Following the example of some of our contemporaries, we propose in future to invite discussion and criticism of any articles that may appear in our columns. We shall welcome notes of assent, explanation, or refutation, premising only that the discussion shall usually be confined to one issue of the Review, and that the original writer shall in all cases be entitled, if he cares to avail himself of it, to the right of reply. This, it is hoped, may tend to the eliciting of special knowledge from those who possess it upon the various subjects that are from time to time treated of by our contributors.

THE EDITOR.

Art. II.—A SONG.

'Tis summer where the roses blow
Across the sundering sea;
'Tis everlasting June I know
Where once I walked with thee:
And this shall ever be my song,
And wheresoe'er I go;
Though days be dark and nights be long
The ships sail to and fro,
And 'tis summer, endless summer, where
the rich red roses blow.

'Tis morning when the misty light
Streams from the glowing east
Upon the watcher's wearied sight,
Proud night's unwilling priest:
And still, though life be overcast,
And sorrow fall as night,
There comes an hour when pain is past
And all the world is bright;
And 'tis morning, shining morning, in the
gardens of delight.

'Tis light for ever in the heart
Where memories sweet abide,
What though the lives asunder start
That Time's hard hands divide;
Yet still, if heart to heart be true,
Love's sun at length shall dart
His fiery spear the darkness through
And cleave its clouds apart;
And 'tis light as summer's heaven in the
sky-land of the heart.

EUMOLPOS.

Art. III.—AGRA AND FATEHPUR SIKRI.

THERE is a perennial interest about the lives of the Great Moghuls of India. Amid the utilitarian ideas of the present day, when the most lavish of kings must consider his budget, and the price of materials and the rate of wages attract the interested attention of the man in the street, we turn not unnaturally in our dreamy moments with a feeling of relief to the study of larger if less scrupulous times. The great cities of India are still radiant with the faded splendours of those spacious days when the resources of an empire were poured out with unstinting hand to gratify the caprice of a Sultana, or to mark the last resting-place of one whom his king delighted to honour. There is a breath of huge magnificence about their very names. Agra, Fatehpur Sikri, did ever seven syllables contain more meaning for those who have had the luck to see? Akbar, Shah Jehan, Arjamund, the very names are redolent of the perfume of rose-gardens and flushed with the lustre of crimson battlement and marble dome. And it seems but the guerdon due to departed sovereignty that when the eyes have drunk deep of the sunlight and shade of their wondrous dwellings, and the feet have wandered at will amid the mass and mystery of their creations, the tongue should strive to tell worthily the story and the hand to draw again the outlines of their life, their sorrow, and their pride.

Statesmen, warriors, and lovers, such were the Great Moghuls. They lived life longingly and whole. They made the two earthly ideals of it the sword and the seraglio; as befitted a race sprung from the loins of Timur the Tartar, to whom each strong man was but a

foe to conquer and each fair woman but another rose to pluck. They fought sternly and loved mightily, and they liked not to think that the memory of aught that they had done should pass from the minds of men. Heavy was the fall of their sword, and tender exceedingly was the fashion of their love. So when they fell to building they built even as they had learnt to live. Terrible and beautiful, strong and slender, are the lines of their work in marble and in stone. India is in many respects a land of mystery, and the mystery is as it were focussed in these dim rich cities of the plain. Their ruins are voiceful, and their dust is alive. These buried kings and queens seem to sleep only the charmed sleep of Barbarossa; they are not dead with the tenants of the tombs in Egypt and along the Appian Way. And it is this unearthly company that lends its chief spell to the magic of these ghostly monuments, and that all the intrusive squalor of barrack and canteen is utterly powerless to destroy. Let it be allowed then to put into weak words the knowledge half revealed to one who trod idly amid these splendid shrines and fortresses, and who knows more clearly than the keenest critic can tell him how little he has remembered and how dully he tells his tale.

And first for the task of making the giant bones live by the recital of their contemporary names in our own history. The golden age of Akbar was that of Queen Elizabeth, and the prosaic old envoy of the first James beheld with dazzled eyes the glory of Jehangir. While Shah Jehan built Charles fought and died, and Aurangzib, soldier and bigot, pairs off naturally with our own Cromwell. India has no Castle of Windsor or Abbey of Westminster. The lives of these rulers were spacious, and their tombs are sundered far. Agra herself

can hold only Shah Jehan. Miles of green fields lie between him and the great Akbar. Babar, they say, was borne away to the north country, and rests, as he ordained when dying, by a brawling Afghan torrent. Lahore has the dust of Jehangir, and Aurangzib, keeping the field to the last like the first Edward of England, sleeps the sleep that the call of duty ever refused him in life far to southward in Aurangabad; still gazing with sightless eyeballs at the Deccan kingdoms, and watching for the sudden onrush of the Maharatta Sivaji, his Robert Bruce.

Come then awhile and look upon the great cities, and remember that this period of their creation is no wild midnight of lost antiquity, but the Tudor and Stuart days that we all like to believe that we know so well.

In religion the men varied with their times. It is a far cry from the tolerant egotism of the great Akbar through the sensuous pietism of Jehangir and the passionate devotion of Shah Jehan to the fiery bigotry of Aurangzib the iconoclast. But through every change of personal attitude stood unchanged the statesmanly countenance of the one true creed, the faith in the one God and in His prophet. And the broad pavement of the Jama Musjid is one in its testimony with the pure ethereal loveliness of its little sisters the Moti and Nagina, one in severe reticence and lofty detachment, as they unite in reminding the Christian of those striking words of his own Master, to which the stained glass and carvings of his Gothic cathedrals hardly supply so clear an allegiance: "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

Lovingly the memory lingers over the impressions of a visit to the great cities. For it was not the visit of

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a traveller, overlaid by the recollection of many other things just seen, and burdened with the anticipation of other things to be seen shortly. Nor was it the rapid survey of the ready writer, with hands itching to get at pen and paper wherewith to develop a photograph of vision borne on a highly sensitised brain. Travellers and journalists have had their say and passed on quickly, but the last word of description has not been spoken, nor will it be uttered now. Many a long year were these temples in building, and shall any man think that he can tell their marvels in three days? For the charm of them is not only historical, still less merely architectural or æsthetic. It is not to be written in a few lines of brilliant description, nor yet splashed upon a canvas of vivid colour. He who would write of these things must be patient above most men. He must spend long days of quiet intercourse with the lonely palaces and the empty courts. Let him go, if it may be, tired and wearied, and drink deep draughts of the peace of the ages as he leans upon the broken balcony or rests besides the moss-grown tank. For as these builders strove with vigour so now their sleep is deep, and dawn and twilight, star-shine and silence, are their only interpreters to an age such as this of ours.

Arrive at Agra when the railway will permit you, which will most probably be at some time verging on the witching hour of midnight. It is proverbially useless and unhealthy to hustle the East, and none of your eloquent expostulations will improve a single arrangement of an Indian time-table, nor all your oaths erase a figure from it. The Olympians of the railway have by no means ended their sport with a long-suffering public, nor will it occur to them to do so as long as anyone who really matters travels by special train or

sumptuous saloon carriage heedless of mankind. As for the natives of the country it is verily possible that if they could they would order things no otherwise. For the platform of the Indian railway station is a true caravanserai. Fully furnished with all his simple or complex bed-room necessities our Aryan brother accepts the will of heaven in the matter of a train's locomotion. One may smoke and sleep at will, and there be water and strange sweetmeats within guttural hail. Surely it is part of the wild madness of the *sahib* to be for ever wanting to go forward with speed. Is not one day even as the other? So he smokes his *hookah*, chews his *betel*, and looks with mild-eyed lack of interest upon the limited universe of line and signal until the humour seizes him to sleep. Then he wraps himself into the semblance of a cocoon, and lies in death-like torpor till things shall be otherwise in some fashion or other. Cease then to wonder at the ways of our land, for you may not know their whole inwardness, and at the hour of midnight look out over the moonlit sandbanks and rolling hillocky foreground to the pearly dimness of the distant Taj and the long dark line of Akbar's fort. Suddenly beneath you yawns a wide river, gliding steadily onward in the moonlight, large margin of white sand and green shrub, but still a broad body of water even in this rainless weather, and with wealth of creaking brake and warning whistle the fussy train informs you that against all reasonable human expectation it has fulfilled its contract as regards your vile body and that you may go your way.

Do not listen to those hotel touts who hand you grimy cards and would fain know whether your name be Snooks and in what language you have not telegraphed, for you stay with us and a protector of the poor heaven-born.

We come down fairly late next morning into the full freshness of the Indian cold weather. It is usual in this land of exile for the ruling race to adopt the ways of the country, to rise very early, and so give up consequently the spring of English manhood, the big solid health-giving breakfast. In the plains in the heat this may be necessary. But the system has its disadvantages. A great strain is imposed upon the frame of the worker, which shows itself in the pitiful rapidity with which the Anglo-Indian drops off to sleep at all sorts of inconvenient hours. At dinner his conversational powers are sadly limited, and at the end of that social meal he is too often as sheer a hulk as Tom Bowling himself.

Our host has eaten of some poor eggs in the dim dawn and betaken himself to his cutcherry. There he will sit for hours signing off his name or listening to weary pleadings. Let us wander out into his compound and use our eyes lazily. The house is an old one for India, and its grounds are roomy. Pigeons, doves with pink breasts and heads, minas black and white, a small brown bird with flirting tail like a robin's, little gray squirrels darting from tree to tree, and a tame doe,—all these are here to greet us. A persistent mongoose, with bushy tail and sharp snout, passes continually through one wing of the house, engaged apparently upon an unending quest, to perish later in a trap set by the white-bearded sirdar to deal with some nightly visitor who has a trick of breaking plates.

But we must not linger overlong, for the carriage waits, and the fort of Akbar, now a crimson glowing fairy palace, is our objective. So on we roll, along the white dusty roads, up and down, for Agra is an undulating city, across a drawbridge, and into the deep red shadow of the great outer gate. Hence we climb slowly

up the steep flagged hill, for flagged it practically is, so large are the cobble stones that pave it, to the oblong piece of grass and trees that forms the centre of the fort. We are in the enchanted precincts, and the world seems already very far away. Straight before us are the graceful arches of the Diwan-i-Khas, the Hall of Public Audience, and in front of them a solitary grave.

Here in pathetic solitude lies the body of Sir Auckland Colvin, Lieutenant-Governor, who died in the fort a broken man during the dark days of 1857, surrounded by the European population of the district who had sought shelter within the circle of Akbar's walls. We pause awhile in respectful sympathy beside it, and then pass onward and upward into the mazes of the Moghul palace. It is all a bewildering dream of purity and passion, of refinement and cruelty, of marble water-courses and dazzling pavements. Labyrinths of red stone, and unexpected stairways, the great black stone on which the Emperor sat in meditation, cracked by miracle under the unhallowed pressure of an intruding Jat, the hanging beam and the sluices into the Jumna River, boudoirs alternating with dungeons, all is a true synopsis of the mighty Moghul life. In the fulness of the sensual pleasure, followed by the sudden plunge into death, we have all the light and shade of those days of glorious vitality and pitiless eclipse.

There is a striking contrast between this ordered majesty and doom and the barbaric pomp and fiendish cruelty of Thebaw's palace in Mandalay. Just as the spotless perfection of these mosques, the Moti and Nagina, when compared with the gaudy garishness and foul squalor of Benares, give us the clue to the minds of Mahmud of Ghazni and of Aurangzib. Theirs was not the Pauline conception in this matter. They did not

know that an idol was nothing in the world. Rather did they consider it with its worshippers as a very potent and present evil, to be despatched to *Jehannum* with the utmost available celerity. The white silence of these marvellous sanctuaries is a mighty protest against all graven images, an everlasting iteration of the central fact of the faith, "There is no God but God."

Lean out over the battlements, and think of one contrast more. Down below there, between the outer and inner walls, there are now greensward and trees, from which latter flocks of emerald parrots fly swift and screaming. There of old, beneath the lattice that screened the Sultana in the Jasmine Tower, fell tigers were slain for her amusement, and elephants trampled criminals into gory clay. Above and behind that agony and fury these supreme artists had the background that we look upon to-day, the sweep of gray river, and the delicate domes and minarets of the Taj itself. Clear and beautiful it rises in the distance, matchless and mysterious in cloud and sunshine, at morn or eve, whether wreathed in misty drapery or mirroring its every beauty in the gliding river naked and not ashamed. Ah, how well he knew it, its lover and creator, Shah Jehan! Symbol of his deathless love, witness of his pride of power and glory, steady faithful comrade through the weary years of prison, he could rest his failing eyes upon it while that most dutiful of daughters held his wasted hand. What brighter company for a deathbed could mortal man desire? But the Taj must be spoken of by itself, even as it stands alone and without peer among the sepulchres of earth.

No lover of this marvel can tell you when and how to see it Some are for sunset, some for moonlight, some for the broad glare of utterest noonday. Let us

not decide. Come first and pay an ungallant surprise visit at 3 o'clock in the afternoon on a flat hot dusty day. Do not shudder at the thought, harden your heart, and let us arrive,—excellent term,—out of all sentimental sympathy. It is useless. There stands the Taj, cool, clear, and glistening, behind the two long lines of straight still water and the green depth of its trees. The light blue shadows of its arches are beautiful as ever, and the great marble dome rises pure and massive into the silent air.

Our craft results only in our being held spell-bound at the outer gate, whose dark red beauty slashed with marble ornament may pass unnoticed in the less vivid light of later day. We wander through its corridors, climb its spiral steps, and dream upon its balconies. And ever, beyond the pavement we feel we cannot traverse as yet, the Taj is waiting for us. Why cannot its beauty be analysed, as all admit? It lies perhaps chiefly in its incalculable costliness. Here is all the wealth of the world tossed into a pile of marble to mark the resting-place of a woman's lifeless body. Has man's love for his Maker, or any other motive, ever raised a single building like to this? For, while the mosques in the Fort breathe of God and God only, this whole glory is earthly and of earth, the music, light, and life of it are those of the lips, eyes, and bosom of Arjamund Banu. Its designer was a colossal artist. It was built, say they, in eighteen years, and the lives of many were spilt like water upon it. Yet as we look across to it in the living sunlight it seems the outcome of an hour of dream.

We are disturbed at this moment by raucous accents proceeding from another balcony immediately beneath us. Here a couple of American tourists, blue-spectacled

and sun-helmeted, are taking a lengthy photograph of the Taj, which smiles upon their efforts as though supremely conscious of this trans-Atlantic failure to reproduce its grace. And down below, on the brink of the marble fountain, two podgy damsels are standing arm in arm against this wonder of the world, being snap-shot, the expression has a Columbian crispness, by an admirer in *pince-nez* and a Panama hat. And wild comparisons surge upon us all unbidden, such as Yellowstone Park and the Taj gardens, J. B. Robinson and Shah Jehan, canned meats and the rose bushes of Hafiz and Omar.

But look again. There goes a handful of Indian visitors, passing up the foreground. This is more in keeping, splashes of rose colour, crimson, orange, and azure, against the marble floor. Ah well, ah well, they are a decadent not a progressive race, no doubt.

We come to the Taj again in the morning, and betake us to the tombs at once. Of their sumptuous beauty we cannot speak. We have heard the cry of the faith lose itself in the rich dim roof, and have taken a rose from the very grave of Arjamund. We pass some elderly ladies, who are slipping in spite of all assistance on the marble steps and loudly clamouring that balustrades shall be erected to help the decrepit down into the silence of the crypt. Out through the glare of the blinding façade, on to the warm red pavement, and into the shadow of the Taj. Here we sit above the river, looking away to the Fort and down upon the bathing-ghât below. There are small brown boys splashing in the water, women with clinging garments bending to fill their pots of shining brass, and a big buffalo, driven casually in among them all, wades out slowly till all but

its back is covered and drinks deep. Thick heavy turtles paddle foolishly in the muddy stream, barging blindly about, for all the world like a great government in search of an educational policy. We gaze upon the flat bank opposite, and dream of the completed scheme according to its first intention. For here was to stand another Taj, of black marble this time, to hold the lifeless form of Shah Jehan himself, the two to be united by a great bridge across the river at the glories of which we can only guess. We turn again, through the great red mosques that flank the sepulchre, to the gardens. The cool spray of the fountains with their infinite featheriness, and the upraised marble tank with its huge fish floating lazily in it, bring back memories of Versailles and Fontainebleau, and of the *Voilà cependant regner* of the *Roi Soleil.*

We hear from an ardent visitor under the very arch of the outer gate that the Japanese are about to evacuate Manchuria, but that all seems very far away. As we drive homeward we are of a sudden enveloped in a drove of some twenty-five or thirty little donkeys, carrying loose stones in rickety paniers. One good English cart would take the whole load. Poor wasted donkeys, with straps drawn tightly across their rumps, throwing out into fatally salient prominence a hand's breadth of flesh on either side to receive the well-aimed blows with an ash plant with which their driver delights to stimulate these patient plodders. This *tardi agitator aselli* is a Hindu boy clothed only in a soiled white turban and loin cloth, but with a lithe brown figure and large dark eyes. The whole scene is typical of India and of the mild Hindu. The only colours required for painting it are the everlasting white, brown and gray. Under this simple system of the devil and the ash plant

take the hindmost a steady forward shuffle is imparted to the whole community.

Next we meet a camel sowar, carrying the Commissioner's letters. The rider sits aloft, swaying with the motion of the gaunt beast as it passes with its raking stride and supercilious mouth and eye, giving a general effect of patchwork skin drawn over some gigantic towel-horse with strange outstanding knobs at unexpected corners. It is quite impossible to take a camel at all seriously. It is a pantomimic beast at best, and one awaits the moment when the hidden artist who really constitutes the hind legs of it will weary of the task and knock off for some well-earned refreshment.

Let our last visit to the Taj be paid in the cool of the evening, at the hour in which the Lord God walked amid the trees of Eden. Vividly green are now the squares of lawn, crossed with broad shadows from the west. Note the strong contrast of the warm red sandstone colonnades, and the creamy whiteness of the Taj itself. Come and sit now by the tank, and watch the light die over the smooth marble. Still and cool are the waters, with the red and green lotus leaves floating on them. Strangely free moreover from scum, no doubt owing to the presence of the huge lazy fish therein. Five marble fountain jets alone are enough to give relief, with the help of the cunningly shaped scroll work at the inner corners.

And now we lift our eyes to see the parting gleam of sunset kiss that aërial beauty beyond. They are caught by the great minarets standing out in front. Their tapering height is girdled by three bangles of fretted stone, and the black lines that seem to be courses of mortar are inlaid marble one and all. The kiosks that crown them are pure as those of the Moti Musjid

itself. The evening sky is soft and clear and blue behind the points of white marble and dull gold. Flocks of green parrots shoot across the gathering dusk, and high above circle the kites with their delicious keening shrill. Hundreds of little green frogs croak their lullaby, and splash from leaf to leaf in the stagnant water, whose straight lines are guarded all about by scented shrubs. From the darkening trees echoes the whirr of wings, while crows with harsh approval hail the night. Pink-breasted doves and cooing pigeons give a softer note. Dancing midges fill the lower air. The puffing of a far distant engine throbs upon the ear. A party of Kabulis wends its way towards us. These men have wide creased trousers, shoes with turned up points, and Zouave jackets trimmed with lace of tarnished gold. One of our own women passes, pink-gowned, with floating train, and carrying eye-glasses on a long tortoise-shell handle. Next to her an absurd little girl in white socks and frilled drawers, longing to catch the wise old carp—"With a little bread, daddy." Here are more tourists, with grins of half conscious pleasure, squaring of check-clad shoulders, and crackling of khaki skirts, searching in unsatisfied fashion for anything that may be seen for money. Here too an American, whistling and swinging his stick. He has worn his hat in the death chamber of the Taj, but the spell of it is on him for all that, and he is coming back for one last look.

Let us pass now in the rich dim twilight through the rose garden. She was verily the lady of the rose, this Arjamund Banu, and she is still pictured in ivory holding a red rose to her breast. There are arches of white, red, and yellow blooms, and the scent of them fills the dusk. In the hush of the failing light we thread our way among them, the fittest way of taking our leave

of the Persian lady and her dead lover. These scented arches embower in their perfume her memory, and his too who reared to her this deathless token of his mighty love. Well is it for them that they sleep deep, unmindful of the tramp of Western feet and of the laughter of twanging tongues. And all the weird and lovely suggestion of the hour is upon us, as we pace these mystic precincts in the half darkness, the feeling that is not all melancholy nor all pain, but a subtle mingling of all emotions in a sympathy of sorrow that none but Roman Virgil has ever rightly expressed.

On a bright sunny morning, such as this land sees in its cold weather, the very perfection of climate, we start for Fatehpur Sikri. We drive at a rattling speed for some twenty-three miles along a high white level road, under a colonnade of trees. Three times we change our horses, big-boned angular creatures, but full of pace. And at each stage we are surrounded by naked children, their eyes stained with henna, screaming for *bachshish*. To our right, soon after leaving Agra, swings off the road to Sikandra, where rests in peace the mighty soldier and statesman whose forsaken palaces we are about to tread. Our first impression is of a great circling crimson wall, with broken ornament above it. We strike one end of the ridge whereon the city fortress stands and drive along it. Through the red line of walls, and then up the ascent to the palace. Then are we aware of the great Gate of Victory, towering over all else, set up by Akbar to remind the world of his conquest of Khandesh.

This great gate is a true arch of triumph, and towers high above the line of wall. It is crowned with kiosks, and flanked by side arches. It practically forms one side of the great square which contains the tomb of

Selim, the saint owing to whose agreeable prophesyings it came to pass that Fatehpur Sikri holds its eternal honour as the summer residence of the greatest of the Moghuls. To visit the tomb and the mosque adjacent to it we have our profane feet encompassed in canvas slippers of vast size with soles of rope. Then we shuffle thus bedraped round the marble corridor, and gaze through the wondrously wrought screens at the marble tomb within. The sacred sarcophagus itself is richly inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Selim, though so great a saint, was a family man, for his infant son, who kindly died at the tender age of six months as a willing substitute for the yet unborn Jehangir, lies close by. Moreover the saint's descendants hold the monopoly of guiding visitors amid the ruins of the palace, and strenuously and raucously do they maintain the same.

We wander on through all this fallen majesty, grand in its prostration as perchance it was hardly in its pride. For the hand of time has touched with beauty much that in its raw newness was rather garish than tasteful. Except the exquisite white marble of Selim's tomb, and the chief impression of Akbar's halls is that of warm red sandstone, with blue rock pigeons to show it strongly forth, and leagues of low-lying green distance overhung with light blue haze for further contrast. A clean limbed young Englishman is lying stretched in a long chair outside the house of the reputed Christian Miriam. He has a lighted cheroot in his mouth, and what looks not unlike a paper-bound novel face downwards on his knees. "The Stunt Sahib," whispers Selim's descendant in due awe: "he is learning his work." So no doubt said other honest men of old of Abul Fazl under similar conditions. The houses of the other wives are to-day but silent and empty, connected by low red colonnades.

along which scamper inquisitive squirrels with cocked tails. Most lovely of the single buildings is perhaps the home of the Turkish sultana, with its carved and fretted stone.

Beautiful exceedingly too is the spacious palace of the Hindu wife, with its curiously shaped portal leading into a true quadrangle. In the sides of the gateway are rich carved recesses to bear the images of the gods, as we see them at Benares and in the temple under the ground at Akbar's fort at Allahabad. All subdued are now the inner walls of this lovely court, which of old were bright with white and coloured frescoes. Look also at the Diwan-i-am. It consists of a round platform of stone high and lifted up, reached from the side walls by four gangways with fretted balustrades. Here Akbar talked politics, aye, and also found himself a god, supported by a single carved pillar of wondrous workmanship, with wide views from each narrow window over leagues of land all his. Thence he sauntered down to the court below, where games of living *patchesi* were played to beguile his dalliance, with sixteen lovely slave-girls for pieces, while the dice that ordered their graceful movements were cast upon a broad stone platform to be seen still. The splendid Moghul luxury is here on all sides, in the deep coolness of the siesta room, and the frescoes of flowers that adorn the dining-hall with its small stone cupboards let into the walls, in the Emperor's three-storied sleeping chamber, decorated with paintings and Persian poetry. It speaks from the stately court of the fish-ponds, and from the beautiful but inexplicable Panch Mahal, roof rising over roof to the kiosk on the summit of all. And the sternness of that all embracing rule is not without its witness too. In the execution court you may see the ring to which the elephant was tethered

that stamped the criminal into a shapeless mass while the Emperor sat to see in this red balcony with these perforated stone screens to right and left of him. Now the court of doom is full of camels, grunting and biting at one another, while a young one, a fluffy pantomimic absurdity, is sucking at its dam, wagging its tail like a dog. And a donkey entering the palace with a weary air stops to rub its neck against the base of a column. The hand of Aurangzib, the image breaker, is everywhere visible in chopped heads and mutilated bodies among the carved figures on the walls. But why speak of all? Is it not written in many an author? Does not Akbar the king sleep with his fathers, and does not the Secretary of State for India reign in his stead?

E. CARUS.

Art. IV.—MUSLIM INDIA, THE PRE-MOGHUL PERIOD.

ISLAM is the youngest of the great religions of the world, as Hinduism or Brahmanism is the oldest. But no religion ever exhibited such a vigorous youth as Islam. Impelled by its irrepressible energy, the Arab, its eldest born, precipitated himself with the resistless strength of a giant on the moribund empires of Persia and Byzantium, and, while, on the one hand, he put an end to the national autonomy of the Persians and allowed their ancient faith to exist for a time only and on sufferance, on the other, he wrested once for all from the feeble grasp of the Christian monarchy its fairest provinces from Syria to Morocco, and subjected them before long to his temporal and spiritual sway. The opening years of the second decade of the 8th century witnessed the stupendous spectacle of this new born faith and this young nation assailing impetuously and at the same time peoples as distant and diverse as those of Christian Spain and Brahmanical India. The frontiers of Christian domination receded before the mighty onrush of the sons of the desert, and the Muslims strode over Southern Spain for seven centuries and a half, until the premonitory commotions of a new awakening of the Western European mind cast them out, and uprooted as much of their work as was perishable. But Islam had already entered Europe by another door. Its latest champion, the Turk, had implanted its victorious standard on the soil of south-eastern Europe, where to this day it triumphantly floats.

But the first Muslim invasion of India led to nothing except the half-hearted, partial, and barren occupation of a poor and distant province for a little more than a century

and a half. At the end of this term, the Arab settlers, left to their own resources by the voluptuous and impotent Abbaside caliphs, and demoralised by their own clannish feuds and the cooling of their religious ardour, were split up into two peoples by the foundation of two independent principalities. Powerful Hindu kingdoms on the north and the east prevented their expansion. They fell successively under the rule of the Karmathians, the Sultans of Ghazna and Ghor, and the Rajputs. Except in some tribal names and the ruins of a civilisation which they destroyed, the Arabs left no memorials of their ineffectual rule in Sind.

The true Mussalman conquerors of India were Turks and not Arabs, and they did not begin to appear till Islam had undergone a remarkable change. With the overthrow of the Ummayad Caliphate the Arab had ceased to play the predominant *rôle* in the political history of Islam. The beneficent ascendancy of the Persian had almost wholly departed with the early sovereigns of the House of Abbas. Under the later Abbasides the Turks were coming to the fore-front, and an ever-increasing narrowness, bigotry, and conservatism were fast becoming synonymous with orthodoxy. And when, early in the 11th century, the tide of this momentous transformation had fairly set in, the brave, sanguinary, lordly, sensual, bigoted, and fanatical Turks, inspired as much by the zeal of *ghazis* as the greed of freebooters, swooped down through the icy fastnesses of the Himalayas upon the sunlit plains of Brahmanical India.

India, so named from the noble river that sweeps majestically along her North-Western frontier, is essentially the creation of her Himalaya, which, overshadowing the entire north, rears aloft its dizzy height as an

eternal monument of the loftiness, majesty, and hoary antiquity of her civilisation. Probably more than 5,000 years before the Christian era, a black, dwarfish, long-headed, and broadnosed race, called the Dravidian, burst in through the ever-memorable North-Western passes, and pushing eastward an earlier, unhistorical people, whom they found in possession of a large part of the soil, overspread the peninsula. The ruder and more indolent of the Dravidian tribes chose for their dwelling the jungle-clad hills, where, unmolested by Hindu or Mussalman, they have continued to this day the primitive simplicity of the Stone Age. On the other hand, the more advanced and adventurous of their race preferred the plains, made the first clearings in the gigantic, primeval forests of India and, in process of time, reared cities, developed a few industries and some form of government, and learnt to trade with the sister-countries of Turania, Chaldæa and South Arabia. In the rich and flourishing trade with the Far East, their commercial activity was no less conspicuous. But the religion professed by the Dravidians was even more debased and degrading than the kindred faith of their kinsmen in the Euphrates Valley; and India, or more properly Dravidia, was emphatically the abode of serpent and phallus worship until the superior genius of a new race of white-skinned invaders impregnated their crude faith with a lofty spiritual meaning and assigned it its due place in the hierarchy of religious beliefs and practices.

This new race was Aryan. Fairhaired and tall, the dauntless warriors of this noble race descended through the same narrow defiles that had let in the Dravidians probably two thousand years before. Possessing all the elements of a superior civilisation and the unimpaired strength of a northern race, they supplanted the Dravi-

dians in the fertile valleys of the Indus and the Ganges, cooping up the bulk of them in the narrow region south of the Vindhyas. The bountiful Ind gave them the opportunity of attaining a very high intellectual and spiritual civilisation and excelling in the arts of peace. More by the victories of peace than by victories in war, they overcame the Dravidian south, and indissolubly united the serpent-worshipping Dravidian and the fire-worshipping Aryan under the rule of a common and comprehensive religion, and an identical and unique civilisation, the sphere of whose influence extended from the Himalayas to the sea. To this vast continent and its peoples of various tongues they gave a name, and left on its civilisation the impress of their genius for all time to come. They evolved that wonderful organism of ideas known as Buddhism, and gave it as a religion to the eastern half of Asia. With the Greeks they exchanged the wares of knowledge on equal terms. The locust hordes of Turan or Central Asia, who under various names harried their land for centuries, and before whose prowess one of their mightest empires fell to pieces, voluntarily submitted in the end to the chastening discipline of their superior culture, and after being the means of further propagating their faith, lost their individuality in the indistinguishable mass of the general population, But during the 500 years that followed the cessation of foreign invasions in the 6th century, decadence set in, in the government, literature, religion, and art of the Hindus. In the absence of a permanent and powerful central authority, they became divided into a number of discordant political molecules, so that when Subuktigin of Ghazna seized the Hindu possessions west of the Indus and his illustrious son, Sultan Mahmud, came

down upon them like a thunderbolt, their political extinction appeared almost inevitable.

But the second Muslim invasion proved a failure, very much like the first. For, although during a quarter of a century the armies of Islam overran the sacred soil of Hindusthan from Kathiawar to Kanong; though they sacked cities, slew their brave defenders, and swept away their almost incredible wealth; though they destroyed temples and idols, set up mosques, and slaughtered without mercy inoffensive and unresisting Brahmanas, artisans, and peasants, and led away hundreds of thousands of both sexes and all ages into hateful slavery, nature healed the wounds before long and the country reverted once more to its native rulers, whereas the only permanent acquisitions made by the Muslims east of the Indus were comprised in the lowlands of the frontier province of the Punjab, and even in that conquered tract the independence of village communities, the absence of conversion on any large scale, and the employment of Hindu troops and officials, gave the alien Government somewhat of the appearance of a national one. Moreover, the fearful atrocities committed during these years did immense disservice to the cause of Islam by engendering in the Hindu, generally accustomed to regard the propagation of a religion as a mission of peace, a deep-rooted horror of, and aversion for, Islam and its votaries. But it should be understood that Sultan Mahmud came to India not to preach Islam, except in so far as that could be accomplished by eradicating Hinduism; not to establish Muslim rule, but to enrich the faithful with the plunder of India. Surfeited with booty, he turned his back on the land he had devastated, and the princes and people of India were left practically free and unchecked for a century and a half to put their house in

order against the inevitable day of reckoning that was to come.

But how did *they* employ this interval? The people awoke as if from a horrible dream and resumed their habitual happy-go-lucky way of life; while their rulers, instead of shaking off their isolation, anarchical autonomy, and the fossilising influence of the priesthood of a decadent age, causes which unfitted them for successfully encountering a foreign foe, turned once more to the congenial work of waging internecine war for the gratification of family pride and beguiling weary hours with songs and tales and pageants and pedantic discussions.

When the period of grace expired, the great Muiz-ud-din Muhammad-i-Sam *alias* Shiha-buddin of Ghor, after consolidating under his sceptre the scattered Muslim outposts in India, took up the work but partially accomplished by Sultan Mahmud. His able lieutenants, Kutb-ud-din Aibek and Muhammad-i-Bakhtyar, gave him valuable aid, and in ten years Hindusthan was overrun from Sind and Guzrat to Bengal and Assam. The military class of India, whose immemorial caste traditions and romantic notions of honour made death easy to them in the cause of their fatherland, offered a gallant and desperate resistance, but in vain Most of the principal Hindu kingdoms were struck down as if by lightning, and with the 13th century Hindusthan emerged as one of the Mussalman countries of the world.

The six centuries and a half of Mussalman domination that followed admit of a natural and convenient division into two periods: an Early Muhammadan Period of 350 years, from the accession of Sultan Kutb-ud-din Aibek early in the 13th century 1206 to that of the Emperor Akbar in the middle of the

16th century 1556; and a Later Muhammadan Period of 300 years, from the accession of Akbar to that of Queen Victoria in the middle of the 19th 1858. Curiously enough, the broad and distinguishing features of Muslim rule in India bear a striking resemblance to those of the Arab Caliphate. In the one as in the other, an age of brilliant conquest, vigorous expansion, and haughty imperialism is succeeded by a brief but glorious epoch of liberal and enlightened administration, to be inevitably followed by reaction, decadence, nominal suzerainty, and ruin. But the analogy must not be pushed too far, nor should it be lost sight of that, although the Muslim rulers of India are differentiated into Turks, Afghans, and Moghuls, the prevailing spirit of Indo-Muslim rule and of the concomitant civilisation is Turkish, neither Arab nor Persian. The Afghans of Indian history are Aryans, Turkicised by the Turks and Islam, while the Moghuls or Mongols are Turks Muslimised somewhat later.

Turkish rule began with the Sultanate of the Mameluke Kutb-ud-din Aibek. But the resistance of the Hindus was not at an end. Although the wealthy and powerful Hindu kingdoms on the plains had fallen, still, in the Sub-Himalayan regions, in the hilly provinces along the Vindhyas, in the deserts of Rajasthan, in Guzrat, in short wherever nature or the organised strength of numbers afforded them a comparatively secure retreat, Hindu princes, greatly aided by the peculiar feudal organisation of their clans, continued to maintain a life and death struggle with the enemy whose superior power they dreaded, but whose fanatic cruelty they abhorred. Almost every year the Sublime Standards moved out of Delhi to the extermination of infidels, and almost uniformly were the swords of the warriors of Islam dyed red with the blood of

vanquished Hindus. Pyramids of Hindu heads rose on the battlefields, and the bones of slain Hindus whitened the approaches to the Muslim capital. Nevertheless, taking advantage of weak reigns, which were not infrequent, they would again and again rise, to be as often put down with ruthless slaughter. But theirs was a hopeless cause. Divided by distance, by time-old jealousies, and by caste rules, which threw the work of fighting upon one class, and enervated as much by the climate as by the quietism fostered by their religion, less practical than their antagonists, and more prone to sudden despair, they could be no match for the powerful warriors of the North, in spite of all their heroism and bravery. The Muslims were a handful of strangers waging an offensive warfare in a foreign land, and though they could always draw upon the inexhaustible reservoir of fighting men beyond the Indus, they rightly felt that their power, if not their very existence, depended on their standing shoulder to shoulder. Bright visions of glory, power, wealth, pleasure, and divine favour danced before their eyes as they fought. Such men could not but be invincible. Aibek, Iltumish, Balban, and Allauddin Khalji, quenched the frantic struggles of the Hindus, at least for a time, in their blood; the last named sovereign added whole kingdoms to the possessions of the Muslims and reduced refractory Hindu chiefs to different degrees of subjection; and though many petty potentates continued independent till the Timuride period, while some never submitted to the Muslims at all, yet, by the year 1300, Muslim rule in Hindustan was as strong as it ever was before the grand days of the Moghul Empire.

While Hindusthan thus lay prostrate and bleeding at the feet of the Mussalman conquerors, the Moslem world,

west of the Indus, was experiencing all the unutterable horrors of one of the worst visitations that ever afflicted mankind. The foolish arrogance of a Muslim prince had drawn down upon Western Asia that vast influx of the millions of Tartary which is associated with the name of Chenghiz Khan. The Moslem world was overwhelmed, and except the young Muslim colony in India not the slightest vestige of an independent Government remained in Asia to do battle for the cause of Islam. The rude shocks of this devastating torrent of Turanian invasion were felt, as in Aryan times, in the frontier provinces of India; for nearly two centuries the barbarous Moghuls spread their ravages far and wide, and, sometimes hammered even at the very gates of her capital. But the arms and diplomacy of the early Mussalman sovereigns arrested this powerful movement, and the Moghuls could not permanently establish their sway in India till they were Muslimised and civilised some centuries afterwards. Hindusthan therefore owes to her early Mussalman rulers the preservation of those relics of her former greatness which they themselves did not destroy. But a new field was soon to be opened to their pious zeal in the rich and tempting but hitherto little-explored regions south of the Vindhyas.

Early in the 14th century the Muslims fell upon the Deccan. The usual results followed. The Hindus, careless, indolent, and disunited as ever, bent before the storm, and soon the triumphant sons of Islam swept on to Rameswar, within sight of the sea. Only the very apex of the peninsula remained untrodden by Muslim feet. It is noteworthy, however, that of the two principal leaders of the Deccan expeditions one was unquestionably a Hindu convert; the other also was possibly by birth a Hindu. 'It was by them that the

permanent subjugation of nearly half the Deccan was effected, and it was probably through their influence that the almost novel experiment was made, though without much success, of reinstating the vanquished Hindu princes of the South as tributaries to the mighty Muslim empire of the North. Early Mussalman greatness was now at its height. From the Punjab to the frontiers of Mysore, except in a few neglected tracts, a single command was obeyed, and Kashmir, though independent, was a Muslim State. But the strain caused by the effort to retain the distant and troublesome Deccan conquests proved too much for the Delhi empire. It was without any principle of government save that of force and the *fiats* of an autocratic will. The nobility, partly Turkish, at or near the capital, predominantly Afghan in the East, and Moghul in the army, and united by no sentiment of loyalty to a dynasty that was neither purely Turkish, nor purely Afghan or Moghul, were ready at the first sign of weakness in the central authority to throw off their semblance of dependence and have the Khutbá duly recited and coins struck in their own names. And when, to crown all, the insane oppressions of the "Khuni Sultan" or "Bloody King," Muhammad Tughlak, wearied out the patience of all classes, the provinces began to fall off, while, cankered by internal broils, the crumbling skeleton of the once colossal Indo-Muslim empire tottered to pieces in the awful hurricane of Timur's bloody visit to India.

The break-up of the Empire was not an unmixed loss to Islam. The rise of small Muslim States, each of which was bent on developing its resources to the full, led to closer penetration of the country, and, in consequence, some of the Hindu Rais and Ranas, who

had hitherto enjoyed the precarious independence due to their obscurity and distance from the central seat of Muslim authority, found themselves held in a stronger grip than before. In the Deccan especially, the establishment of the Brahmanide power, as, later on, of the five Shahi Kingdoms on its ruins, contributed not a little to the consolidation and diffusion of Muslim domination, which would hardly have been so early and durable had the connection with Delhi continued unbroken. At the same time, the formation of a number of royal courts with their appropriate paraphernalia of grandeur favoured the growth of those refinements of civilised existence for the furtherance of which all governments are instituted. On the other hand, amidst the endless wars of a mass of jarring units caused by the absence of a dominant central authority, the body politic of the Indo-Muslim world grew diseased, and a revival of Hindu power, in some measure, was the unavoidable consequence. The still-existing Hindu States, as, for example, the rich and powerful Hindu empire south of the Krishna, or the proud principalities of Rajasthan, and the many half-subdued and unsubdued petty States of Northern and Central India, were not always slow to profit by the division of their enemies. Even within Mussalman States, albeit in another way, the revival of Hindu influence was equally pronounced. The soldierly qualities of the Rajputs and Mahrattas brought them into prominence in some of the local armies, just as the financial ability and general aptitude for civil administration possessed by the Hindus threw into their hands an increasing number of civil appointments, though mostly of the inferior grades. But a cause more potent than the dissolution of the early Mussalman empire was at work

to reduce the progeny of the haughty Muslims to the level of their despised Hindu subjects. Three centuries of residence in India and the infiltration of Hindu blood, caused by their exogamous habits, had begun to perceptibly tell upon the physique and fighting capacity of the early Muslims. It was very timely, therefore, that a fresh and vigorous breed of Muslims appeared now, in the North-West, with Babar the Lion at their head.

Muslims and Hindus were of one mind as to giving a warm reception to the invaders: the former because they feared the loss of their power, and the latter because they believed this power to rightfully belong to themselves, and next to those to whom three centuries of possession had given a sort of prescriptive right. The contest was severe, and the final issue hung in the balance for thirty-eight years. During a brief pause in the struggle, the genius and perfidy of the ablest of Afghans seemed for a while to have established on a firm basis the sovereignty of the indigenous Muslims. But although the good work he did for his Hindu subjects has endured in some shape to our times, the people whom he endeavoured to build up into a nation, misgoverned by the incapable successors of his son and weakened by their own clannishness, dissensions, and love of unruly independence, were disintegrated and dispersed by the newcomers. The race of the early Muslims was run, more especially in the North. Amid internal discord, foreign invasion, and perpetual Hindu disaffection, they had all but finished their work of spreading Muslim rule to almost every part of the peninsula worth possessing; and now the new Muslims were to unite in a grand empire all the Muslim States of the North and the South, and, unlike their predecessors, "send the roots of

Muslim rule deep into the hearts of the subject peoples." The age of conquest was nearly over; that of civilised rule was about to begin. But at this stage it is necessary to pass in brief review the chief features of the internal history of the period traversed.

Of all the conquests of Islam, that of the Indian peninsula seems to stand out as the bloodiest. The country was vast and teeming; the majority of the population, being unused to arms, were defenceless; the time occupied by the conquest was comparatively long; the extermination of infidels was a religious duty, and the proverbial zeal of new converts was not wanting; but the strongest lever to the almost incalculable amount of slaughter done was undoubtedly supplied by the native ferocity of the Turks and Afghans and their insensibility to human suffering. The establishment of Moslem supremacy in India was not the triumph of a superior civilisation; it was the exaltation of superior force. The Hindus fell, not because they were less civilised than their conquerors, but because they could not fight as well.

The kind of government introduced was of a piece with the nature of the conquest. The sword alone had given the Muslims the empire of India; the sword alone was employed to retain it for them. Bodies of Muslim colonists, settled in different parts of the conquered territory, served as local checks upon the Hindus; while the huge levies, half-feudal and half-mercenary, that were raised and maintained by the State or States, overawed the country as a whole. The Hindus were left outside the State, except as humble taxpayers on their lives, religion, lands, and goods. The State was not for them; they were for the State. Rough and ready justice was dealt out to them by Kazis and the

executive and revenue officers of Government when occasion arose, but, for the most part, they were left pretty much to themselves for good or ill. Not the least attempt was made to win their affections or conciliate them in any way, while much was done from time to time to wound their feelings. The Hindus submitted in the main, for they knew from painful experience that such active resistance as they could organise was foredoomed to failure.

The King, the nobles, the Ulama and the army, besides the general body of Muslims, made up the circumference of the State in its widest sense. But all its powers were centred in the King alone, who was practically absolute, though in theory bound by the Quran. The theoretical idea of the State, brought by Islam was, however, nothing new in India. Succession to the throne was regulated more by a sort of natural selection than by any definitely recognised law or custom. Slaves, nobles, and soldiers of fortune; regicides, parricides, fratricides, and even Hindus with a thin veneer of Islam, were all welcome to the throne, provided that they had ability and enough men and money. "The bride of empire must be wooed across the edge of the sharp sword" was a principle that was equally accepted by princes and people. Imbeciles, though born in the purple, had hardly the ghost of a chance of long continuing on the throne; but masterful usurpers and tyrants were obeyed with trembling and fear throughout rather long reigns. The rule of a woman over a State like this was clearly impossible, even if she were a Sultan Raziya, the Asiatic counterpart, in many respects, of the unfortunate Mary Stuart of Scotland.

Yet it would be rash and erroneous to conclude that the early Muslims were merely a brood of coarse and

ignorant military adventurers. The rank and file, necessarily forming the majority, were doubtless no better. But among the gentry at large some appreciation of the more genial side of literature, of poetry, or history, for instance, appears to have been more or less common. Some of the Ashraf or noble class were imbued with the highest culture of their age, and they sometimes included in their number kings, princes, and opulent nobles and officials. They were apt and intelligent pupils of Firdausi, Hafiz, Sadi, and other masters of modern Persian literature, and could often turn out beautiful gazls and, sometimes, stinging satires in verse. "Orthodox learning was presumably ably represented by the Ulama." A succession of historical writers produced in the aggregate a rich crop of works, which, though not faultless when judged by modern standards, were yet immeasurably superior to the almost worthless productions of the Hindus in this branch of literature. Schools and colleges, founded in the principal cities and sometimes even in villages, in connection with mosques, and maintained by munificent grants from the State or by private charity, helped to educate young Muslims in Arabic, Persian, Mathematics, History, Theology and Law. Men of learning, like military adventurers, swarmed in, some even from the most distant parts of the Muslim world; and the liberality shown by some of the early Mussalman sovereigns of India to learned men and poets was such as some of our modern governments might be proud to imitate.

But it was a borrowed culture at best: whatever of worth it had was obtained from outside. Religion, Law, Science, Architecture, and the fundamentals of government were taken from the Arabs, as the language of court and secular literature and the outer polish of

polite manners were derived from the Persians. Even the very *literati* were men of foreign extraction, Persians, Syrians, Arabs, and they always secured a just precedence over the native Muslims. The Indian Turks contributed hardly anything of their own: in great things as in small, they were mostly imitators. The game of polo, for example, in which high Turkish and Afghan society took so much delight, was originally an Indian game, but it was reimported by the Turks from Persia. Gunpowder, artillery, artistic embroidery, coloured tiles, paper, socks, and soap, all of which they are said to have introduced into India, were no original inventions of their own. From the Hindus whom they conquered they learnt to relish the exquisite flavour of the pân leaves, which to their Central Asian kinsmen would be no better than grass. They became great lovers as well as patrons of Hindu music. Even their cookery assumed a distinctive character as contrasted with the cookery of Central Asia or the other Muslim countries of the world, owing to the influence on it of Hindu culinary art; and in this there is no matter for surprise. For centuries before the birth of Muhammad, men of the Turkish or Tartar race had been held spell-bound by Indian thought. But when Islam came, or rather, when they found themselves in the midst of Islam, they adopted it with all the intense impetuosity of their fiery nature. They became mostly Hanafi Sunnis, and so, Muslims of the most orthodox type. In India, to quote Amir Khusru, "the very fish were Sunni;" the Shiah heresy never raised its head, except for a time in the Deccan.

But Arab religion and Persian culture, notwithstanding their violent insertion in the midst of an alien civilisation by a race of Turkish conquerors never

conspicuous for any unusual originality, were bound by virtue of their sovereign position to call into existence, though mostly indirectly, new forms of faith and speech, and give rise to action and reaction on an immense scale. A mixed language, made up of western Hindi and a superadded Persian vocabulary and known as Urdu, "grew up, as its name indicates, in the royal military bazar of Delhi." The Khatris and Kayasthas, employed in the revenue and account offices, were the first to give it a literary form. But works of enduring reputation were not produced till the second age of Muslim rule; and then they appeared, first in the Deccan, and next in Delhi and Lucknow. To Urdu belongs the credit of introducing a new feature in Indian literature, namely, satires on manners. At present, if we may believe the testimony of those who should know, it is a local dialect and the vernacular of some classes of Hindus and Muslims, and promises to be, in no distant future, the *lingua franca* of the entire Indian continent.

Another indirect effect of Muslim supremacy on the language of the subject races was the elevation of the vernaculars. These, obeying laws of their own, had passed through several stages during many centuries of evolution; but, whenever possible, they had been thrust into the background by the tyranny of Sanskrit, which, especially in the age immediately preceding the Mussalman conquest, was greatly patronised in the courts of the Hindu kings. By the establishment of Muslim rule this impediment was removed, and the vernaculars at once asserted their natural importance as the languages of business and the masses, while the cultivation of Sanskrit became confined, more than ever, to Brahmanas alone. Popular Bengali and Guzrati literature began early in the 15th century;—

Hindu literature in the 16th; and a Mussalman was perhaps the first author of note in it; Mahratti literature, though coeval with or a little anterior to the Muslim conquest of the Deccan, did not see its palmy days till the 17th. The influence of Muslim culture on it seems to have been, in one sense, particularly marked; for it is not unlikely that the species of Mahratti historical composition called "Bakhar" was suggested by the historical writings of the Muslims.

A more powerful cause of the promotion of the vernaculars into the dignity of literary languages was the religious revival which was provoked by the intrusion of Islam into the parts of India brought under Muslim sway. Hinduism is assimilative; Islam is not: it is, on the contrary, rigid and defiant. In the imposing gallery of Hindu religious conceptions, ranging from the lowest Animism to the most exalted Vedantaism, a prominent niche can always be found for the monotheistic idea and apostleship of Muhammad inculcated by the Quran. The Hindus were moreover in the position of a conquered people; the very necessities of their situation acted as a spur on their ever-pliant genius to discover a causeway whereby the wide gulf between the Hindus and the Muslims might be bridged. In the different parts of India the movement varied, in time and partly in character and ultimate consequence, owing to local causes. But alike in the Sikhism of Baba Nanak and the Vaishnavism of Chaitanya, as much in the Krishna and Rama worship respectively of Sur Das and Tulsi Das, as in that "splendid religious growth which commencing with Dnayana Deva culminated in Tukaram and prepared the Mahratta nation to take the lead in the recovery of Hindu empire," an underlying unity of purpose and a greater or less

similarity of result are easily discernible. Everywhere the same desire was manifested by the reformers of bringing into greater prominence that side of Hinduism which appealed more to love and faith than to ceremonialism or contemplation; of introducing greater equality among all classes; and of finding a way of reconciliation with the Muslims. It was the inflexibility of Islamic dogma that, among other causes, prevented the fusion of the two great faiths in India.

The Muslims were resolved on converting the Hindus whether by persuasion or by force. The most likely to be persuaded were those to whom Hinduism was but a step-mother—namely, the semi-Hinduised aboriginal tribes whom Hinduism regarded as unclean and kept outside its charmed circle. The Buddhists of Eastern India furnished another considerable quota of not very unwilling recruits, after Muhammad-i-Bakhtyar had deprived them at one fell swoop of nearly all their spiritual guides. Pirs and Fakirs were at the same time forthcoming in sufficient number to excite admiration and reverence by their learning, the asceticism of their lives, and the reputed possession by them of miraculous powers. The simplicity of Islam was also a powerful attraction. But a stronger fascination was necessarily exercised by the prospects of social, pecuniary, and even official advancement held out before the intending convert. These prospects were in every way far superior to those before the Native Christians of our times for example, and they alone were mainly responsible for the wholesale conversion of the Hindus in those parts of India where Muslims at present are strongly represented, in Kashmir, the Punjab, Bengal, Bombay and the United Provinces. Islám was the religion of the ruling caste in India, so to speak, and the prestige and influence attending its

acceptance were baits tempting enough even for royal families of Hindu extraction to apostatise and embrace a religion which assured them the permanence of their thrones. Yet it was on the upper ranks of Hindu society that the hand of the Muslim proselytiser pressed heaviest. In the case of the priestly and military classes, apostacy from Hinduism meant the foregoing of such privileges as would never be conceded to them by any other religion or society; not certainly by Islam or the Muslims; their refined sensibilities revolted at the idea of herding with the hated and half-bred Turks and Afghans; and they shuddered to think of abjuring the time-honoured religion of the Aryan race for an outlandish one of yesterday, whose naked severity was no recommendation in their eyes. On the other hand, from the view-point of the Muslims, the even forcible conversion of the stiff-necked Brahmanas and Kshatriyas, especially of the former, was the most glorious work of all. It followed as a matter of course that cases of forcible conversion, although not too numerous in the aggregate, were yet of more frequent occurrence among the upper classes of Hindu society than among the lower castes. The genealogical records and traditions of many Muslim families of note of the present time offer sufficient illustration in support of this statement.

Orthodox Hindu society shrank into itself more and more under the harsh, though not always oppressive, rule of the early Muslims. Except in those parts of India where Hindu princes still ruled, the bulk of the military class sank into cultivators on the extinction of their political power. But the empire of the Brahmanas proved more durable, as it was not merely political. Though Hindu States vanished from the pages of history, the Brahmanas continued legislating as before. The

contemptuous indifference of the proud and disdainful Muslims allowed them a free hand in moulding Hindu society to their will, and, in the dark age which intervened between the fierce, iconoclastic raids of Sultan Mahmud of Ghazna and the assumption of the imperial dignity by the beneficent Akbar, they elaborated and successfully promulgated those two bodies of Hindu law, the Mitakshara and the Dyabhaga, which share between them at present the allegiance of 200 millions of Hindus. The Brahmanas did more, they led the way in that passive resistance which orthodox Hindu society all over India instinctively offered, as it were, to the encroachments of Islam, and thereby caused the history of Islam in India to differ so materially from the brilliant records of its achievements in other countries, in Persia or Egypt for example. 'It is true that the Brahmanas could get at people through the Rais or Zemindars who were very unlike the harmless fiscal agents or landed proprietors of these days. Yet it is a cardinal fact that the true seat of their empire was in villages of India. In those little self-acting republics which neither Moghul barbarism, nor grinding official tyranny, nor the desolating march of contending armies could smother out of existence, the Brahmanas were loved, revered, and even worshipped; and they in return hedged in village life with rules and observances, and so effectually barricaded it against all outside influence that it is only in our times, under the fusillade of Western ideas, that the discipline of village life is showing the first signs of relaxation.

The economical condition of India under the early Muslims seems to have been, in some essential respects, better by far than it is now. Yet there were many serious drawbacks then. There were no such good roads

as we are now familiar with, and there could not be any. Traffic was often impeded by robbers. Of the Thugs we hear as early as the reign of Firuz Shah Tughlak, and it may be reasonably inferred that the fraternity originated much earlier. Merchandise had to be conveyed mostly in bullock carts and boats, and was subject to innumerable tolls and the extortion of rapacious officials. Only very costly articles could pay enough to be carried from place to place. The Muslim sovereigns were very careful about their coinage; the early dinars and dirhems were replaced by Tankas and dams or pysas; Sher Shah gave the name "Rupeia" to the Tanka; but it may be presumed that money was never very plentiful. Labour was often exacted by force, and artisans were liable to be brutally torn away from their country by unfeeling foreign conquerors. The security enjoyed by life and property was fitful and imperfect. But food was generally cheap. When famines broke out, they were aggravated by the difficulty of transport, and not by a chronic dearth of money as at present. Of fertile and well-cultivated land and forests there was no lack, and land in general was less used up then than now. The people were not entirely dependent on agriculture. There were innumerable skilled labourers in every trade, and the number of the arts known to the Hindus must have been considerable. Indian industry was in those days fully equal to supplying all the needs of India, besides contributing to the happiness of the peoples of distant lands. Sugar from Bengal, for instance, may be said to have taught the Crusaders of Europe what sugar was. The Muslims were, by blood and speech, naturalised Indians, or were tending to become so. India was their home, and the richer among them were no niggard patrons of native art. Wealth

abounded, of course in different proportions, in nearly every part of India held by the Muslims, and no less in Southern India, which was under the Hindus. The empire of Vijayanagar was a mine of wealth, and its populous ports, on both coasts, were frequented by ships from China and the Muslim countries of the West. The Hindus, excepting perhaps those of the extreme South, had given up or had been forced to give up maritime trade, probably long before the Muslim conquest of Hindusthan. Their work devolved on the Arabs Till the close of the 15th century, the whole Indian Ocean was theirs. In their vessels the far-famed products of India, indigo, steel, precious stones, gold, jewelry, and inimitable textile fabrics of various materials and dyes, besides a number of other things, were borne to every shore between China and Egypt. But in the 16th century the Muslims were ousted from the dominion of the sea by a people from the distant West, who came, not principally to sell their goods, since they had few saleable goods, but to buy those of India, and begin that course of commercial and political exploitation, which, taken up by other European nations after them, has wrought, within the last four centuries, such mighty changes in the destinies of Asia. The first stage of this great forward movement of Europe on Asia is probably drawing to a close with the present Russo-Japanese War.

The Portuguese are entitled to more than an incidental notice. They came primarily as traders, but successful piracy and victories over native troops soon convinced them of the superiority, in Asiatic warfare, of European discipline, determination, and valour. They rapidly built up a maritime empire which subsisted in all its glory for the greater part of a century. In the days

of Portuguese greatness, few ships dared put out to the Arabian Sea without a Portuguese pass, and the pilgrimage to Mecca was seriously affected. But the resources of Portugal were small; her political dependence on Spain threw her Eastern affairs into the cold shade of neglect, and her servants in the East were mostly characterless. Their perfidy and greed and the horrible cruelty which they practised in the name of religion or in revenge made them hated in India, where they were known as the "cow-eating and blood-drinking Ferenghi devils." Their luxury and immorality deteriorated their strength, while their intermarriage with native women brought into the world a feeble race; their dishonesty defrauded their Government and paralysed it; and the hostility of the native powers and the rivalry of the Dutch and the English brought their trade and empire to a richly deserved end. But before this event came to pass the great Moghul Empire had been founded in the interior of India, by Shah Akbar the Great.

ASWINI KUMAR MUKHOPADHYAYA.

Art. V.—THE NATIONAL EPIC OF IRAN.

(Translated from the German of Professor Th. Noeldeke with the permission of the author by G. K. Nariman. Continued from the issue of October 1904.)

The Shahname.—Daqiqi.

THE young Daqiqi was the first to address himself to this undertaking. We have but meagre information about his life; and what little we possess is not altogether reliable. He was a distinguished poet at the court of a Samanide prince. If that prince was, as is alleged, Nuh ibn Mansur (A.D. 976—997) the time indicated must be the very beginning of his reign. In the closing portion of a lyrical ode in which, according to the usage of Persian poets, he mentions his own name, and the genuineness of which we have no reason to suspect, Daqiqi zealously professes his faith in Zoroastrianism. And this confession is borne out by a passage in the Shahname originating from him in which we have the account of the introduction of the new religion of Zoroaster and of the wars undertaken on its behalf by King Gushtasp and his heroes. Here Zoroaster is nothing less than a prophet descending from heaven. Daqiqi had assuredly no learned acquaintance with the ancient Persian literature, as can be inferred from his work. Nor was he at home in the doctrine and discipline of the "good creed," much as he esteemed the latter. He, however, manifestly avoided offending the religious susceptibilities of his Muslim readers, and idealized Mazdayasnism just as did his great successor Firdausi. The opposition against the idolaters whose images Isfandiyar consigned to flames is more vigorously displayed in Daqiqi than in Firdausi. On account of

his religion it seems improbable that he was called, as the historians would have us believe, Abu Mansur Muhammad ibn Muhammad ibn Ahmad, or Mansur ibn Ahmad. For even if the Zoroastrians could assume in ordinary life multifold Arab names, still the names of the prophet, Muhammad and Ahmad, they must necessarily have eschewed. The biographies of ancient Persian poets are in general exceedingly unreliable. One author goes so far as to deny, in the face of the poet's own testimony, that Daqiqi avowed himself a follower of the elder faith. Under such circumstances it was easy for people to bestow upon him, his father, and grandfather, the most characteristic Muslim appellations. We are not sure, then, how the poet was properly called; Daqiqi being merely his poetic designation or pen-name. Still the *Kunya* of Abu Mansur may be correct. Again, there is uncertainty in respect of his native land. That he came from Tos is improbable, for in that case Firdausi would not have failed to point to him as his own countryman; while, on the other hand, it was not difficult for posterity to derive both the composers of a grand poem from one and the same city. The accounts which make Bokhara or Samarkand his birthplace are equally incredible. According to Firdausi, Daqiqi used to compose lofty panegyrics on princes. And Firdausi's contemporary and the court historian of Mahmud, Otbi, refers to him as a poet of renown. "The minstrels at the court of Mahmud," notes the chronicler, "surpassed the elegance of Rudaki and the art of Khusravi and Daqiqi." He died, as Firdausi relates, at an early age, being assassinated by a slave. The biographers declare with minute detail that he was stabbed at night by a Turkish boy. The brief introduction in prose says the same. And this episode may well be true: from the

poem edited by Ethe we can conclude with only too positive certainty Daqiqi's addiction to the national vice.

Daqiqi as Poet.

Daqiqi had set himself the task of casting the prose Shahname into a poetic mould. But before he had finished more than a thousand verses his life was cut short. Firdausi tells us in so many words that Daqiqi did in fact compose a section, which he has preserved. The story that from ten to twenty thousand couplets in the Shahname are by Daqiqi's hand is absurd. It was natural for the Zoroastrian Daqiqi to begin with Gushtasp and the promulgation of the *din*, while the uninviting figures of the primitive monarchs had little fascination for him. And it was doubtless with the primitive kings that the original Pehlvi work commenced. Probably Firdausi himself tried his hand at various other epochs ere he entered upon the beginning of the royal line. We are not informed whether Daqiqi had at all in view the reduction of the entire work to an epopee. It is evident, nevertheless, that he died in the midst of his labour, for the fragment of which he was the author comes to an abrupt close. It is only the circumstance that Daqiqi had precisely the same basis to go upon as Firdausi that rendered it possible for the latter to incorporate in his work Daqiqi's fragment intact. And such is the process of assimilation that had not Firdausi himself owned the fact we should scarcely make out that here another bard takes up the thread; though several passages of Firdausi's poem are in style and æsthetic value tolerably distinguishable. The style of Daqiqi, on the whole, is greatly similar to the style of Firdausi. Closer examination, however, reveals a few characteristic differences. Daqiqi is much more insipid, and less subtle than his successor.

He is very formal. The appearance of a new hero on the scene and his fall are described in each case in the same manner, almost in identical phraseology. Firdausi displays greater variety. In Daqiqi the combats are depicted in a general way; not a touch of picturesque delineation. The plan of the narrative is unfolded with unequal skill. Twice does Gushtasp resolve to go to fight; twice he allows himself to be easily persuaded to abandon the resolve. Nastur's entry disturbs the course of events. The poet had not the address to improve upon the original compilation by unimportant alterations. He is in a happier vein in speeches and epistles than in descriptions. Thus Gushtasp's oration to his nobles is well conceived, the histrionic air being in place. The same holds good of the pronouncement against the religious innovation, with its effective close. On the other hand, his dialogues and shorter addresses betray some stiffness, the transition of thought and the antitheses being imperfectly brought out. Daqiqi delighted in a few favourite expressions ("Now behold:" "One whose name was," etc.) But the severe judgment passed by Firdausi on his predecessor is no doubt exaggerated, even allowing for the circumstance that we by no means possess that fine sense of diction and style with which Firdausi was endowed. It was rather his concern to exhibit the contrast between the trivial achievement of his forerunner so richly rewarded and his own grand production which remained unrequited. Had, however, Firdausi thought so slightingly of Daqiqi he would not have extolled him at all nor have preserved and adopted his couplets. It would have been an agreeable task for him, had he so chosen, to have treated of the difficult theme of the establishment of the Zoroastrian religion.

POETIC STYLE.—Arabic Words.

But Daqiqi had as well as Firdausi a perfectly settled epic style. It would be contrary to all experience in literature to assume on Daqiqi's part a completely new poetic gift. For appropriate poetic diction is built only gradually. I am not in a position to investigate works embodying a large number of unknown fragments of the ancient poetic art of Persia and hence have no more to add to those altogether characteristic verses pointed out in another work of mine. But an example from the old poet Abu Shukur suffices for the ground of my assertion that the Persian epic poetry had already acquired, prior to Daqiqi, a definite expression, though hardly any considerable work of the kind was extant. And we have Firdausi's own authority for the statement that up to his time there was no Persian poem of three thousand couplets, and he sarcastically adds that if we excluded the bad lines there might perhaps remain five hundred! It is a peculiarity of this style that in the employment of Arabic words the poet by no means goes so far as the lyrist or even the prose writer. Ruckert has already demonstrated that the contemporaries of Firdausi teemed with Arabic vocables, and that his abstinence from them is a quality introduced of set purpose by him. Yet the lyrical productions of Daqiqi and Firdausi do not avoid Arabic expressions. Nay, where the matter treated of is not related to the romance of Persia, in *Yusaf-u-Zalikha* and even in certain passages in the Shahname, in the introduction in particular, there is much more of the Arabic element. As regards the prose, not only does the *Safarname* of Nasir-i-Khusrav, composed at a later date and in a manner far from engaging, abound in Arabic words, but also the simple work on medicine by Muwaffaq of Herat, a contemporary of Daqiqi, is replete

with them; and its Arabic ingredient is not confined to scientific or technical terminology. The Persian language was from its beginning not very richly provided with small apt abstract nouns, while the Arabic has an ample treasure of them. Presently it became customary to work with a double set of apparatus, and to employ Arabic terms even where current Persian words were at the writer's command. Now Daqiqi appears to make a more restricted use of Arabic words than Firdausi. In the close upon one thousand couplets of Daqiqi there are thirty-six Arabic words, inclusive of the three which are re-admitted into Persian from Arabic. Naturally the uncertainty of the tradition does not lend itself to definite results. It is possible that in all the texts accessible to me obsolete Persian words of Daqiqi have been replaced by their Arabic equivalents. This much is undeniable: from very early times certain Arabic expressions were employed as naturalised words in the Persian epic.

Firdausi's Life.

The unfinished fragment left behind by Daqiqi was resumed by a man who by perfecting it became the most renowned of Persian poets, and has earned for himself a brilliant name in the literature of the world,—Abul Kasim, better known to fame by his poetic cognomen of Firdausi. We have all manner of accounts of his life and of the genesis of his *magnum opus*. The oldest and the best of them is given in a notice by a certain Ahmed ibn Omar ibn Ali an-Nizami al-Arudhi, of Samarkand, who visited Tos, the birthplace of the poet, and his tomb there, in 1116 A.D., or in other words not quite a century after the passing away of Firdausi. This report of Arudhi

is incorporated in his history of Tabaristan by Ibn Isfandiyar. Arudhi doubtless reiterates the current local tradition. But we have exhaustive presentments of Firdausi's biography in both the introductions to the Shahname referred to above. In many respects the information supplied by them is concurrent, though not reciprocally dependent, and is derived in part from the same source. The introduction by Baisanghur has drawn upon a poem which describes the origin of the Shahname in its own metre, but is very untrustworthy. This poem itself has points of contact with the other introduction, at least so far as their common origin is concerned. The text of this second introduction has been interpolated and otherwise tampered with, which accounts for the wide divergencies in the various manuscripts. And, lastly, we have biographical sketches of the poet in such volumes of literary history as those of Daulatshah and Jami, and in the Atashkadeh of Lutf Ali. Unfortunately, however, the story of Firdausi's life, as narrated in both the introductions and the histories of literature, contradict to a considerable degree what he himself says in his poem; moreover, in other respects those accounts are fantastic or highly improbable. Even where names and figures present a semblance of historic veracity we encounter much that is unwarranted, and at times fatuous inventions. It would be superfluous here to reproduce the legends regarding Firdausi furnished in these and numerous other works, occasionally embellished with a wealth of anecdotes, often with numerous variants, though substantially consonant in certain of their important aspects.

Firdausi not infrequently interrupts his narrative by subjective references which enable us to establish some of the vital incidents of his life. All that the latter-day

writers relate of him which does not harmonise with his own evidence has to be abandoned as a matter of course, and yet, on the other hand, we must not omit to point out that Firdausi's own statements are not always perspicuous.

Firdausi's Name and Birthplace.

Even the poet's own name is unknown to us. The biographers sometimes call him Mansur, sometimes Ahmed, sometimes Hasan. On the other hand, there is no room for suspicion touching his *kunya* of Abul Kasim transmitted to us by tradition. Arudhi too mentions it. Firdausi is his personal poetic designation, and not an inherited family name as some would have us believe. We are again ignorant of the name of his father. How little deserving of credit the legendary reports are can be judged, for instance, from Baisanghur, who gives him for father a Fakharuddin Ahmed, son of Farrukh al Firdausi. Now names with the termination *din* came into vogue not earlier than in Firdausi's manhood and they were conferred as exalted titles on princes. The first occurrence indeed is the bestowal of the appellation Nasiruddin on Sabaktagin by a ruler of the Samanide dynasty called Nuh ibn Mansur (A.D. 996-997). A private individual therefore could not have borne a like name two generations in advance. Other writers have other names for his father. In the concluding lines of his poem Firdausi declares himself well nigh eighty years of age. I must, however, say that the closing section of the Shahname has come down to us in anything but an ascertained shape. The manuscripts mix up with it pieces from the satire, or they abridge and present matters alien to the texts of Macan and Mohl, both of which again are not less free from objections.

The *bait* to which I refer is in the Leyden manuscript, and is not in the Petersburg. In the next couplet we are informed that the Shahname was completed on the 25th day of the 12th month, Sapandarmad, in the year 400 of the higira, corresponding to 25th February 1010. From this it follows that he was born not much later than 320 A.H. In the opening line of the last section we are told without any suspicious motive that the poet has completed the sixty-fifth year of his life. Perhaps we can conjoin this with the statement in another colophon which inscribes the work to Ahmed ibn Muhammad ibn Abi Bakr of Khanlanjan, and which assigns the Muhammadan date corresponding to the 17th January 999 to the completion of the whole. If Firdausi was sixty-five in the beginning of 389 A.H. he must have been 76 or 77 in the middle of the year 400. He was born therefore about 322 or 324 A.H. or about 935-36 of the Christian era. We must not, however, forget that our poet is not very accurate with his figures. That he hailed from the land of Tos is unanimously reported by all the legends, and he calls himself a Tosi in the satire. Arudhi points to Tabran as his home. It was a large neighbourhood capable of accommodating a thousand men, and, according to Makdisi, it was the capital of Tos in 319, while according to Yakut it constituted the larger of the two quarters which made up the city of Tos. Therefore it remains possible that he first saw the light at Sadhaŏ in the district of Tos. Firdausi was, to follow Arudhi, a prosperous middle-class landowner of Tos; and this is in keeping with the tradition. He himself lets us know that a landlord of his acquaintance gave him the Book of Kings to be turned into verse. And it is within the bounds of the possible that this friend was named Muhammad Lashkari.

A copy of the annals, in the preparation of which an inhabitant of Tos had collaborated, might easily find its way into Tos. Besides it is in unison with several points of the tradition.

It was only in his mature years that Firdausi addressed himself to his colossal undertaking, but that does not preclude that he had before then occupied himself with epic poetry. That he did so occupy himself is rather the more likely. Between the definite completion and the first beginning elapsed five and thirty years, says the last chapter; for which five and thirty Firdausi gives thirty in round numbers in the satire. We have to remember that in many a passage the bard expresses his ardent desire to be spared long enough to fully terminate the song which would earn him lasting fame. But naturally enough, he composed the poem neither exactly in the sequence of mythical or historical chronology which it now has, nor was he engaged upon it continuously and without interruption. In not a few places he records the year of his age at the time of composition; frequently, however, we find a later date assigned to portions which stand earlier in point of time and which must so stand. The figures adduced lead us to the deduction that he worked at the epic chiefly in his sixties, or during the year 995, and in the following years. At all events, judging by the conclusion given in one of the manuscripts, a finished Shahname was offered to Ahmed of Khanlanjan in the beginning of 990. This fits in with the common tradition that Firdausi made the Shahname for Sultan Mahmud of Ghazni, that Mahmud had set him the task, and that before the autocrat became acquainted with our poet he had resolved to have the Book of Kings done into verse. Since Mahmud's father, Sabaktagin, died not before

August or September in 997, Mahmud must have been long fighting for the throne, having acquired Khorasan in the course of the year 999. Now it may be that the earlier form of the Shahname was less complete than that achieved eleven years later. Our author had possibly prepared the main outline before he thought of Mahmud, and while yet he lived under the rule of the Samanide. One may hazard a surmise that he had made ready the bulk of his work in his native place; though the final *baits* of the manuscript so frequently referred to witness to the fact that for a time he had taken up his abode with Ahmed ibn Muhammad, a man of note in Khanlanjan. During this sojourn he once fell into the river, and was rescued by Ahmed or his son (the passage is not clear, the text being corrupt). It is open to question whether the peril to his life was actually so serious. To all appearance his patron lived in Tos, to whose memory he raises a beautiful monument in the introduction subsequent to his death, which occurred not long after. This nobleman had munificently supported the minstrel. It is difficult to decide whether the name Abu Mansur ibn Muhammad, as it stands in the dedication, is correct. Of the persons he mentions in the commonly received last chapter there were at least some whom we may presume to have been his benefactors and friends at the time. It is to be noted that Arudhi distinguishes between Ali Delam and Abu Dulaf, and that he further states that Ali Delam wrote out fair for Firdausi the poem in seven volumes, and that Abu Dulaf recited for him, that is to say, acted as his *rawi*. I will not discuss how far this harmonises with Firdausi's own statement that the two individuals in question were among the most prominent personages in the city of Tos. That Husain ibn Qutaiba, or Husain Qutaib, who sent

him presents and had him exempted from the land-tax, was the Governor of Tos, as Arudhi proceeds to tell, is not improbable. Maybe he held office under the Samanide, but not under Mahmud.

But the Shahname, as we have it before us, glorifies Sultan Mahmud in more places than one, especially in the introduction, as at once the most puissant and the most benign of potentates. The whole epic in its definite entirety is dedicated to him. It is not inconceivable that, as Arudhi recounts, Firdausi betook himself personally to Gazna, in order to offer his poem and to receive the expected guerdon. Perchance he resided there much longer, but it is an established fact that he arrived at Gazna a celebrated poet, and not as an intelligent husbandman wishing to make a complaint against an iniquitous functionary, as the legend would have it. Arudhi knows nothing of all this. He merely relates that Firdausi handed the poem to Husain ibn Ahmed, the minister, to be presented to the Sultan. It is altogether disputable whether the Shahname in any way appealed to the prince. It is said that Unsuri, one of the poets at his court, endeavoured to interest the prince in the poem, with success according to some, without avail according to others. The Turk was possessed, indeed, of culture sufficient to understand Firdausi's production. For since he had received the Arabic scholastic training, he must have acquired some command likewise of Persian, which was the court language. (The language of ordinary intercourse was Turkish.) But it cannot therefore be said that he could appreciate the spirit of the epic. There is no warrant for the assumption that Mahmud had a political design in taking interest in the national epic of Iran. How could the monarchs of ancient Persia and the glorification of their triumphs over the Turks

appeal to the Turkish autocrat, the son of an upstart slave? If the national sentiment which finds such vigorous expression in the Book of Kings was still to be reckoned with as a political factor, its existence would have appeared as an obstacle in his path. The Iranian Buides, who controlled the other moiety of Iran, had a greater claim to be accounted the heirs of the ancient Kayanians than the parvenu Mahmud. But the whole notion is fundamentally erroneous that a powerful ruler like Mahmud was in need of any national support against his nominal suzerain, the effete Khalif of Baghdad.

We must also consider that the heathen keynote of the Shâhname could not but be offensive to the orthodox Gaznavide, while on the other hand the poet's zealous enthusiasm could scarcely have impressed the Zoroastrian as much as it did the Muslim fanatic. Otbi informs us that Mahmud pursued his theological studies with earnestness, and though there is no doubt that he mentions this circumstance preparatory to his relation of Mahmud's persecution of the heretics, nevertheless we may assume that the Sultan did apply himself to scholastic investigations. His elder brother, who predeceased him, was deeply occupied with Arabic syntax. His younger brother, Ismail, was an author who wrote in prose and verse, and who, says Ibn Athir, came out to deliver sermons on Fridays. Otbi adds that Mahmud had his own children systematically educated. As a bigot he harassed not only the Shias, contemptuously stigmatised as Rafidis, and especially the Ismaelites, but also the Mutazalites, and those who attributed a corporeal frame to God. He burnt the philosophical books, especially those which treated of the doctrine of the Mutazalites, or the rationalistic sect of Islam. He

executed the Batinites, and as such put to death an ambassador from the court of Sultan Hakim of the Fatimide dynasty.

The aged Firdausi makes frequent and bitter allusions to poverty, and complains of the want of support from men of affluence and authority. When the poem is recited to them they call out "bravo," but reward for his labours they have none to offer. Some of these passages perhaps date from an earlier time, but it seems that Mahmud never took Firdausi seriously. He continually applauds the Sultan's generosity, but nowhere tells us that that generosity extended to himself. Nowhere does he acknowledge any actual bounty received from the prince whom he extols for his bounty. He confides to the reader that at the instigation of envious people the Sultan did not so much as cast a glance at his volume. And, as regards the grand vazier Fazl ibn Ahmed, it is not apparent from what Firdausi records whether he was the recipient of any substantial help from that nobleman. This indeed was the vazier who issued the order that the royal records should be kept in Persian, an innovation, by the way, which Otbi denounces as a piece of barbarism. The vazier probably appreciated Persian literature. His successor, the renowned Hasan Maimandi, once more restored the Arabic language. As to the laudatory verses which Firdausi addresses to Amir Abdul Muzaffar Nasr, brother of Sultan Mahmud, they have scarcely found an echo.

Finally at all events the poet received a donation from Mahmud. Instead of the provision for life he had looked for it turned out to be a paltry dole. Firdausi was exceedingly mortified. Arudhi sets down the figure far too high, 2,000 dirhams, and goes on to relate

how the broken-hearted bard gave away the same, one-half to the waiter at the bath the other half to the vendor of fuka (a kind of beer). This story has sprung up from the passage in the satire which says that the King sent the minstrel a trifle, just enough to buy a draught of fuka with. No importance can attach to these pretty tales of posterior writers. The legend introduces the two most celebrated members of Mahmud's *entourage*, his favourite Ayaz and his minister Hasan Maimandi. The latter came to power, as we saw above, only in 1010-11, and so probably after Firdausi's breach with the prince. Maimandi is mostly regarded as inimical to Firdausi. But some make him nothing short of his patron. It is very likely that the King came to know that the poet had spoken slightingly of the royal gift. Envy and enmity, to which he occasionally adverts, may have obstructed his path to royal favour, his not very flattering remarks being communicated to those in high office. This explains why Mahmud threatened, as the satire tells us, to have Firdausi trampled under the feet of an elephant; and it was probably at this juncture that the charge of heresy was preferred against him. At any rate, it is possible that he was placed in an unenviable situation on account of a previous similar indictment not altogether devoid of foundation.

The Satire.

Be that as it may, Firdausi took fierce revenge in the satire. The autocrat is exposed as the offspring of a slave, who inherited a sordid mind and a nature of execrable greed. It is highly improbable that he dashed off these lines immediately in the moment of disillusion, and adroitly contrived to attract the prince's notice to them, as the legend pretends. The satire

stands as an appendix to the Shahname, which is spoken of in it as the book. It was calculated to abrogate and annul all the encomiastic couplets on Mahmud scattered through the epic. To the poet's mind assuredly the panegyric is obliterated, and the invective permanently substituted. In fact we find in the manuscript portions from it inserted in the text, chiefly, as we noted above, in the final chapter.

This may be owing to later confusion, still a few stinging lines levelled against Mahmud have found an abiding place in the Shahname. The prophetic account, for instance, of the bad times to come which naturally represent the poet's present, winds up with the prediction of a coming sovereign bereft of reason, who shall attain to power, add to the tribulations of the world, and set his heart upon foreign conquests. In this Mahmud is unmistakeably prefigured. There is a still more transparent portrayal of the Islamic times, which is also veiled under a vaticination. This dismal delineation is given as a contrast to the glorious days of the Sasanides. Then will an uncouth slave become a sovereign, nobility and greatness will be of no avail. This is the reproach which the satire casts into the teeth of the slave-begotten prince, setting him against the sovereigns of the ancient house, not the house of Sasan alone, but also the dynasties of the Samanides, even the Buides. As, however, no names are mentioned, and the whole is cloaked under an obscure presage, I do not hold it to be impossible that Firdausi had made these verses on a previous occasion in a moment of despondency. He could, of course, explain at any time that it was all meant otherwise.

G. K. NARIMAN.

(To be continued.)

Art. VI.—CAPTAIN DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON.

CAPTAIN DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON, familiarly and affectionately styled by his favourite students as "D. L. R.," was one of the most cultured Englishmen who have made India their home. As a Professor and teacher of youth, his memory is still cherished with reverence by those among his students who are still alive and who are now patriarchs of Bengali society. Lord William Cavendish Bentinck inaugurated the policy of imparting Western education to the people of this country through the medium of the English language. The active philanthropy of David Hare did much to bring that education within the reach of Bengali people. It was Captain Richardson, however, who first created a genuine taste in native students for the literary treasures of the West. Himself an ardent admirer of English literature, particularly in its poetical department, endued with a poetical genius of no mean order, the friend of such men as Thomas Campbell and Hazlitt, Roscoe and Moir, and possessed, above all, of extensive information and a critical acumen that extorted the admiration of Macaulay himself in the height of his fame as "the Aristarchus" of the *Edinburgh Review*, Captain Richardson succeeded in inspiring the native students who sat at his feet with some portion of the ardour that filled his own breast. It was due to his exertions that the native students who gathered round him cultivated the literature of England with the devotion that is displayed in the English universities by the English youth in the study of the classics.

Such a man was Captain D. L. Richardson. In the pages of this Review in the year 1848, when the Captain

was living in Calcutta in the midst of his pupils and friends, a long appreciative article appeared reviewing his literary labours. But in the succeeding period, and even after his demise, none of his students and friends have undertaken to study the man and write his biography. The present occasion is not certainly an improper opportunity to do what has been left undone, as one after another those who knew him are fast disappearing from our midst. A decade hence, perhaps not one individual will remain alive who will be able to speak from personal recollections about the career of one who was undoubtedly the most beloved of all Indian teachers.

Captain David Lester Richardson, the only son of Lieutenant-Colonel David T. Richardson of the East India Company's Bengal Establishment, was born in England in 1801. The poet's father was a renowned linguist and translator of Eastern poetry. His frequent contributions to the Bengal Asiatic Society have been carefully preserved in the Society's *Asiatic Researches.* He retired from the Company's Service on 9th September 1808, and while proceeding home, died on board the ship. While a boy, the poet was taken care of by his uncle, Colonel Sherwood, of the Bengal Artillery, who, in 1819, procured for his nephew a cadetship. Arriving in Bengal, Richardson was enrolled as an ensign in the 2nd Bengal Native Infantry on 13th November 1819, which was then stationed at Dum-Dum, a military cantonment. In 1820 he made his *début* as a poet and a contributor to James Silk Buckingham's *Calcutta Journal.* In 1821 Richardson married at Dinapore, Marian, the daughter of Colonel W. Scott of the Bengal Army. In 1822 he published in Calcutta his first work, "Miscellaneous Poems," being a collection from his contributions in the *Calcutta Journal.* On 11th July

1823, Richardson was made a lieutenant. In 1824, on account of ill-health, Richardson returned home, in spite of his uncle's dissuasion, who said to him, "You are the richest ensign in India; if you go home, you will return a beggar." This was literally fulfilled.

Arriving in England Richardson completely regained his health and commenced his literary pursuits. In 1825 he published in London his "Sonnets and other Poems." As a proof of his volume's popularity, it may be mentioned here that it was included in a well-known Diamond Edition of the British poets, Richardson being the only living bard whose works were included in the collection of 1827. Journalism exercised a strange fascination over the poet, and in 1827 he started in London a new periodical called the *Weekly Review*, in which Mr. St. John, author of the *Anatomy of Society*, Mr. Hazlitt, the essayist, Mr. Bowring, Mr. Roscoe, Mr. Moir, Mr. Pringle, bearing distinguished names in English literary history, contributed. But the journal was a flash in the pan and collapsed, making Richardson a poor man, who sold its rights to Mr. Colburn for a mere song. This unhappy circumstance forced him to return to his military service in Bengal. Before his departure from London, he was honoured with a public farewell dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern, presided over by the poet Thomas Campbell.

In 1829 Richardson returned to Bengal. On 29th October 1832, he was made a Captain, and in the next year, 1833, on 19th February, was declared invalided and put on the list of military pensioners. Freed from "active service," Richardson accepted the editorship of the *Calcutta Literary Gazette*, a weekly journal of literature, then issued from the *Bengal Hurkaru* Press, the *Calcutta Monthly Journal*, and the

Bengal Annual. The last-named periodical he dedicated to Lady Bentinck, and in recognition of his literary merit, Lord William Bentinck appointed Richardson as an Aide-de-Camp in 1834, to succeed Mr. Troyer. In this year Dr. Tytler, Principal-Professor of the Hindu College, having found his health impaired, applied for leave of absence, and applications were invited in anticipation of Dr. Tytler's resignation by the Committee of Management of the College. Captain D. L. Richardson became a candidate for the Principal-Professorship of the Hindu College and applied to Mr. T. B. Macaulay (afterwards Lord Macaulay), then President of the Committee of Public Instruction as well as Legislative Member of the Governor-General's Council, for a recommendation. Mr. Macaulay thus wrote in reply :—

CHOWRINGHEE,
February the 7th, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,

I find that we have not the nominations of the masters of the Hindu College.

The Committee of the College—a body almost entirely composed of natives—chooses : we have only a veto. I feel that we have no chance of obtaining the services of any person whose services would be equally valuable with yours ; and shall assuredly give you all the support in my power.

Believe me ever,
My dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
T. B. MACAULAY.

Agreeably with Macaulay's recommendation, the Committee of Management of the Hindu College, took in Richardson as Principal-Professor of the College from January 1836 in the place of Dr. Tytler, resigned.

The History of the Hindu College under Richardson's Principalship is the most brilliant period of that

ancient institution. One of his pupils thus wrote on his method of teaching; "He came to teach English Literature, History, Moral Philosophy and Composition to the two upper classes of the Hindu College. His *forte* lay in poetry. He was too much absorbed in adoring the Muse to teach anything so well as his favourite branch. He did not teach History and Philosophy strictly so-called, and paying a superficial heed to them indulged most in what warmed his soul. Indeed, he was never so enthusiastic in his vocation as when introducing his boys to an intimate acquaintance with the great poets of his nation, and enriching their minds with the most precious treasures of British thought. The two poets he pitched upon to teach his boys were Shakespeare and Pope, with whose writings his mind was thoroughly saturated. Shakespeare's *Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, King Lear,* and the two parts of *Henry the Fourth,* together with Pope's *Essay on Criticism, Rape of the Lock, Essay on Man* and *Prologue to the Satires,* were what he taught in endless alternation. He taught them year after year with a repetition that at last took away our relish of them, when we supplicated him to take up other plays and poems. Only the choice of *The Taming of the Shrew* and *Timon of Athens* and Young's *Night Thoughts* without either *The Paradise Lost* or *Childe Harold* was all the change we had. Richardson was a great admirer of Wordsworth, but he never made us read that poet. In time he made us take to prose and chose Bacon's *Essays.* The copy out of which he used to read to us in the class room was interleaved after every page with a blank leaf minutely written over with his notes, that afterwards appeared in print in his edition of Bacon's *Essays.* The only history we studied under him was Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Calling

one boy after another into his private room, he merely put questions to them by looking at the contents. Moral Philosophy, he seemed to have had very little heart to teach—it being quite out of his line. But pressure came from the Public Instruction Committee, and once for all he delivered a written lecture that was the first and last thing of the kind. It was a splendid and brilliant *résumé* of all the great authors on the subject, which not only exceeded our expectation, but fully deserved to see the light. He taught us Composition by correcting our essays in the tiffin hour. Richardson always preferred our writing simple English, which he did himself. In the hall, on the Composition-examination day, he used in a loud voice humorously to caution us against committing *they is* and *he are* in spun-out long sentences. Our class had some 25 to 30 boys. Each of us had to read out a little passage and explain its meaning. This practice was followed 'to make the young student struggle as hard as he can to discover the purport of what he reads and inure him to a mental exercise which he does not undergo if help promptly comes to his aid.' When a boy failed to give the right meaning, he used to let the difficult passage pass through the whole class that every boy might have his chance of supplying an accurate explanation. On our finishing a play or poem, it was his rule to call upon everyone of us for an opinion, a process by which he meant to develop our thinking and critical powers. Last of all he delivered his own judgment, in the course of which he travelled over a large field that formed the most interesting part of his tuition. On one such occasion the late Gyanendra Mohan Tagore, in giving the description and deducing the moral of Othello, happened to remark that "Shakespeare must have been an Iago himself to

draw the character of Iago.' It was a queer out-of-the-way opinion, the error of which was exposed in a most masterly manner."

"Richardson literally acted upon Locke's advice—'You may as well write on a trembling paper as on a trembling mind.' Indeed he knew no severity of manner—never showed any impatience or displeasure towards an agitated or funky boy who kept him waiting for his meaning. The backward and the promising were equally regarded without any open expression of fondness or otherwise. He has alluded to his mode of teaching in the preface to his 'Selections from the British Poets.' This admirable book, the best proof of his fine taste in the estimate of literary productions, was worked at for several years, and did not appear till about the close of 1840, when it became our text-book, and we read out of it the few dramas of Shakespeare's contemporaries."

"But Richardson's reading of Shakespeare and Pope was excellent. The elegance and beauty and charm of that reading, with the most accurate pronunciation and appropriate emphasis on the most significant words, made an impression which has not yet worn out in me. If I now look into either Shakespeare or Pope, the accentuation with which he used to read 'To *be* or *not to be*' in *Hamlet*; 'It is the *cause*, it is the *cause*, my soul' in *Othello*; "*Is this* a *dagger*, which I *see* before me" in *Macbeth*; or

> 'Tis *hard* to say, if *greater* want of skill
> Appear in *writing* or in *judging* ill.

in Pope's Essay on Criticism, seems yet to ring in my ears. So much had it charmed Macaulay that he is said to have remarked to him: 'If I were to forget everything of India, I could never forget your reading of Shakespeare.' 'D. L. R.' was not only a competent but

as well a sympathetic tutor. Making little of the political prejudices of race against race, he earnestly desired the improvement of his pupils. The general character of his mind was his great qualification for the task. I do not remember to have ever seen him warm except in one solitary instance. It was in one of the meetings of the Society for the Acquisition of General Knowledge which our predecessors used to hold monthly in the Sanskrit College Hall. Richardson had come as a visitor on one occasion. The late Raja Dukhinaranjan Mukerjee, in his youthful effervescing spirit, happened to say something against Government. Not only as the Principal of the College but as a well-wisher too, Richardson rose to say that he could not "allow the hall to be made a den of treason." There followed a regular explosion, and the proceedings abruptly came to an end with Dukhinaranjan saying in reply that the Hindu College was not a Government but a Native foundation."

For many years he resided at the garden house with the long avenue of yew trees at Cossipur whence he come down in a palky gharry to the College at about noon. Latterly, he was allowed, in addition to his pay of Rs. 600 a month, the privilege of occupying the premises that are now the Albert Hall. In 1836 Richardson brought out his *Literary Leaves* in Calcutta, a copy of which was presented by the author to Thomas Carlyle, who wrote thus to Richardson :—

5, CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
LONDON, *19th December 1838.*

MY DEAR SIR,

Your courteous gift with the letter accompanying it, reached me only about a week ago, though dated 20th June, almost at the opposite point of the year. Whether there has been undue delay or not is unknown to me ; but at any rate on my side there ought to be no delay.

I have read your volume, what little of it was known to me before, and the much that was not known; I can say, with true pleasure. It is written, as few volumes in these days are, with fidelity, with successful care, with insight and conviction as to matter, with clearness and graceful precision as to manner: in a word, it is the impress of a mind stored with elegant accomplishments, gifted with an eye to see, and a heart to understand; a welcome, altogether recommendable book. More than once I have said to myself and others, how many parlour firesides are there this winter in England, at which this volume, could one give creditable announcement of its quality, would be right pleasant company! There are very many, *could* one give the announcement: but no such announcement *can* be given; therefore the parlour firesides must even put up with *Pickwick* or what other stuff chance shovels in their way; and read, though with malediction all the time. It is a great pity; but no man can help it. We are now seemingly pretty near the point where all criticism and proclamation in matters literary has degenerated into an insane jargon, incredible, unintelligible, inarticulate as the cawing of choughs and rooks; and many things, in that as in other provinces, are in a state of painful and rapid transition. A good book has no way of recommending itself except slowly, and as it were accidentally from hand to hand. The man that wrote it must abide his time. He needs, as indeed all men do, the *faith* that this world is built not on falsehood and jargon, but on truth and reason; that no good thing done by any creature of God was, is, or ever can be *lost*, but will surely do the service appointed for it, and be found among the general sum total of all things after long time, nay, after all time, and through eternity itself. "Let him cast his bread upon the waters," therefore, cheerful of heart; "he will find it after many days." I know not why I write all this to you; it comes very spontaneously from me. Let it be your satisfaction, the highest a man can have in this world, that the talent entrusted to you did not lie useless, but was turned to account, and proved itself to be a talent; and the "publishing world" can receive it altogether according to their own pleasure, raise it high on the house tops, or trample it low into the street kennels; that is not the question at all; the *thing* remains precisely what it was; after never such raising and never such depressing and trampling, there is no change whatever in *it*. I bid you go on, and prosper.

One thing grieves me: the tone of sadness, I might say of settled melancholy, that runs through all your utterances of yourself. It is not right; it is wrong; and yet how shall I reprove you? If you knew me, you would triumphantly answer, take the beam out of thine own eye! Truly it is a sore compensation for any spiritual endowment bestowed on a man, that it is accompanied, or one might say *preceded*, as the first origin of it, always by a delicacy of organisation which in a world like ours is then to have itself manifoldly afflicted, tormented, darkened down into sorrow. You feel yourself an exile in the East; but in the West too it is exile; I know not where under the sun it is not exile. Here in the Fog-Babylon, amid mud and smoke, in the infinite din of 'vociferous platitude' and quack out-bellowing quack, with truth and pity on all hands ground under the wheels,—can one call it a home, or a world? It is a waste-chaos, where we have to swim painfully for our life. The utmost a man can do is to swim then like a man, and hold his peace. For this seems to me a great truth, in any exile or chaos whatsoever, that sorrow was *not* given us for sorrow's sake, but always and infallibly as a lesson to us from which we are to learn somewhat; and which, the somewhat once *learned*, ceases to be sorrow. I do believe this, and study in general "to consume my own smoke,"—not indeed without very ugly out-puffs at times! Allan Cunningham is the best; he tells me that always as one grows older, one grows happier; a thing also which I really can believe.

But as for you, my dear Sir, you have other work to do in the East than grieve. Are there not beautiful things there, glorious things; wanting only an eye to note them, a hand to record them? If I had the command over you, I would say, read "Paul et Virginie;" then read the "Chaumiere Indienne," gird yourself together for a right effort, and *go and do likewise*, or better! I mean what I say. The East has its own phases; there are things there which the West yet knows not of; and one heaven covers both. He that has an eye let him look.

I hope you forgive me this style I have got into. It seems to me on reading your book as if we had been long acquainted in some measure, as if one might speak to you right from the heart. I hope we shall meet some day or other. I send you my constant respect and good wishes; and am and remain,

Yours very truly always,
T. CARLYLE.

In 1837 Richardson was nominated by the then Deputy-Governor of Bengal, Colonel Morison, to become his Aide-de-Camp and in 1840 brought out his "Selections from British Poets" agreeably to the request of the Council of Education and the suggestion of Macaulay[1] and Sir Edward Ryan, then Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Calcutta. The biographical and critical memoirs with which it was prefaced, were greatly admired and were reprinted[2] afterwards separately. In 1842 Richardson took leave to regain his health, somewhat shattered by severe toil by a visit to the straits of the Indian Archipelago. But reaping no benefit there he came back to Calcutta in January 1843 and left for England in the same vessel which took away J. H. Stocqueler for ever from India. On the expiry of his leave he arrived in Calcutta in January 1845 and was made the first Principal-Professor of the new established College at Krishnaghur under the Council of Education. At the end of this year, 1845, he was transferred to the Hooghly College as Principal. In the latter college he remained for two years and in 1848 became again the Principal of the Hindu College. Towards the end of 1849 certain rumours about Captain Richardson's mode of life and the irregularities of attendance became matters of official inquiry, and the Hon'ble John Elliot Drinkwater Bethune, then President of the Council of Education, wrote to Captain Richardson asking for explanation on the two subjects which the rumour embraced. Explanation was declined, and a tender was made of resignation which was accepted by the Council. There

[1] To correspond with Richardson's *Selections from the British Poets*, Macaulay, while in Calcutta, undertook to prepare a work of selections from the British prose writers. But having sketched out the design, he left it to be completed by Sir Edward Ryan, his successor as President of the Committee of Public Instruction.

[2] Notices of the British Poets, Biographical and Critical, from Chaucer to Thomas Moore, published by Messrs. Ostell and Lepage, 1848.

followed in nearly all the papers of Calcutta, a series of articles in prose and verse against Mr. Bethune and almost everyone associated with him in the Council of Education and in the instructive establishments, with astonishing zeal and diligence for a period of about three months. The public were favoured with large variety of information, grave and gay, but in vain did they wonder why such an excellent Principal should ever have had to retire and why such a President as Mr. Bethune was allowed to remain in the Council of Education. Not one word of explanation was ever vouchsafed to the marvelling readers of the Calcutta papers, and when at last Mr. Bethune, in a speech in the Town Hall on the occasion of Prize-distribution to the meritorious students of the Hindu College, entered into something about the facts of the matter, the terrible threat of a prosecution for libel was employed by the gallant Principal to prevent the publication of the offensive parts of the oration.

Leaving the Hindu College, Richardson became editor of the *Bengal Harkaru* and private tutor to Babu (now Maharaja Sir) Jotindra Mohan Tagore, who has preserved his memory by keeping a likeness of his tutor in his house. In 1852 he published his "Literary Recreations or Essays, Criticisms, and Poems chiefly written in India," which he dedicated to Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, the accomplished author of *Ion*. In 1853 he was again Principal of the Hindu Metropolitan College. This institution was a first-class independent native College established by the well-known family of the Wellington Square Dutts of Calcutta, who at one time led the fashion in the metropolis. The history of this institution is not a little curious and instructive. The sons of the better class of Hindus were then educated

at the Hindu College. Though then a Government College, it had been started by the Hindus themselves and been taken over under conditions to maintain it as a place for the education of the respectable classes of Hindu Society. That condition was violated when the bastard son of a well-known dancing girl, the famous Heera Bai, whom D. L. Richardson felicitously called "The Indian Nightingale," was admitted into the College as a student. The incident inflicted a wound on Hindu feeling. It was regarded as a deliberate affront to the entire respectability of Native Society. A great hue and cry was raised. The managers of the defaulting institution were appealed to to expel the boy of the dancing girl in vain. It was as a practical expression of the indignation felt that the Hindu Metropolitan College was founded. It was opened in May 1853 at a palatial mansion on the main thoroughfare of Calcutta, Chitpur Road, with Richardson as Principal.

The success of the institution was immense. It turned out Kristo Das Pal and Sambhu Chandra Mookerjee, two great journalists, Keshab Chandra Sen, the great religious leader, Jodu Nath Ghose, the great educationalist, Mahendra Nath Hazra, first Native Superintendent of Police. In 1854 the promoters of the new College presented to Richardson a gold watch in recognition of his services. In the beginning of 1857, Richardson's daughter, Violet, died at Dum-Dum, and he proceeded home on leave. Before leaving Calcutta he was offered the London correspondentship of the *Phœnix*,[1] a daily

[1] For want of space I was not able to give an account of this famous paper in my *Origin and Growth of Calcutta Journalism* published serially in October last in the *Indian Daily News*. In 1856 it was started by Mr. Chick, being editor and part-proprietor, while he was at the same time in Government service in the Marine Department. Captain Palmer became editor in 1857. Under him the paper became the best informed journal of the day and especially during the Mutiny, alike in respect to priority, correctness and completeness of its intelligence. At that time of public commotion, excitement and panic the

journal, by its editor, Captain Palmer, which Richardson thankfully accepted. Besides, his old pupils presented him with an address and a testimonial consisting of a purse and a silver breakfast service. In 1858 Richardson thus wrote to his favourite pupil, Sambhu Chandra Mookerjee, afterwards famous as editor of *Reis and Rayyat*, from England :—

LONDON, *August 22nd, 1858.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I was very glad to hear from you and to find that you are still attending to your literary studies. Your natural talents and acquired knowledge will enable you to distinguish yourself. What you say of the regard of the native community for myself and the recollection of what I have done for native education is very gratifying to me. Who has told you that I am never going out to India? Was it in the newspapers? I have come to no such determination yet. I wrote long ago to ask further leave of absence from the College, but I never got an answer. I am truly grieved to hear that the College is in no prosperous condition, and that the Dutts are in pecuniary distress. They spent their money nobly when they had it to spare. That must be allowed: and I deeply regret that their countrymen in the affair of the National College did not more generously aid them. If, as you say, Seal's free school[1] is withdrawn, and Mr. Masters[2] has to have a subordinate office in another College, matters must be going on unhappily indeed. I suppose the College will be given up altogether.

I am not connected with the *Statesman* any further than by giving it an article or two now and then. It is a highly respectable and able publication. It does not require an Indian

Editor applied in the proper quarter to be furnished, from time to time, with authentic intelligence, on the condition that he would studiously refrain from giving publicity to bazar rumours and sensational gossip. The application was immediately granted, and in accordance with the arrangement, a short-hand writer was sent daily to the Military Secretary, Sir Richard Birch, for the substance of all intelligence of the day received by Government. The Private Secretary, Mr. Bowring, likewise, at all hours, sent items of news of importance to the editor, and if of urgency, even at midnight. After the Mutiny the paper lost all its importance, and ultimately ceased to exist in 1859.

[1] Seal's Free School, founded by Mati Lal Seal of Colutollah, was amalgamated with the Hindu Metropolitan College when the latter was started in May 1853.

[2] Mr. William Masters, Professor of Mathematics, Hindu Metropolitan College.

correspondent or I would readily do what I could to get you on its staff. If I can find any paper that will engage a paid correspondent I will mention your wishes. * * * * I have resigned the military service, but that need not prevent my return to India. I still have my military pension: a small one it is true, but it is certain and for life. I am in very much better health and can take long walks without fatigue. I am glad to find that the generality of the educated natives have remained loyal to the British Government in its hour of need and danger.

Yours very truly,
D. L. RICHARDSON.

Address :—
Major D. L. Richardson,
Care of Messrs. Grimley & Co.,
Charing Cross, London.
I have now the honorary rank of Major.

In 1859 Richardson returned to Calcutta, and Sir John Peter Grant, then Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, appointed him as Professor of the Presidency College. But the Secretary of State for India called upon the Captain to resign the Professorship, as, from the fact of his being on the invalid pension list, he was precluded from taking service again. Captain Richardson's old antagonists in the Direction of the East India Company brought about this state of things, for which Sir John Peter Grant was greatly annoyed. In February 1861, when Richardson left India for ever, his old pupils again presented to him an address and a testimonial consisting of a purse of Rs. 4,000. In response to their address, he thus said :—

"I rise to thank you. Yet to thank as I ought is utterly beyond my power. I wish there were some other means more efficient than words—which so often fail us when we most need them—to exhibit to assembled multitudes the innermost thoughts and emotions of the individual heart. In such a case I should be less embarrassed, because you would then know how deeply I appreciate the true kindness and noble

generosity of the Native Community of Calcutta. It is, indeed, a source of unmingled pleasure—a proud satisfaction to me, at the close of my long educational career in India, to behold this large assembly of my Native fellow-citizens and fellow-subjects met together to recognise my claims upon their approbation and goodwill. It proves at least this much—that the people of this country do not forget the services of men, who, though they may not have succeeded to the extent of their hopes or their ambition, have at all events *endeavoured well*. I have heard but too many of my own countrymen assert that the Natives of India have no word in their vocabularies expressive of what the English call gratitude, because they (the Natives) had no such feeling in their hearts. It is a false charge, an ungenerous libel. I think their faults lie in the opposite direction. They are rather too sensible of small kindnesses, especially from their European friends. No Englishman ever attempted in vain to win their affections. In fact, in the warmth of the Oriental heart and the vivacity of the Oriental imagination there is almost too strong a tendency to hero-worship! They are peculiarly prone to fall into the generous error of extravagantly over-rating the services not only of their practical benefactors, but of their mere well-wishers. I flatter myself that I know the Hindu character, almost as well as any Englishman *can* do. Of what passes within their domestic walls my countrymen, indeed, can know but little, but I have associated so intimately with Native *men* of all ranks and conditions, and have heard them talk so freely of their domestic habits, that I have at least learnt enough from which to gather the conclusion, that they perhaps surpass almost all other people in what Lord Bacon calls *natural piety—Honor* thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord Thy God giveth thee—is quite as much a Hindu commandment as it is a Christian one; and is most religiously observed throughout this country. There is a custom, almost peculiar to India, which deserves the most honourable mention. When a Hindu rises in the world, all his kindred and connections partake his fortune. He does not, like too many English upstarts, become ashamed of his poor relations—give them a cold reception or drive them from his door. To quote Lord Bacon again. When a man becomes rich and is at the same time a father of a numerous family, there are some persons who will remark that he is nominally rich, but really poor. Such observers look upon wife and children, adds Bacon, but "as bills of charges." But in India

a rich man is willingly responsible for a far wider circle. His remotest connections are partakers in his prosperity, and all their claims are most cheerfully and generously considered. I am certain that there is no nation in the world in which the domestic circle is so enlarged or in which the head of a numerous family is, generally speaking, more respected and beloved. I am certain of this also—if I may speak of myself, that I could not have passed my life in any other country in the world in which my small services to the people would have had the slighest chance of being so cordially recognised, so generously over-rated as they have been in this. I speak therefore of the Natives of India, as I have found them, and I should be truly ashamed of myself if I did not heartily reciprocate their gratitude and goodwill. I am grateful, truly grateful, to you, my dear Native friends;—I do wish you well from the bottom of my heart. Could I look upon such a meeting as this, and remember that you have all come together to do so humble an individual as I am, so much honour—to do me so essential and practical a service in my hour of need—could I do so and remain unmoved?

I should be eloquent indeed if I had the power to express what I feel on this occasion. Humble as I am, I have not been wholly without the enjoyment of kind distinctions in my native land; and when I left it many years ago, I was hailed at parting with the cordial *Godspeed* of men of whom England is still proud, and perhaps ever will be. I can never forget this. The remembrance is still a delight to me. But the applause of assembled foreigners to whom one has become almost a fellow-countryman—who are foreigners but not strangers—and that applause resounding on a foreign shore at the last day of a long exile—at the last act of the drama—when the curtain is about to fall—when the old actor's part is done, and his career is closed:—such applause, I say, at such a time, is infinitely more valuable —and far more touching—more pleasantly overwhelming, than any public recognition of any amount of success at any earlier period of one's life. If I have lived to be proud of one thing, it is that I have received such a token of approbation as this public testimony to my services in the great and noble cause of English education in India. And I confess that I cannot look around me this day in this vast hall—or walk through the streets of this city at any time—without a feeling of exultation; for I behold my own pupils, old and young, in every direction and I am led to make a

rough calculation of the thousands of Oriental intellects that I have contributed to influence or to mould by familiarising them with the thoughts and feelings of the West—with the immortal works of the noblest British authors. It is a triumph to me to have introduced them to such writers as Bacon and Shakespeare and Milton and Addison and Johnson and Young and Cowper and Hallam and Macaulay. I do not say—I am far from saying it—that in this great task I have stood alone. Others have worked as well, or better, in the same good cause—but I may be said to have begun the task at least on the present system. His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor was lately pleased to state in a public document that I was known as an earnest labourer in the cause of Indian education long before it was so popular and well-cared for as it is now. I was the first Principal of a College ever appointed in India, and then it was not by the Government but by a Committee of Natives. Lord, then Mr., Macaulay, though President of the Council of Education, could only recommend me to the Natives—which he did most generously—but it was the Natives who elected me from very many candidates—and this, perhaps, is not forgotten, though it happened exactly a quarter of a century ago. I have still in my possession Mr. Macaulay's reply to the application for my appointment (*quoted already*). It is to the Natives then that I owed my first appointment as Principal of a College; Macaulay,[1] you see, generously encouraged me at the rising of the curtain; and you have kindly cheered me at the fall of it.

It would be wrong in me to omit to state that a teacher of Hindu youth has a singularly easy task to perform. It is impossible to be extravagant in an estimate of the young Hindu intellect. He must be a dull teacher, indeed, from whom a Hindu student would learn nothing. If I had had my own countrymen to teach, instead of young Hindus, I certainly never should have been half so successful an instructor as you are pleased to regard me. It was my extreme good fortune to have to deal with pupils whom almost any grown Englishman of ordinary education could teach the literature of the West—in fact, they almost taught themselves. They are not like the waggoner in Æsop's fables who implored Jupiter to help him to get his waggon out of the deep rut. "Oh no, my man," said the god, "you must put your own shoulder to

[1] Macaulay entertained so much respect for Richardson's mode of teaching that he himself examined his pupils in English in December 1836.

the wheel." The Native student is always ready to put his own shoulder to the wheel, and save his teacher all unnecessary labour.

I cannot dissolve my connection with these fine young men—and with their fathers, who were once in the same relation to me, as their sons have been up to this day—nor can I think of the Natives generally who have always shown me so much kindness, without feeling how painful it is to sever so many ties and to utter, for the last time, the melancholy word that always makes us linger —*Farewell.*

Returning to England, Richardson was engaged by Mr. (afterwards Sir) John William Kaye, the famous historian of the Sepoy Mutiny, and who, in his younger days, practised his literary apprenticeship in the columns of the Captain's *Calcutta Literary Gazette* to assist him in editing Allen's *Overland Mail* and *Homeward Mail.* Besides he purchased "Court Circular" and edited it for some time. In 1863 Captain Harris, who was a Professor of the Hindu Metropolitan College when Richardson was Principal, thus wrote about our subject. :—

"I often see D. L. R. in the Strand. I saw him about ten days ago—but we seldom say much. I have no idea of what he is doing—but I don't think it is much. Anyhow he is not connected with any of the journals I know, and I am acquainted with the men who do the greater part of the work in leaders and reviews on all, or mostly all, of the first daily and weekly metropolitan papers. He looks well, but lives, as far as literary society is concerned, very much the life of a recluse. 'Ah! how d'ye do? Hope y'are well' is his usual salutation—and we shake hands. 'Do anything for the Indian Press now'? 'Ah! Ha! Daresay,'—and so on. But there is no heartiness about the man, and never was. He tells me nothing about himself and I suspect knows as little of me. It is, in fact, a mere passing acquaintanceship—and nothing more. That I never have been, and never can be, contented with. I am a warm friend or simply nothing; and I am very much afraid that our old Principal at the Metropolitan College is a very cold one. He was always very fond of quoting the line :—

'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' but that touch is not in him. At all events it is not for me."

This is the last glimpse which we can catch of the great genius who on November 17th, 1865, died at Clapham in Surrey. Three great names stand out most prominently in the early history of English Education in Bengal, David Hare, Henry Derozio, and D. L. Richardson. The former two have found their biographers, but the latter only is conspicuous by such an absence. Fifty years ago, in this Review, Richardson's literary labours found an appreciative critic. Fifty years after, let the same Review chronicle the events of his life with sympathy and regard.

S. C. SANIAL.

Art. VII.—THE OWL AND THE BOY—A PARABLE.

IT was the time when the mango-tree budded, and the brain-fever bird sang its one-note song, sang and sang till the poor little voice cracked—when it would begin all over again The earth yawned with tiredness, and her hot breath withered the lilies and the roses on their slender stalks The owl snored long and loud in the mango grove.

A boy walking in the garden heard the music of the owl, and he stood staring up into the branches. Even in his sleep, the owl heard him stare.

He rubbed the sleep out of his eyes, and—"To-whit, To-woo" he said, "what want you?" "Oh!" said the boy, "are you only a Bird, and an ugly brown bird at that, with no colour in your wings! When I heard you snore, I thought you must at least be a man, like my father."

"Pray don't apologize" said the owl, most gravely and politely—"pray don't apologize. I resent nothing, not even compliments."

And he turned over and went to sleep once more, quite confident that the boy would never visit him again.

CORNELIA SORABJI.

Art. VIII.—SECONDARY EDUCATION IN BENGAL.

An Address delivered to the Teachers' Conference at Dacca.

MANY of you will perhaps wonder that I, a comparative stranger to Bengal, should have ventured to treat so formidable a subject as the one which I have chosen for my paper to-day. My opening words must therefore be words of apology for my own temerity. There is, however, an old saying to the effect that the bystander sees most of the game, and on the same analogy perhaps I, who have so far stood out of the hurly burly, may have had opportunities of observation denied to those whose eyes are dimmed with the dust of controversy. Secondly, I have come not so long ago from another Province, and have long been connected with another University than Calcutta, and am therefore in a position to compare the Bengal system with one in force elsewhere, holding thus, for the present, a position of detachment favourable to the formation of an unbiased judgment.

As the title of my paper indicates, I am speaking only of secondary education, and I desire further to limit my remarks and criticisms mainly to schools. My original intention had been to take as the subject of my address "The Ideal College," but when I came to turn it over in my mind, and especially to commit my thoughts to paper, it occurred to me with added strength with every line that I wrote that my paper would be nugatory unless I first cleared the way, so to speak, by expressing my ideas on secondary schools. Logically I should perhaps begin with the beginning and treat of primary schools, but

here I must plead my ignorance as a bar. On a future occasion, after further study and experience, I may perhaps have something to say on them also, but for the present I must keep to what I know. In one further paper I hope to address you on "The Ideal College." We shall then have taken together a cursory, but I hope comprehensive, view of the system of education in Bengal.

In this paper I propose first to point out the main defects, or what I conceive to be such, of the educational system as applied to secondary schools in Bengal. Secondly, I shall trace such defects to their causes, and finally I shall endeavour to indicate the remedies which in my opinion should be applied. It is, as it seems to me, because this logical and simple method has not been adopted in treating educational problems in Bengal that the system of education in that Province is as chaotic, as, to an outsider, it appears to be. I have the further hope that following this method we, who are now of the new Province of Eastern Bengal and Assam, shall escape from the embroglio of the old Province, and shall, so far as may be, avoid sowing the seed of error and contention in the new. At least we shall know our own minds, which is half the battle. Before, however, beginning what to some of you may perhaps appear to be an invidious task, let me make two remarks by way of preliminary. First, it is not my business nor intention to allocate blame but merely to state facts, point out causes, and suggest remedies. Secondly, the defects which I shall point out in secondary education in Bengal are by no means confined to that Province. They exist in one form or another throughout India, and not in India alone, but in many European countries. But though not peculiar to Bengal they do appear to me to exist there

in an intensified form, to have there a greater vitality and to be on that account more difficult to eradicate there than elsewhere, and the reason for this again seems to lie in the fact that whereas elsewhere they are at any rate recognised as defects, and efforts are being made to end or mend them, in Bengal by a large section of the educated population, including even very many of the profession of teachers, they are not regarded as defects at all, or if at all, then as inherent in any educational system, the endeavour to stamp out which must be a mere waste of labour.

The first and greatest intellectual as apart from moral defect in secondary schools in Bengal appears to me to be the universal prevalence of "cramming." Before, however, going further let me pause to define what I mean by that often used word. It has been well said that if only persons would stay to define the meanings of the terms they employ many controversies would end where they now begin. By "cramming" then I mean a system of instruction or of learning in which the intelligence is either not used at all or is strictly subordinated to the memory. I am not so foolish as to decry the use of memory but, like many other excellent things, though a good servant, it is a bad master. The test then of "cramming" to my mind in any system is whether that system applies itself first to the intelligence or first to the memory. Some "memorising" there must be in any system. It is useless to read History nor can we learn the lessons of History if we cannot remember the facts. But—and this is a thing so often forgotten by Indian educationists—it is useless to have all the facts of all the histories of the world in your head if they are to you *mere* strings of facts without meaning or reason. It is not until the reason is

brought to play upon the facts that they have for us any vitality, that we can group and assimilate them and so make them our own, and unless we can do this they are of no use to us. Now of the prevalence of this "memorising," either entirely unaccompanied with any working of the intelligence or with the intelligence relegated to a very subordinate position, in Indian secondary schools there can be no question. It is a common thing on entering a school to find a class of boys engaged in getting by rote long lists of names, words, definitions and so on. Further, it is still more common to find in answers to examination papers, exact word for word reproductions either of "notes" or text. To get rid of this detestable system no mere palliatives are sufficient. It is useless to prohibit the use of "keys" so long as the irrational system of instruction, or let me add examination, continues which directly encourages it. "Keys" will disappear the moment they are found to be useless or to involve more trouble in the getting up than they are worth. To get rid of the evil we must pull it up root and branch and it may enable us the more easily to do this if we stop for a moment to consider in what it has its origin.

The answer commonly given to the question why "cramming" is so prevalent in Indian secondary schools is that it is due to Indian students having to learn through the medium of a foreign tongue. How, it is asked, can you expect anything but "cramming" when students are studying a subject in a language with which even the best are very imperfectly acquainted? What is the use of the teacher pausing to explain the why and the wherefore of anything when his very explanation is so nearly unintelligible to the majority of his class that they are compelled either to ignore it or else to

get the explanation by heart along with the subject it is intended to explain? That there is some truth in this view I should be the last to deny, but that it is not sufficient to account for the facts is at once evident if we look at primary schools. Here cramming is quite as prevalent as in secondary schools, yet the students are studying in their own vernaculars. The accepted method of teaching Geography in primary as in secondary schools is the learning by rote of long strings of names of countries, cities, oceans, etc., and the same remark applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to the teaching of History, Grammar, and other subjects. It is obvious then that the commonly received explanation of the prevalence of cramming in secondary schools, which represents both teachers and taught as alike the victims of a pernicious system of instruction through the medium of a foreign tongue, will not hold water. To what then is it due? I should be inclined to attribute it to several causes which, however, when reduced to their simplest elements, are resolvable into one cause. First and foremost is the influence exerted on both teachers and taught by centuries of custom. To "memorise" has always been the Indian habit, and to learn off whole pages by heart, so far from seeming an illogical or absurd proceeding, is accepted by the average Indian student and teacher as the most natural thing in the world. To depend, at any rate in the early stages, upon anything but memory, still more to have instruction made easy and even pleasant, has seemed to the Indian mind for centuries as unnatural as to the modern European mind it appears the reverse. Nor can the effect of long continued custom be shaken off in a few short years, and we must expect it to continue to influence Indian practice long after the theory underlying it has disappeared.

The second cause to which I should attribute the prevalence of "cramming" is the incapacity and very often the ignorance of the teachers. Many teachers do not even know of any other method of "teaching" a subject—save the mark!—than that of making their pupils learn off definitions, names and facts from the text-books. Others, while they know that there is another method and while they may have a hazy idea that it is a better one, have not the necessary experience and trained ability to use it. Nor here do I blame the teachers so much as the system which has allowed such a state of things to continue. It seems to have been thought that teaching is an art which comes by the light of nature, an art which anyone can follow provided he has a child to teach, a book to be taught and, some would add, a rod to teach with. These ideas, or rather absence of ideas, prevailed in Europe up to a period less than a century ago; they tacitly prevail in many parts of Europe still; they openly prevail in Bengal to-day. It appears almost incredible that up to the present day the old Province of Bengal with its population of 80 millions should have been left unprovided with any training college for the training of its thousands of secondary teachers engaged in Anglo-vernacular schools. But I am anticipating. To the absence of such a college must be attributed in large part the faults in method that prevail. Let me take one illustration out of many. It is commonly complained that Indian students, especially in Bengal, leave all their work to the end of the year or term. They then, for sometimes two or three months before the examination, absent themselves from school, and, as it was recently put to me, "work at home day and night at their books." This absence is actually recognised by the school authorities—and these remarks

apply to colleges also—and called "examination leave." In other words, the students leave work which is intended to occupy them for a year or more to be crammed up during the last month or two, and the Educational Department and the University of Calcutta not merely connive at, but openly sanction, the practice. But, it may be asked, how to stop it? The answer is quite simple. First, by having periodical or "circle" examinations going on throughout the term, of a short and simple nature, and letting it be known that the results of these examinations will be taken into account in making promotions and sending up for public examinations. Secondly—in schools—by giving daily marks for daily work. Imagine an English public school in which no daily marks were given and all promotions were left to be decided on the results of a yearly examination. How many boys should we expect to work steadily through the term? Why then should we expect from Indian students a standard of excellence and self-restraint which we tacitly allow that English students do not possess? Change the system in English schools to that now prevalent in India and I venture to assert that the very same evils would call for the self-same remedies. And the reverse is equally true. Abolish the *supreme* importance of the annual examination, establish with it a system of periodical or "circle" examinations which, in the aggregate, shall be of equal or greater importance and, in schools, give daily marks for daily work and this pernicious system of long periods of idleness followed by short periods of breathless and fevered energy will disappear because it will have been rendered useless.

The third cause of cramming is a natural one which, so long as human nature is what it is, can never be wholly eradicated, I mean the *vis inertiæ* of the teacher.

It is always so much easier to fling the facts, so to speak, at the student's head leaving him to take or reject them as he pleases than to enter into long and laborious explanations. The conscientious teacher may solve his conscience by the reflection that his explanations are not likely to be understood and, further, that, even if they are, there is not time to give them in every subject. So far as the last-named excuse holds good the evil can be easily met by reducing the quantity to be taught, but so far as it is due to what may be called moral causes it demands separate remedies of which I shall treat later.

The question now occurs how is this "cramming" to be stopped? I have already suggested an answer to this, and it is only necessary for me here briefly to state that I would do so by appealing to the moral sense of the comparatively few and the common sense of the many. To the minority who, to some extent at any rate, are pursuing knowledge for its own sake I would point out that cramming is, when analysed, essentially dishonest, being on the same level with the work of the jerry builder, which makes a very excellent show, but to quote the words of Burke on a famous occasion—"is utterly unsafe to touch and unsure to stand on." To the majority I would point out that "cramming" as a practical art does not pay, first taking care so to remodel methods in school and college on the lines given above as to ensure its not paying. To make this perfectly successful it would, of course, be necessary for the University similarly to remodel its examinations whereby "unseen" work and original composition should assume their rightful importance, and it be no longer possible for a candidate practically to force an examiner to pass him by having learnt by heart several hundreds of pages of

text and notes, usually in the proportion of 10 of notes to one of text.

The second most noticeable fault in secondary schools in Bengal is the bad grammar and atrocious pronunciation of English—a fault which seriously affects college classes also. Here my criticism may derive some added force from my having spent ten years in educational work, both primary and secondary, in another Province and my being able therefore to institute a comparison. My first feeling after taking over charge of my new duties was, I frankly confess, one of keen disappointment and disillusion. I had always supposed that in an advanced Province such as Bengal the teaching and knowledge of English would be far in advance of what it was in a backward Province like the Central Provinces, and I had looked forward to a time when my chief difficulty, namely, lecturing in English sufficiently elementary to be understood, and my chief drudgery, the correction of scores of ill written and ill-spelt exercises and essays, would be things of the past. I found, however, that, so far from being rid of them, I now had them in an intensified form, for not only was the English worse, far worse, but the exercises and essays had to be corrected by the hundred instead of by the score. The main faults that immediately impressed themselves upon me were, in oral work, the bad grammar and atrocious pronunciation of even the most advanced students and, in written work, slovenly composition and writing and bad spelling. The last were certainly to be expected from the system in force. Apparently dismayed by the task of the hundreds of exercises calling for correction, written work was resorted to as seldom as possible and in general confined to field days such as the annual and half-yearly examinations. When done at other times

the work of correction was entrusted to a single member of the staff who was excused some lecturing as a set off. Finally the written papers after being marked were frequently not returned or only returned after a long interval, so that students had little or no opportunity of noticing and in future avoiding their mistakes. It is not necessary here to dwell upon the defects of the above system. It is sufficient to state that it contravenes not only every rule of method in pedagogy but also of common sense. Nor do I allude to it here out of any desire to depreciate the work done in this college. Results show that it was at least as good as that done in others of its kind. In the collegiate school results were considerably better than the average. I only allude to it as I believe it to be a fair sample of what is going on elsewhere and of what up to the present has been the best, or almost the best, that Bengal can show in higher education—*ex uno disce omnes.* In oral work, both in school and college, I noticed the same mistakes almost universally repeated, and I attribute them entirely to bad grounding in English grammar and this again to the fact that most of the masters in the school are themselves guilty of the same faults, which indeed are so common as almost to have produced a new dialect of Bengali-English. Pronunciation is especially bad. On one occasion when complaining of this to the fourth year students one of them very aptly retorted: "How, Sir, can you expect us to pronounce English correctly when we have never been taught by Englishmen and hardly ever heard it spoken by them?" Palliatives such as the establishment of a new examination for teachers in English idiom and pronunciation are, I submit, useless. The cure to be effective must be radical and I think the fourth year student, quoted above, hit the nail on the

head. Whenever possible, in large centres of population, English should be taught by Englishmen. To make this universal is impossible on the score of expense, but there seems to be no reason why, in Government collegiate schools at any rate, it should not be done so far at least as the appointment of an Englishman as head-master would do it. The head-master, in addition to supervising the English work of all the classes, would himself take the head class and, if care were taken to select well trained men with previous English experience, this plan would also ensure the management of the school on rational lines. The appointment of head-master of a Government collegiate school is one which, I submit, should always be in the Indian educational service. It is, for instance, of very much greater importance and should be of greater emolument than that of professor in a college. If therfore the question of expense is urged as a barrier in this direction also I would prefer to find the money by reducing, *pro tanto*, the number of professorships in the Indian service. There seems to be a curious impression in Bengal that school work is inferior to college work and that the post of headmaster of a school, responsible for the teaching and welfare of some 500 boys, is of less importance than that of a professor delivering some 15 lectures a week to perhaps 100 students. The sooner this idea is emphatically corrected the better will it be for secondary education in Bengal.

The third defect which struck me most prominently was the prevalence of bad methods of teaching, or rather the absence of any method other than that of memorising. Here again my remarks are not confined to secondary schools, and my illustration of this evil can best be taken from the teaching of geography in

Bengal primary schools and in those of the Central Provinces. There could hardly be two more striking examples of the art of how to teach and how not to teach. Under the system in force in the Central Provinces the young child was first shown the map of the school house and compound drawn to scale and encouraged to imitate it. He then went on to a knowledge of a practical nature of his village and its surroundings. From this the next step was naturally the tahsil or subdivision, then the district, then the province, the country, the continent (in outline) and the world. In other words, two cardinal rules of pedagogy were followed, *viz.*, first "from the known to the unknown;" secondly, "from things to words." The young child was not taught stupendous facts about the world and the universe until he first knew thoroughly the simple facts about his own village and surroundings. Secondly, his mind was not encumbered with long meaningless definitions, but stocked with the things the definitions represent. In Bengal, so far as I have seen, the exactly opposite method is pursued. First a book is thrust into the hand of the child. Then he is ordered to learn by heart a certain number of pages of what to him must be the merest gibberish—strings of definitions, names of countries, continents, seas he has never seen or heard of. Finally, he is required to repeat them. He is then held to have an adequate knowledge of geography and his mind is supposed to have been "developed" in the process. Such a travesty of education would be ludicrous if it were not so inexpressibly sad.

A fourth common defect is the dulness of school work. I have never yet attended a class in Bengal the teaching of which did not appear to me either radically

wrong in method or irretrievably dull, and more commonly the two combined. Here again the same cause is at work producing the same effect, *viz.*, the want of training and hence ignorance of method on the part of the teachers. If anyone of them had ever read and assimilated the principles of Professor Sidgwick's admirable little *brochure* on "Stimulus in Education" or that of Mr. Eve on "Marking," or had gone through a systematic course of training in which their practical application had been brought home to them, this dulness—in the class of that teacher at least—would disappear.

I have now briefly considered what I take to be four of the chief defects of secondary education in Bengal viewed simply on its mental side, but there is a fifth, which is of such importance as to dwarf all others, great though they are, to comparative insignificance. This is a moral and not a mental defect. I refer, of course, to what is usually styled the want of discipline in the schools of Bengal, and I say "usually styled" because I am not sure that this is a correct diagnosis of the disease. At least it appears to me to be incomplete and therefore misleading. Discipline on ordinary occasions and in its ordinary sense, that is obedience to orders, quiet behaviour in class, and a certain outward show of respect to the teacher, has, so far as my limited experience goes, not been wanting. Discipline, however, properly so called, is simply non-existent, because it implies a certain relation between teachers and taught and the understanding and recognition by both of reciprocal rights and duties. In Bengal these rights and duties are neither recognised nor understood, and consequently whenever circumstances place the slightest strain upon discipline the outward show of

it which alone exists promptly disappears. On this subject I have already spoken in a previous address. The teachers have long considered that their only work lay in the class room and that their only business was instruction. They have, by long disuse, lost the power of moulding the character and guarding the morals of their pupils. This I say of the better, while others of the baser sort, have won a cheap popularity by encouraging a drift of opinion which may one day set against themselves, and to which I trust they will themselves become a righteous sacrifice. They have created out of their students a new Frankenstein, whose next act may be to destroy his creator. The students long accustomed to neglect outside the class room have ceased to look to their teachers for advice and assistance except in their books. Parents and guardians too have contributed to this deplorable result by commonly treating the teachers of their children as mere pedagogues and drudges, and disregarding their advice all too rarely offered, and above all undermining their authority by constant appeals and protests against punishments. I have already expressed my views as to the only true remedy for this state of affairs. It may be summed up in a sentence, *viz.*, the bringing of teachers and taught into closer relationship. On a former occasion I suggested four means by which this might be accomplished, *viz.*, first the system of boarding houses, hostels, and messes, placed on a sound footing and not mere shams as they have been in the past. Secondly, the tightening of the bonds between teachers and taught by the introduction of the tutorial system into all schools and colleges. Thirdly, more stringent conditions of affiliation to the University, a privilege which should be subject to renewal from time to time. Finally, the raising of the

educational ideal. On this latter subject I shall have something more to say to-day.

Turning again to what I have called the mental defects in the system of education in force in Bengal, I think the truth of my *dictum* that they are all traceable to one cause will now be apparent, and that cause is the absence of any properly constituted training college for secondary schoolmasters. It seems almost incredible that in the old undivided Presidency of Bengal among 78 millions of people there should not have been even one such college. There are, it is true, several normal schools for training vernacular teachers and to these there used formerly to be classes attached for Anglo-vernacular secondary teachers, but the course being limited to four months can have been of little value. What I would submit is wanted in the new Province of Eastern Bengal and Assam is a first-rate training college for secondary teachers on a large scale, presided over by the very best Principal that can be obtained from a thoroughly good training college in England, with an equally good and experienced "Master of Method." These two appointments I would place in the Indian educational service and would treat liberally in the matter of pay and allowances, so as to secure the best men. Under them I would secure some half a dozen thoroughly competent English assistants specially selected for the work and on special terms. Connected with the college would, of course, be a "Model School" of the "High English" standard. The course should extend over two years, but in order to supply schools with at least partially trained masters within a reasonable time I would at the beginning (as a temporary expedient) recognise an alternative shorter course of one year. To this shorter course I would send in rotation all masters of Government

secondary schools under 30 or 35 years of age now actually in service, and, when this supply was exhausted, all masters of aided secondary schools under the same age limit. I would then close the shorter course unless it was found expedient to keep it open for such "unaided" school masters as might resort to it. To the longer course I would send all masters of Government secondary schools (and afterwards of aided schools) on their first appointment, security being taken from them that they would serve in the department for five years after completing their course of training. After a lapse of years I would insist on every master of an aided and Government school having been trained at the college. The only argument I can understand against the early opening of such an institution and its establishment on the very best and most liberal scale is that of expense. But here, I submit, is a case where almost any expenditure of money would be defensible and where to stint its supply would be the falsest economy. For in the course of a few years every schoolmaster in every Government and aided secondary school in the Province and perhaps many in unaided schools would have passed through the college and the Principal and his assistants would have such a chance of impressing their mark upon secondary education in the new Province as has certainly never yet occurred in the older Provinces and is never likely to recur. This being so, it is needless to insist upon the necessity of getting the best men available. To open the college and then through lack of funds to staff it with any but the best would either be a futility or a danger because the college would either lack influence or use it wrongly. As for the crying need for such a college there can be no two opinions. An enormous amount of energy is now wasted, largely

because it is not directed in the right channels. The training college would exercise a centripetal force on the educational institutions of the Province, prevent the vagaries of individuals, provide a sound and wholesome model, and supply a constant stream of young teachers not merely schooled in the correct methods of instruction, but taught to recognise, what is so necessary in Bengal, the enormous gulf between *instruction* and *education*.

It is obvious that the introduction of the reforms outlined above, *viz.*, the introduction of the tutorial system and the stricter control of hostels and messes, together with the supervision out of school hours which they imply, would add very largely to the work of schoolmasters. It is also apparent that the establishment of a training college and the provision for the compulsory training of teachers might affect the supply of teachers, and that in two ways, first by ruling out that, to my mind, most undesirable class of teachers, so called, who merely enter the Educational Department for a few months or a year or two, while attending Law Classes, and who, regarding their post as a mere temporary convenience, commonly look upon their teaching work as a burden to be got rid of as soon and as easily as possible; and, secondly, by keeping away those who intend *bonâ fide* to pursue their new calling as a profession whose numbers would certainly be reduced if additional and very onerous and responsible duties were added to those already required of them without any improvement in the material standing and prospects of a very poorly paid profession. This latter result would be a genuine misfortune, and could, in my opinion, only be averted by substantially improving the pay and prospects of the young schoolmaster. At present Rs. 30 is taken as the usual starting pay of a graduate schoolmaster, and Rs. 50

as that of a Master of Arts, and, considering their total lack of any training for their profession and the tacit understanding whereby their work is limited to the five or six school hours daily, this pay under existing circumstances may be enough. But it is obvious that under the new system the circumstances would be very different. In the first place the masters would be trained men whom it would be the object of the Government to retain as teachers and whose places could not be filled at a moment's notice, as they can now, by a crowd of half educated teachers wholly ignorant of their profession. Secondly, as mentioned above, if the tutorial system were introduced and messes and hostels properly superintended and inspected much more of his time would be required of the schoolmaster who would generally not be able to eke out his pay, as he does at present, by taking private tuition, by which with little labour, he can often add 50 *per cent.* to his salary. If it be objected that Government cannot find the money for this purpose I would reply first that you cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs, and that if Government is not prepared to break the eggs it is useless for it to call for the omelette. Secondly, I would, if necessary, provide the money by reducing the quantity to improve the quality, but this only as a last resource. If finally it be objected that the scheme is unworkable, that no masters will be found willing to submit themselves to the ordeal of training, I would reply that a scheme similar to the one outlined above has been in force for some dozen years in the Central Provinces with triumphant success, so that, whereas eleven years ago when I first went there there was hardly a trained secondary schoolmaster in the Province, there is now hardly an untrained one.

But it is not sufficient merely to provide a source from which competent teachers can be obtained, it is further necessary to ensure their being kept up to the mark. This can only be done by frequent and intelligent inspection. "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," and he who essays that most difficult of tasks, the inspection of educational institutions, should himself be an expert in that particular branch which he is inspecting. I am aware, of course, that there are excellent rules and Government orders upon this subject! What I would submit is that they would have more chance of being intelligently executed if the inspection of schools were recognised as being what it is, a special art to be followed only by those who have been trained to it. Here I can speak from experience because for several years I was myself an Inspector, and, when appointed, I had never been inside a school of any description from the day, some six years earlier, when I had left one. Much of my work was rendered worse than useless in consequence, and I had with difficulty, and at the cost (to the schools) of many mistakes, laboriously to acquire by experience knowledge which I should have had at the start, including the very elements of my new profession. The process was, I venture to think, for the schools as bad as, for myself, it was certainly good. In addition I would urge that the higher inspecting staff be strengthened. In the Central Provinces, including Berar with a population of some 13 millions there are four inspectors of the Indian Educational Service. If this is no more than adequate for the Central Provinces two inspectors in that service would seem to be decidedly less than adequate for the 31 millions of Eastern Bengal and Assam, let alone the fact that the percentage of boys at school in proportion

to the population is probably more than double here to what it is there. What then are we to think of the five inspectors of the Indian service (including the Director of Public Instruction, Assam, and the Inspector of European Schools) that have been thought sufficient for the needs of all undivided Bengal and Assam?

I have explained above how I would provide for the supply of trained teachers, let me now turn for a moment to that of inspectors. The policy under which inspectors are at present supplied from England appears to me to be a policy of drift and, as Lord Curzon in his last speech in India, said that the first cardinal principle of the Indian Government under him might perhaps be best defined as the "negation of drift," one would be mildly surprised that in this matter that policy should have so long continued, did one not remember the *vis inertiæ* incident in all establised institutions, which even the strongest governor sometimes fails to expel. And here I wish to guard myself against being supposed to decry the system of selecting our future Indian educationists from among the best of their "year" and "school" at the ancient English universities. I only wish that system were more strictly followed. That, however, is no reason why the young man after selection, with his university honours fresh upon him, should be sent out to India with barely time enough to pack his trunks and bid his farewells. The Indian civilian spends a year in the university learning the elements of his future work, an Indian language, law, revenue and the like. Why not let the future Indian educationist have a similar opportunity? The cost would be trifling and at once more than recompensed by the greater efficiency. The real answer lies in the fact that hitherto the ruling authorities and

indeed the great British public have not recognised that education is a science, that its elements have to be learnt with at least as much care as those of law and medicine and that no one is fitted for its practice until he has mastered them. There is already an Indian Institute at Oxford—the "clumsy mass of building in the Broad" as I saw it styled the other day—there are "Readers" in the principal Oriental languages, there is an excellent training college and normal school in the city. Every thing that is necessary for an intelligent study of the science of education and for its application to India needs exists ready to hand. Why not utilise them instead of sending out inspectors who, like myself 11 years ago, in a school knew hardly their right hand from their left? So much for future supplies. As for present needs I would encourage educational officers to avail themselves of the facilities already given for special study while on furlough instead of choking them off with strait bands of red-tape.

I now claim to have shown that the mental defects of the Bengal system of education are traceable to one cause, namely, the prevalence of wrong methods of teaching, and these again to one main and one subsidiary cause, the absence of a steady supply of trained teachers and trained inspectors. I have also said that one remedy is the raising of the educational ideal. Accomplish this latter and all the defects noted dry up at their source. The old notion of education which I have summarised as a book to teach, a child to be taught, and a rod to teach with, is still at the bottom of the layman's mind if only he would acknowledge it. This phantom must be laid. Education is threefold, a science, an art, and a profession. A science is a body of systematised and co-ordinated knowledge, and education is that knowledge

applied to the development of man, not merely, mind you, to his mental qualities, but to his whole being. I may be accused of uttering platitudes, but, as some body has said, platitudes are the only truths that count. They are also just those universally overlooked. If education were generally recognised, in fact as well as theory, as being a science, its present condition would be impossible. For to develop man is not only the most responsible, the most arduous, but also the noblest of tasks. Development can only proceed on natural lines, and to know the natural lines for the development of man we must know Psychology, Mental and Moral Philosophy, Pathology, and many other learned sciences. In truth education is the science of sciences, for to it all others contribute and are subordinate. It is also no less the art of arts. To bring it down from libraries and closets to the ordinary ways and haunts of men is surely the noblest of tasks. What other art can compare with it whether we take its difficulty, its results, or its fearful responsibilities? Which, think you, should be the more carefully trained, the man who, perhaps, in his life sentences a score of his fellow-beings to be hanged, or the man who, as a schoolmaster, is licensed, so to speak, mentally and morally to murder thousands of young lives. Nay who but the schoolmaster instils into the mind of the judge his earliest and probably most lasting impression of the justice it is his daily task to mete out? *Sunt lacrimæ rerum*, and the spectacle in Europe of some purse-proud grocer, or in this country trebly ignorant zemindar, treating with contempt the man to whom nevertheless he entrusts the upbringing of his children is sad enough for tears. And if we say that education is the science of sciences and the art of arts what can we say that is too great of its profession? Surely it is

the noblest of them all. Here we have confided to our charge not the bodies only, nor even the minds, but the souls of thousands of young persons at their most impressionable age, with the knowledge that every act of commission or omission on our part has its influence, however imperceptible, on the formation of the growing character. A noble profession, truly, but one carrying with it an awful responsibility. Let us at least try to fit ourselves for its cares and duties and let us repel with scorn those who either decry it on the one hand or seek to turn its powers and its privileges to their own base uses.

C. H. BROWNING.

Art. IX.—AKBAR: HIS RELIGIOUS POLICY.

A Tercentenary Study.

IN October 1905 fell the tercentenary of the death of Akbar, who died on the fifteenth of that month exactly three centuries ago. This was an occasion worthy of celebrating with due *éclat*. But little seems to have been done in this way. Nothing shows the lack of the historical spirit among Indians better than this. Government which is appealed to on nearly every other occasion to do sometimes the most absurd things, had no appeal made to it for celebrating the occasion of the Tercentenary of Akbar. It would have been graceful if the most worthy successors of Akbar had seized this historic occasion to offer a tribute of praise to their illustrious predecessor; and the man was here to offer it. Lord Curzon would certainly have done justice in splendid terms to the task which is doubtless very congenial to him, as he has done so much for the preservation of the noble and beautiful monuments reared by Akbar and his successors the two magnificent Moghul Emperors. Somehow he missed the opportunity. Probably the circumstances of his resignation and the Royal visit came in the way. We at least may mark the occasion by a study of one phase of Akbar's character and career, and say something about his religious policy and the new Ilahi faith founded by him.

Akbar is the greatest of the Mahomedan rulers of India and indeed the greatest of all its rulers up to the advent of the English. If we would have a parallel to his reign in Indian history we have either to go back—very far back—to the dim past or to look to the very recent present. More than two thousand years ago,

Asoka seems to have been a monarch like him, to judge from the scanty accounts which we possess of that Buddhist Emperor Asoka lived far too remote for us to know and judge him accurately; but he seems to have been like Akbar a humane and enlightened ruler with a real desire to do good to his subjects according to his lights and to the utmost of his abilities, with tolerant principles and beneficent policy which have rendered the rule of both illustrious. The eighteen centuries that separate them present almost a total blank of such rulers and have not a single ruler to show like them in their annals. Akbar was succeeded by his son and grandson and especially his great-grandson Aurangzeb, who may be said to have surpassed him in magnificence and even to have added something to his dominions; but they fell far short of him both in their ideals and their policy. It is only when we come to our own times that we find a reign in all respects as glorious and in some surpassing even its glory. The rise of British Rule in India was undoubtedly the most beneficent thing that has happened to this country in the exhausted state in which it was then. The first period of that rule may be said to have begun with the battle of Plassey in 1757 and ended with the battle of Kirkee in 1817, when the power of the Mahrattas, the formidable rivals of the English, was finally broken. It coincided nearly with the reign of George the Third, 1760-1820; and our grandfathers compared this reign with Akbar's as rivalling it in its glory. Mulla Feroze, the great Parsee poet, who was a contemporary—1758-1830—celebrated that great reign in a famous Persian epic, the George Namah, published posthumously in 1837, which is certainly superior to the Akbar Namah of Abul Fazl in style and taste, and comes up to the celebrated Shah Namah of Firdusi. But a

still greater reign has since followed that of George III, and the glorious age of Victoria has outshone that of George or of Akbar, both in its material and still more in its moral grandeur.

Akbar and Victoria are the only two sovereigns who have ruled over the whole vast continent of India from Cashmere to Cape Comorin, over the Deccan as well as Hindustan proper.* Asoka was not so fortunate or puissant as his arms did not penetrate to the entire South. But not only in their mere extent do the empires of the two present such a resemblance. It is much more in the state of the land and its people that they resemble each other so closely. In both, wars and conquests were going on side by side with peaceful settlement and sound administration. Akbar had to conquer back the various kingdoms of Gujarat and the Deccan which had fallen off from his weak predecessors, and he had not quite done his work of bringing these back to their former allegiance at the end of his reign of fifty years. Under Victoria the English had to conquer Sind and the Punjab during the earlier part and Burma and Baluchistan at either extremity in the East and West during the latter part; while in the middle of her reign they had to subdue a formidable reaction against their rule and quell a dangerous mutiny of that very army which had helped them to conquer the country. But this did not disturb in either the work of steady administration in other parts of the land and even the recently conquered countries had to wait but a little while before they were

* Asoka's Empire was nearly as extensive, but there is no direct evidence to show that the whole of South India was under his sway. "Asoka's Empire comprised all India proper from the twelfth degree of latitude to the Himalayas, and included the valley of Nepal, the valley of Cashmere, the Swat valley and adjoining regions, the Yusufzai country, Afghanistan as far as the Hindu Kush, Sind and Baluchistan." (Vincent Smith, *Asoka*, 1901, p. 72.) The extent of his sway is conjectured from the places where his edicts and monuments are found.

brought under the regular system of government prevailing in the two Empires. Perhaps the empire of Akbar would have been better off in the end if he had not attempted the conquest and absorption into his system of the Deccan Kingdoms. He had not the means which in our days so much facilitate the work of concentration and centralization and which render the work of a Central Government and administration on one uniform plan possible and easy, and had not the railway and telegraph which annihilate distance and bind the distant parts of the Empire close together. The work of unification and centralization was premature in his days. Yet he tried it and very nearly succeeded in spite of great difficulties by the enlightened principles which permeated his policy of governing the conquered peoples better than they were ever governed before. If his successors had pursued his policy and not departed from his principles, the conquest over time and space begun by him would have been continued and perfected, and his empire, instead of its unwieldiness carrying within itself its own germs of destruction, would have become a compact whole in spite of its ends being distant several months from each other and the central capital, because inhabited by a loyal and contented population all looking to the Emperor at Delhi as their protector and benefactor.

The work of bringing all India under one sway and of unifying its various peoples begun by Akbar, but ruthlessly tried to be undone by some of his successors, especially Aurangzib, was continued by the English under Victoria. Under her rule not only has all India been brought under one umbrella, to use the picturesque old Hindu imperial phrase, but all her peoples sundered for ages from one another, are becoming united

by one common tie of loyalty to a far off sovereign, the sentiment of an Indian nationality is being created and the vast possibilities for good of a united India led by England can only be imagined. It was Akbar's glorious dream to unite the heterogeneous masses of his subjects into one harmonious whole capable of feeling and acting in unison. Though he reigned for half a century he could not realise his dream. The times were too rude, and the curse of all Oriental rule in which principles have no existence apart from individuals was on his House. His principles did not survive him and the good that he effected became in a short time only a memory. After him came the deluge. With him went down the sun of India not to rise again for generations.

> "I watched my son,
> And those that follow'd loosen stone from stone,
> All my fair work; and from the ruin arose
> The shriek and curse of trampled millions, even
> As in the time before; but, while I groan'd,
> From out the sunset pour'd an alien race,
> Who fitted stone to stone again, and Truth,
> Peace, Love and Justice came and dwelt therein."

Akbar's dream was realised two centuries after him by an alien race from out the sunset, and it not only put together the stones of the edifice he had reared but rendered it higher and grander. The English, especially in Victoria's reign, have worked out everything that was good in his policy and obtained results that would have gladdened his heart, and have gone beyond his expectations. He looked to religion for the tie that would unite; and made a futile attempt to establish a new faith that would render the old religions which separated people obsolete. It was a noble undertaking. But it

did not take sufficient account of the vitality of the existing creeds which it sought to supplant by too easy a victory. Had he shown his toleration of all religions and stopped there, he would have succeeded better. He would have in a way been superior to them all by his enlightened tolerance. But he at once gave away this superiority when he entered the lists with his new religion in competition with the prophets and showed himself the latest and weakest of them all. A monarch ought to control prophets; but a monarch that attempts to don the prophet's robe over his purple cannot escape the ridicule of his bizarre vestments. A prophet-king soon finds out that he is only a prophet among kings and not a king among prophets. This was Akbar's experience in this ill-advised *rôle* for which Abul Fazl is mainly responsible. The religions which he had tolerated and to whose respect he was entitled, became scandalised at this attempt to play the prophet, and became hostile. Christianity for whom Akbar certainly had done very much more than any Indian king, and which owed him its freedom of action in the Moghul Empire, at once condemned him as impious and atheistical. The Jesuit missionaries at his court withdrew themselves from his dominions, and Father Catrou, Akbar's Jesuit historian, thus severely comments on his conduct: "He filled up the measure of his impiety by wishing to be himself adored as a God. Every morning he presented himself upon a balcony to the view of his people who prostrated themselves in his appearance." (*History of the Moghul Dynasty*, p. 121.)

Akbar failed in his attempt to unite the Indians of various creeds in a bond of a new religion invented by himself. The attempt was well meant but utopian and

short-sighted. It vainly sought to solder close impossibilities together and make them kiss. It tried to bridge the impassable gulf between religions so widely different as Hinduism and Islam and Christianity; to graft the pantheism and polytheism of the Hindu on the stern unbending monotheism of the Moslem; the reincarnation of the soul and metempsychosis of the Buddhist on the belief in heaven and hell so tenaciously held by the Moslem and Christian alike. It is strange that a man of the wisdom and perspicacity of Akbar should have been blinded for so long to the hopelessness of the task. Probably he thought his kingly power able to overcome all difficulties and make a success of his strange new faith. But he showed a strange lack of knowledge of human nature in this. He did not realise the limitations of his power. He could conquer all physical obstructions with his army and penetrate the remote corners of the country. He could conquer to a great extent the hearts of his people by his wise policy. But he could not conquer their minds and their various faiths. Christianity was a negligible quantity within his empire; but even his Christian advisers, the good Jesuits from Goa who had come to instruct him in their faith, could not tolerate the strange liberties which he took with their faith, when he tried to unite some of its doctrines with what they bluntly called heathenism. "You have made no other use," said Father Aquaviva severely on taking leave of Akbar, "of our instruction of the knowledge of Christianity which we have been the means of imparting to you than to profane it by blending with it idolatry and Mahometan impiety" (Catrou, p. 122). The Hindus towards whose religion he had the most leaning and who had most to gain by his religious innovations,

looked askance at his leanings towards Buddhistic and other heresies.*

But he offended most the followers of his own old faith in which he was born, by his new-fangled doctrine. Islam is always stern and gloomy and disposed to allow no brother near the throne. With it there is no prophet but Mahomet to whom alone God has revealed Himself. The attempt of Akbar to displace Mahomet was peculiarly ungrateful to Islam. It was the faith of the conquerors of India for centuries and as such it had maintained its prestige with the aid of the civil power. It did not even tolerate Hinduism and persecuted it whenever it had a chance which was often. Under Akbar it not only had no chance of this forced supremacy, but had actually to acquiesce into its own rejection by the head of the State. The degradation of Islam from the State religion into a subsordinate position was felt by its followers as an unpardonable effront to the divine authority of that faith. This authority was too long unquestioned at the Mahomedan Court of Delhi for it to submit patiently to doubts and even taunts with which it was opposed at the Court of this freethinking monarch. The necessity to which the Ulema of Islam found themselves reduced of abandoning their haughty attitude of superiority and entering into controversy on terms of equality with the champions of the other religions in the Ibadat Khana at Fatehpur Sikhri in the

* The Hindus seem to have believed Akbar to have been in a former birth a Brahman saint. Sir Monier Williams was told this while visiting Agra. "In an underground passage of the Agra fort there is an image of a man named Mukunda. The Brahman, who was my guide when I visited this place, gravely informed me that it represented a celebrated saint who felt himself compelled to commit suicide by jumping into the neighbouring river as a penalty for having accidentally swallowed the hair of a cow by drinking milk without straining it. But even this was not deemed sufficient punishment, for he was condemned to become a Mahomedan in his next birth, though the sentence was mitigated by his being born again as the Emperor Akbar." (*Brahmanism and Hinduism*, p. 318, ed. 1891.)

famous Thursday assemblies that gathered there, was deeply resented. It is a wonder that this intense resentment caused among the orthodox doctors of the faith did not break out openly into religious revolt. At times, we find from the history of the orthodox Badaoni, the Ulema so uncontrollably excited as to abuse their opponents of the other religions in the presence of the Emperor who on such occasions hastily broke up the assembly. But still it is a marvel that Akbar escaped for so long the penalty of his boldness in these vital matters of religion. Perhaps nothing proves his power to be so great as this long immunity from religious revolt for which it must be said he gave too much ground.

But though there was no open and manifest revolt on account of his religious innovations, the offence which he had given to orthodox Moslems was too great and deep seated to be long passed by with impunity. In his latter years Akbar seems to have felt the full force of this reaction of Islam and from confused accounts we can gather this fact clearly that he desisted from his attempt to oppose the Ulema and even tried to conciliate them by important concessions. He dropped his new Ilahi religion entirely which seems never to have had any following beyond his own immediate circle of courtiers and flatterers. However noble his objects in founding this religion at first, there was little wisdom in allowing it to take the form that it did, to exalt himself into almost a deity,* to countenance something very

*Badaoni says :—"All this made the Emperor more inclined to claim the dignity of a prophet, perhaps I should say, the dignity of something else," *i.e.*, of God. (*Muntakhab*, Vol. II, p. 295.) For *Sijdah* and *Jamnbos* or prostration ceremony *of idem*, Vol. II, p. 266. Catrou thus observes with not undue severity on his divine pretensions : "He filled up the measure of his impiety by wishing to be himself adored as a God. Every morning he presented himself upon a balcony, to the view of his people, who prostrated themselves on his appearance. He received their petitions, he heard their prayers, and caused to be reported among a credulous populace, that the requests which they had addressed him were miraculously fulfilled." (*Moghul Dynasty*, p. 121.)

like worship of himself when he appeared daily at the *jarokha* or court-window, and to command his followers to perform *jaminbos* or prostration before his presence.* He even claimed infallibility in religious matters, and all those were doomed to damnation who did not obey his decrees.† There seemed very little difference practically between the old intolerance of Islam and this new intolerance of the Ilahi faith. He seems to have actually proclaimed himself as a prophet. "His Majesty," says Badaoni, "had now determined publicly to use the formula: there is no God but God and Akbar is God's representative. But as this led to commotions he thought better of it, and restricted the use of the formula to a few people in the Harem" (*Muntakhabu-i-Tawarikh*, Vol. II, p. 281). This fear of commotions had great effect on his nerves during the last years of his reign. Insurrection actually broke out. Abul Fazl was waylaid and murdered at the command of his son Prince Selim, afterwards Jehangir, who actually boasts of this deed in his auto-

* The novel formula for salutation in his new faith was significant. Blochmann thus comments on this: "The words of 'Allahu Akbar' are ambiguous; they may mean 'God is great' or 'Akbar is God.' There is no doubt that Akbar liked the phrase for its ambiguity; for it was used on coins, the Imperial Seal, and the heading of works, firmans, etc. His era was called the *Divine* era; his faith the *Divine* faith; and the note at the end of this Ain shows how Akbar starting from the idea of the Divine right of kings, gradually came to look upon himself as the Mujtahid of the age, then as the prophet of God and God's Vice-regent on earth, and lastly as a Deity." (*Ain-i-Akbari*, Vol. I, p. 166.)

† In the document given by Badaoni, declaring his superiority, there occur these words: "Should in future a religious question come up, regarding which the opinions of the mujtahids are at variance, and his Majesty, in his penetrating understanding and clear wisdom, be inclined to adopt for the benefit of the nation and as a political expedient, any of the conflicting opinions which exist on that point and issue a decree to that effect, we do hereby agree that such a decree should be binding on us and the whole nation....That any opposition on the part of the subjects to such an order as passed by his Majesty, shall involve damnation in the world to come and loss of religion and property in this life." (*Muntakhab*, Vol. II, p. 279.)

biography.* That prince, though he was himself thoroughly indifferent in religious matters and too much given up to pleasures to think of these things, seems to have put himself during the last years of his father's reign at the head of the reactionary movement in favour of Islam, and one of the chief reasons for his hostility to Abul Fazl, was the latter's heretical opinions. After Abul Fazl's murder Akbar lost his greatest supporter and encourager who had helped him to arrive at these innovations as well as borne him up in all his trials. The rebellion of Mustapha in the Deccan was also joined by the orthodox party who were disgusted with his treatment of their faith.

Catrou says that Akbar was superstitious and his eyes were opened by a disastrous conflagration which broke out in his camp at Lahore during Easter 1597 when he was celebrating a festival in honour of the sun whose worship he had adopted partly from the Hindus and partly from the Parsis. The fire was terrible and the Emperor was burnt out of his palace and city which were immensely damaged, and took refuge in Kashmir. He attributed this disaster to Providence as the punishment for his religious errors. "The mind of Akbar was still agitated at times by the recollection of the sudden and almost miraculous conflagration of his palace. He condemned his own aberrations in matters of religion; but could not resolve on the absolute retraction

* "I sent Narsingh Deo a message, inviting him to annihilate Shaikh Abul Faz on his journey, with promises of favours and considerable rewards. Narsingh agreed to this, and God rendered his aid to the success of his enterprise. When the Shaikh passed through his territory, the Raja closed upon him and his followers. They were in a short time put to flight, and the himself murdered. His head was sent to me at Ahmedabad. Although my father was exasperated at this catastrophe, yet in the end I was able to visit him without any anxiety or apprehension, and by degrees his sorrow wore away, and he received me with friendliness." (*Wakiat-i-Jehangiri, apud* Elliot and Dowson, Vol. VI, p. 289.)

of his first measures. The Emperor appeared to consider himself engaged in honour to support the sect of which he was the founder. He blamed his own extravagance in secret and supported it in public. God, by his afflictions, either took vengeance on the guilty monarch, or furnished him anew with opportunities for his conversion" (Catrou, pp. 131-2). Other disasters that befell him, the last of which was the death of his favourite son, Morad, owing to excessive drunkenness, brought him completely round to the point from which he had originally started in the long course of his religious vagaries, and he died in the odour of sanctity in the bosom of the faith of his fathers.*

Thus Akbar failed in his attempt to reconcile all religions by being disowned by nearly all. His motives in this were probably mixed. Vanity seems to have been his chief failing. This was chiefly worked upon by flatterers like Abul Fazl and his brother Faizi; and to a man of Akbar's susceptible temperament what *rôle* could be more pleasing than that of prophet, the founder of a new religion? † This vision had haunted some of his predecessors on the throne of India, notably Alla-ud-din

* Jahangir thus describes the last moments of his Imperial father in his autobiographical memoirs: "He directed Sadr Jehan once more to repeat the Kalma, and he recited the solemn text himself with a voice equally loud and distinct. He then desired the Sadr to continue repeating by his pillow the Sura Neish and another chapter of the Koran, together with the Adila prayer, in order that he might be enabled to render up his soul with as little struggle as possible. Accordingly Sadr Jehan had finished the Sura Neish and had the last words of the prayer on his lips, when with no other symptom than a tear-drop in the corner of his eye, my noble father resigned his soul into the hands of his Creator." (*Toozuk-i-Jehangiri*, Tr. Price, p. 77, Oriental Trans. Fund, 1829.)

† Catrou thinks vanity was his chief motive, in founding the new religion. He reports him to have said "Mahomed was but a man as I am, and much less powerful. He framed a religion compounded of Judaism, Christianity and the suggestions of his own mind and fancy. By this means the pretended prophet has immortalised his name and great sovereigns have professed themselves his disciples. It is equally for my interest and my glory to become the head and the author of a new religion!" (*Moghul Dynasty*, p. 120.)

Khilji (reigned 1295-1315), who was for a time seized with the same desire, so strange in such a sanguinary ruler nicknamed the Bloody, of establishing a new faith.* Mere curiosity, another of his weak points, was also excited, and he made enquiries into all religions not necessarily to arrive at the true one, and loved to have learned men belonging to them at his court at his beck and call. He once carried this idle curiosity so far as to order a certain number of children to be brought up from their birth dumb in order to know what would be the language they would speak first when grown up (Badaoni, Vol. II, p. 296, *cf.* Catrou, p. 116). But his chief motive was political. He established his Ilahi faith not so much as a religion as to be in course of time a political sect strong in its support of his throne and dynasty. He thought he could use the great power of religion for his political purposes and make the new faith the uniting bond between all his subjects. But in this he was mistaken. He thought that by choosing something from each religion he could make it acquiesce in this novel attempt. But each religion looked to not what was accepted of it, but to what was rejected. Thus nearly every religion from whom he had taken the elements of his new faith, became hostile to it. Islam, Christianity, Zoroastrianism, Buddhism, Brahmanism, all these old faiths Akbar thought would like his new Ilahi faith because they would all see something of each of them reflected in it. But all of them disowned it as a strange monster, and to the present day none of them has a word of praise to bestow on Akbar's new religion.

* Alla-ud-din said: "If I am so inclined, I can with the help of four friends establish a new religion and creed; and my sword and the swords of my friends, will bring all men to adopt it. Through this religion, my name and that of my friends will remain among men to the last day, like the names of the Prophet and his friends."—*Tarikh-i-Firoz Shahi* of Barni, *apud* Elliot and Dowson, Vol. III, p. 166.

This has been the fate of all eclectic systems, and Akbar and his advisers should have known that their system could not escape it.

The failure of Akbar's religion and its sad fate are significant in the philosophy of history, and have their lesson. The chief of these is that a monarch, however enlightened he be, or however pure his motives, who forgetting his proper function meddles with religion in the end only burns his fingers. His subjects can understand a monarch who firm in one religion tries to establish that even at the expense of the others; he has the support of that religion against the others. They can also well understand a monarch who is strong in his religion, but tolerates the other religions provided each proceeds on its harmless way doing no hurt to the rest. But they cannot understand a monarch who like Akbar shows his indifference to all religions in making a travesty of religion itself and adopting the most heterogeneous elements in his hybrid system. To tolerate all religions is not the same thing as being indifferent to the very essence of religion, from trampling on the divine element in it and making it a purely political instrument and institution. Akbar was wise enough to see the political value of religion. But he was not wise in seeing nothing else in it but that, and in thinking that he can make a new religion to serve political purposes only. Akbar's Mahomedan predecessors strong in their faith tolerated no other faith but their own. They were cruelly unjust to those faiths; but they had the staunch support of their own faith. If they had enemies, they had also strong partisans in their Mahomedan followers. Akbar had no such advantage of a powerful religion on his side, and he had the disadvantage of having the strong faith of Islam against him, which, too,

he seems to have gratuitously insulted and injured, not a very wise policy certainly. There was surely nothing gained by unduly depressing the faith of the rulers and affronting it in the eyes of the Hindu world as Akbar seems to have done.

We think the English to have gained the proper method of treatment of different conflicting religions in this country. Perhaps the failure of Akbar was a necessary step towards teaching this wisdom to the English. They never fell into the error of religious intolerance in their policy in India. Probably the prevailing tendency of the time when they began their rule here prevented them from this; just as their Portuguese predecessors were led into this error by the religious intolerance prevailing in Europe in the sixteenth century when they were so powerful in India and the East. *Cuius regio eius religio* was a maxim far too common in Europe in those days for the Portuguese not to introduce it into their policy in this country. And it was a maxim which was well known and understood by the Indians. They have in their vernaculars an almost identical phrase: "*His* religion, *whose* power." If Mahomedanism was planted in a Hindu country by its Afghan and Moghul conquerors so successfully as to be now professed by a fourth of its entire population, there was little to have hindered Catholic Christianity to have established itself in similar strength in India if the Portuguese had been otherwise equally powerful and fortunate in their imperial and colonial enterprise in Asia. But they failed and their religious intolerance was not the chief cause of their failure. Mahomedan power increased and throve in India for more than six centuries in spite of its fierce intolerance. The Portuguese would have equally thriven in this country in spite of their religious bigotry if

other circumstances had been the same. Had they to contend with the Mahomedan and other native powers alone they would have emerged in course of time successful over them and established their Christian power in the same way as their Mahomedan predecessors. But the Portuguese nation was not in its pristine vigour when its difficulties increased in this country, its manhood was exhausted, its resources were wasted and diverted into another channel at a critical period in its Indian struggles by the union of its crown with Spain under Philip II and its strength here was not renewed by fresh blood from home. From these internal causes and from the entry into the struggle of other European rivals, the Portuguese lost the splendid prize, and Christianity its greatest chance in India. It is a mistake we think to suppose, as some from an imperfect knowledge of their history in India are led to do, that they failed chiefly because of their intolerance of other religions and zeal for their own.

The English seriously entered into rivalry for Indian dominion much later, otherwise they also would have shown something of the religious intolerance that prevailed in England under the Tudors, in the reigns, of Henry VIII., Mary and even Elizabeth. The fierce heat generated by the Reformation in the sixteenth century and the long religious wars to which it had given rise in the seventeenth century had time to cool down the religious ardour of European nations. Then came the inevitable reaction with the eighteenth century, that rationalistic, deistic, bankrupt, commonplace century which Carlyle denounced so much, but which yet seems so essential in the progress of civilization for redressing the balance. In that century religion sank into the background and its place was taken by commerce. That

century created new ideals and opened out new vistas to the minds of nations. At first sight commerce does not seem a very inspiriting ideal; but we now see that it has inspired as great a heroism as religion and called forth all that is best and bravest in nations, in the exploitation of new fields, in the exploration of new regions and, what is more, in the administration of these to the benefit of mankind. In this century England entered the Indian arena. She had forgotten the cruel contests of Protestantism and Catholicism which had occupied her in the sixteenth century; she had forgotten the long and vexatious and sometimes even sanguinary disputes of the seventeenth century over the doctrine of the divine rights of kings and monarchic despotism. All these were over because the contested points had been gained. Now was the time for the peaceful development of her resources and still more for the expansion of her narrow limits into a world-wide empire that we now see. But at first, and for long afterwards, it was not her object to secure vast territories in India. Her object was almost solely commerce. Dominion over the land and peoples of this vast country she not only did not covet, but actually shirked for a time and was at last forced on her unwilling hands. The Portuguese began their career as conquerors and enthusiasts; they professed to conquer for the greater glory of God and their faith; and to carry the Cross forward with them. The English did not begin but ended as conquerors and they never have been enthusiasts,—perhaps their cold Northern sluggish nature also has kept them from that.

Not aiming at dominion they did not care for what faith their subjects professed. They were engrossed with their commercial pursuits, and the military pursuits necessitated by these. For a long time their position in

this country was not assured enough for them to think of spreading their faith, even if they had the will to do it. Their religious policy like much else with them has been forced on them by circumstances. We do not think it has been directly and consciously influenced by Akbar's policy in this matter. Nor have the English ever in their career in this country made an attempt like Akbar to fuse the various and perplexing creeds into one. Nor if they learn the lesson of the fate of Akbar's attempt, probably would they ever make such an attempt which would meet with a failure even greater than his. The lesson of Akbar is very often said to be one of religious tolerance. One may be permitted to say that there is a great deal of exaggeration in this. To make out Akbar to be universally tolerant towards all religions is to ignore some obvious facts. His attitude towards Islam if properly examined will be found to be emphatically intolerant. If the English to-day take up his attitude towards Islam, there can be no doubt that there would be a great commotion amongst the Indian Mahomedans. The bias of Badaoni towards that faith is well known; but he was chosen by Akbar himself to be his historian and he wrote a great part as well as revised the rest of the *Tarikh-i-Alfi*, the history of the millennium brought to a close in his reign, at Akbar's own command (*Muntakhab*, Vol. II, p 406). His history of the reign there is reason to believe was seen by Akbar himself. Now from a perusal of Badaoni's great history the fact appears quite clear that the Emperor was irreconcilably opposed to Islam and was very intolerant towards it. He not only held doctrines opposed to it fundamentally,—that we do not blame him for doing—but he published decrees forbidding some of its cherished practices and enjoining others

repugnant to it. We learn from it that the study of Arabic, the language of the Koran, which every good Mahomedan commences, was prohibited to all (Badaoni II, cf 375 Ain, and Blochmann I 206); that the custom of shaving off the beard, very repugnant to the followers of the Prophet, was introduced (Badaoni II, 375); that if a Hindu woman fell in love with a Mahomedan and changed her religion she was ordered to be taken from him by force and be given back to her family (II, 391) and in short as Badaoni says "in fact everything else was admitted which is forbidden in Islam" (II, 380). There is a curious passage in Badaoni in which he sarcastically throws much light on his supposed toleration. "The real object of those who became disciples (of his new religion) was to get into office; and though His Majesty did every thing to get this out of their heads, he acted very differently in the case of Hindus of whom he could not get enough; for the Hindus, of course, are indispensable, to them belong half the army and half the land. Neither the Hindus nor the Moghuls can point to such grand lords as the Hindus have among themselves. But if others than Hindus came and wished to become disciples at any sacrifice His Majesty reproved or punished them. For their honour and zeal he did not care, nor did he notice whether they fell in with his views or not!!" * This was not treating all religions alike; it was undue depression of one at the expense of another, and that one which was considered up till then very powerful.

* This is Blochmann's translation of Badaoni II, 339. Lowe's translation is somewhat different. The last sentence he renders thus: "But to other people (than Hindus), whatever they might ask for he gave nothing but kicks and blows, and utterly disregarded all their devotion and zeal and complaisance." (Vol. II, p. 359.)

Akbar did this to please the Hindus, especially the Rajputs with whose chief princes he allied himself by marriage; but they saw through his design and the spirited among them refused to believe in him and his new-fangled doctrines. Man Singh for instance when he was urged by him to join his faith said without reserve: "If your Majesty mean by the term of membership, willingness to sacrifice one's life, I have given pretty clear proofs and your Majesty might dispense with examining me; but if the term has another meaning, and refers to religion, surely I am a Hindu. And if I am to become a Mahomedan, your Majesty ought to say so; but besides Hinduism and Islam, I know of no other religion." The Emperor, says Badaoni, gave up urging him and sent him to Bengal (Vol. II., 375; cf Blochmann, *Ain* I. 206). From the chronicles of the Rajputs given by Tod in his *Rajasthan* it would appear that they were not well pleased with him and they saw through his design of lowering their race, its religion and honour.* The resistance which their premier prince the Raja of Chitore offered him to the last is very significant. The sentiments of the Christian priests at his court were well expressed in the passage we have already quoted from Catrou, who based his historical work so valuable for the right understanding of Akbar's reign, on the manuscript memoirs of Manucci, an Italian physician at the Moghul court under Aurangzib, who had access to the court chronicles. They saw that Akbar was merely playing with these solemn things and fooling them with

* "It is scarcely to be credited that a statesman like Akbar should have hazarded his popularity or his power by the introduction of a custom alike appertaining to the Celtic races of Europe as to those of the Goths of Asia and that he should seek to degrade those whom the chances of war had made his vassals, by conduct so nefarious and repugnant to the keenly cherished feelings of the Rajput. Yet there is not a shadow of doubt that many of the noblest of the race were dishonoured on the 'Noroza.'" (Tod' *Rajasthan*, Vol. I, pp. 279-80.)

idle hopes.* He reverenced the images and statues which they gave him, but there it ended, and at last they left his court in great and deep disgust. The other missionaries who afterwards followed them made even less impression. The Parsis whose faith was expounded to him by a learned Dastur from Kermanf in Persia named Ardeshir*—as the Parsis in Western India were at that time not in a position owing to their ignorance of their sacred languages and other circumstances to expound their faith satisfactorily—also could hardly have been satisfied because Akbar mixed up the doctrines of that pure faith with Hindu and Buddhist tenets (Cf *Dabistan*, Vol. III., p. 95. Or. Tr. Fund).

Thus Akbar succeeded only in displeasing all faiths and in alienating their followers. He was entirely baffled in his political objects of uniting them all to his throne and person. A monarch who like Akbar has to rule over various complicating creeds can only do so by a benign and firm tolerance of them all, while he himself holds to his own. He cannot do this by the vain attempt of a new eclectic religion which would end only in dissatisfying all his subjects. If historical proof was wanted, the failure of Akbar's religious experiment supplied it. It should serve as a warning to all those who being in Akbar's position would try to repeat his experience. Rulers in his position can best get on with the heterogeneous creeds subject to them by an enlightened yet severe impartiality towards all. They ought not to be indifferent to religion itself, for good government never yet in the world's history, has sprung from atheism. But they ought to be indifferent to what religions their subjects profess when dealing with them.

* On this subject see an article of mine in the CALCUTTA REVIEW, January 1897, on "Akbar and the Parsees."

Their subjects will assuredly not quarrel with them if they profess their own faith, if only they leave room and verge enough for the profession of others by them. The English in India at present are doing this and thereby are giving satisfaction to all the creeds subject to them, and assuredly these creeds would never like the English to imitate Akbar, be indifferent to all religion and show like him a cynical disregard for every faith and use religion as a political instrument alone. Religion is a dangerous weapon for the politician to wield. It is very tempting to him at times by the uses which it promises. But he would be a wise statesman who would leave it severely alone and never meddle with it lest it recoil on him. Akbar meddled with it, and though he did not meet with any signal disaster on account of his otherwise excellent policy and principles, yet the fate of his attempt should be sufficient to warn any from imitating him.

It is sad to think that he was so woefully deceived and misled in this and that what he thought would be his greatest glory with posterity should turn out his weakest point. It is some satisfaction that he lived to see his mistake and be disillusioned. Abul Fazl was a thorough rationalist, a philosopher of the type of the French *philosophers* of the eighteenth century. When his influence was withdrawn by death Akbar found his way back to some sort of religious conviction. He dimly saw that there was something more and higher in religion than mere material for the politician to work upon and seems to have acknowledged the error of his life. Firm religious conviction he never had in the beginning or at the end of his career. Perhaps this defect was hereditary. His father and forefathers had it not. His grandfather, Babar, to judge from the delightful

memoirs of his own life he has left behind, had little of the religious sense. The whole House of Timur betray the lack. His son Jehangir was even more indifferent in this matter than his father. His attitude is well defined by the celebrated Sir Thomas Roe, the first English Embassador to his court: "Jehangir Shah his son, the present King, being the issue of this new fancy and never circumcised, bred up without any religion at all, continues so to this hour, and is an atheist. Sometimes he will make profession of a Moor, but always observe the holidays and do all ceremonies with the gentiles too. He is content with all religions, only he loves none that changeth" (Roe's letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1606, in Foster *Embassy of Roe*, Vol II, 313—4, Hakluyt Society, 1899). His grandson, Shah Jehan, was no better. Only his great-grandson, Aurangzib, had strong convictions and religious fervour. He went to the opposite extreme and persecuted all faiths except Islam which he professed with zeal. But between the religious indifference of Akbar and the religious intolerance of Aurangzib there is a more excellent way and that the English have shown. Firm in their own faith, they tolerate all others so long as these are within the bounds of morality and law. And the Indian peoples respect them all the more because they have a faith of their own to which they have to act up, and because they show real religiousness in their lives and deeds.

Akbar in his attitude towards religion presents a curious resemblance to Napoleon. Just as Akbar chose his new Ilahi religion for political purposes to knit his empire together, Napoleon chose Catholicism, though he had not much religious faith in it. "With the aid of Catholicism" the latter is reported to have said, "I

should more easily attain all my great results. Abroad Catholicism, would keep the Pope on my side and with my influence and our forces in Italy, I did not despair of having sooner or later, by one means or another, the direction of this Pope. And thenceforth, what an influence! What a lever of opinion for the rest of the world!" (Madame Montholon, *Souvenirs des Ste. Helene*, 1901, App. 2). But while Napoleon justly boasted that "never in all his quarrels with the Pope have I touched a dogma," Akbar with less wisdom, meddled with some of the fundamental dogmas of Islam. Napoleon, too, had something like Akbar's new theistic faith ready to his hands in the Theophilanthropy of the Revolutionaries. But he showed his keen insight into human nature by rejecting it as useless. "What is your Theophilanthropy?" he said to one of them. "Oh, don't talk to me of a religion which only takes me for this life without telling me whence I come or whither I go." His attitude towards religion was at bottom determined by political considerations. What his latest biographer says of Napoleon may be said without much modification of Akbar. "The probability would seem to be that he wavered between materialism and theism, inclining more and more to the latter belief as the years wore on, but never feeling for religion the keen interest that he always manifested for the arts of war and of government. Richly gifted as he was in all pertaining to the life of action, and by no means lacking originality and taste in the spheres of philosophy and literature, his nature was singularly barren on the side of religion. His best certified utterances on this topic are those of the politician rather than of the believer. In his active life he came to look on religion as the useful handmaid of the ruler, and his neglect of its real mission to the individual

developed in him that hardness which was to be his bane as Emperor" (Dr. J. Holland Rose, *Napoleonic Studies*, 1904, p. 114). Both were sagacious enough to see the value of its outward forms, rites, and ceremonies. Akbar borrowed the imposing ceremonies of fire-worship and sun-worship from Parsis and Hindus and also took something from the still more imposing ritual of the Catholic Church, just as Napoleon attended mass on suitable occasions and preserved there an outward decorum which contrasted well with the levity that disgraced the court of France even under Louis XVI. But with both this was a political function in which they did honour only to what moved other men. At heart both were irreligious, or say un-religious. It is painful to have to say this of great men like Napoleon and Akbar; but a close study of the original sources in the case of the latter points us to this conclusion much against our will.

It is, perhaps, well to remember on the occasion of his tercentenary, when there is likely to be indiscriminate eulogy, that Akbar, however great, was not perfect. Attention is here called to the imperfectness of his religious policy; but this does not much affect our high estimate of his character and policy as a whole. But most eulogists put this part of his policy in the forefront of their high estimate. The present writer may appropriately employ the words of Ben Jonson with regard to Shakespeare and say: "I had not done this but for their ignorance who choose that circumstance to commend their hero by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour, for I love the man and do honour his memory on this side of idolatry as much as any." Or still better the words of Boccaccio with reference to Dante: "Assuredly I blush to be obliged to blot the fame of so great

a man with any defect; but the manner in which I ordered my matter at the outset in some sort demands it. But, if I am to be silent with regard to things not to his credit, I should shake the faith of my readers in the things already related which are to his credit. Therefore to himself I make my excuse, who maybe from such lofty region of heaven looks down with scornful eye upon what I write."

R. P. KARKARIA.

Art. X.—THE EMPEROR'S ENGLISH.

IT is a distressing fact that the English language, as frequently spoken and written in India, and which may consequently be termed without offensive reference "The Emperor's English," differs materially from the English language in its purity, so long known as "The King's English." And a cursory description of some of the wonders of this peculiar form of the vulgar tongue may be found not wholly unserviceable. For the perversion of the language which we have to consider is not merely a local dialect, whose distinctive features are confined to strange words or unusual turns of expression. It has also an intonation of its own, as marked and noticeable as the American accent or the Australian twang. To appreciate its idiosyncrasies to their full extent it would be necessary to track each of them if possible to their origin, to discuss them piecemeal, and to suggest methods by which they can be counteracted or done away with. But this would indeed be a Herculean task.

To deal first with the intonation. This consists chiefly of a nasal emphasis, laid with cheerful regularity either upon the wrong syllable in the word which is suffering mispronunciation, or, which is equally irritating, impartially upon all the syllables. Articles, prepositions, and other words which an Englishman passes lightly over, the speaker of Indian English delights to dwell upon. In this respect he resembles the Frenchman, and indeed most foreigners, who are apt to be guided in their attempts to pronounce our language by their own rule of emphasizing equally each syllable of a word. It would be interesting to know to what extent we

may owe the existence of this defective accent to the scholastic institutions conducted in this country by the self-sacrificing zeal and devotion of so many foreign missions.

For it is obvious that English education conducted by foreigners cannot result in the production of a pure accent. The first essential is that those who teach English must speak good English themselves. And by good English is meant not merely grammatical or idiomatic English, but English correctly pronounced. A writer in the *St. James' Gazette* in August 1881 drew attention to this source of error in the following sentence: There is no doubt that the Chee-Chee twang which becomes so objectionable to every Englishman before he has been long in the East was originally learnt in the convent and the Brothers' school, and will be clung to as firmly as the queer turns of speech learnt in the same place." Since that day the number of such schools, in which our language is professedly imparted to natives of this country and to domiciled European children, has certainly not decreased.

Unfortunately the tendency of the foreigner to accent the wrong syllables, from an English point of view, is reinforced by the custom common to all the vernaculars of this country of raising the voice at the end of a sentence, while the English habit is to drop it at the same point. Except in interrogative sentences the Englishman as a rule employs one note throughout a sentence, and concludes it upon a lower one, while the Indian usually alternates upon two notes, and finishes upon the higher one. The task of instilling a correct pronunciation is thus rendered doubly difficult.

With regard to the odd expressions and strange words that adorn the Emperor's English it must be frankly

confessed that many of them are due to a too faithful reproduction of imperfect models. By no means every Englishman who has resided for a longer or shorter period in India could be described, or would consider himself worthy to be described, as a complete stylist in the pronunciation or writing of his own language. To say nothing of the common soldier, with his infinite stock of slang and dialect, there are subtle ignorances and imperfections which disqualify many of his social superiors from being safe guides in the matter of pure diction. And we can hardly blame the attentive baboo or the listening child for assuming that expressions which fall from the lips of reputed *sahibs* and *memsahibs* are forms of English speech which can be safely and unhesitatingly reproduced. There have been many persons in Great Britain who have never completely mastered the King's English, and there is no qualifying test to be undergone before such persons are permitted to land at Calcutta or Bombay.

But to a far greater extent the oddities of speech which harass our ears out here are due to the literal translation into English of idioms from the vernacular. To this origin we may trace confidently such startling invitations as:—"Open out the horse," "Talk slowly," "Reach me home," and "Burn the lamp." We need not multiply instances. Most of these transformations are absolutely unintelligible to one who possesses no knowledge of the vernaculars. However emphatic they may appear to the initiated they are bewildering in the extreme to others. And it is characteristic of human nature to dislike hearing one's own language embellished by outsiders. It is perhaps mere insular prejudice, but we most of us own to a preference for English unadorned. The extraordinary elasticity

of our mother tongue has enabled it to assimilate contributions from practically every classical and living language, but wholesale importations of literally translated Oriental idioms are too much to press upon it.

The scope of this article would be unduly extended if we attempted to set down in detail the numerous eccentricities and peculiarities which call for correction in the Emperor's English, as we hear it spoken and read it written on all sides in India to-day. Let it suffice to have briefly indicated the extent of the trouble, and the general causes of it. We will now pass on to suggest remedies, and to discuss the best forms of antidote for it. Destructive criticism, however defective, is always comparatively easy. But it is not so simple to find the means of rectifying errors of such long standing.

First and foremost among the remedies for a faulty accent among children we must place greater care taken in accustoming them to hear good English spoken around them. No child should be allowed to speak in an Indian vernacular before it acquired a thoroughly good English accent. The intonation, accent, and idioms, of the vernacular, as we have pointed out, are entirely different from those required in the proper pronunciation of English. In cases where the parents are humble enough to recognise that they do not themselves reach the desired standard in this matter, let them send the child as soon as possible to school.

And here a serious difficulty will arise. There are unfortunately only too many schools in India at which, in spite of its importance, only too little attention is paid to the subject of pronunciation. This importance is often realised too late, when nominations to Government service or appointments with good prospects are lost owing to the absence of an ability to speak or write

the King's English. Certainly most Anglo-Indian boys would derive more lasting benefit from lessons in elocution than from toying with music, to the extent, that is to say, to which it is treated seriously in a boys' school.

The problem of staffing our hill schools and others with masters and mistresses to whom it is no effort to speak the language as it should be spoken is, we may hope, nearing its solution. When this has been done every hour spent in school will be in itself a lesson in elocution. But even so we doubt whether it will not be still found necessary to give special and compulsory classes in this subject. Recitation of poetry or prose, as at present enforced, fails to produce any great effect upon faulty pronunciation for two reasons. The first of these is that the pieces usually selected to be learnt and repeated are not composed of the ordinary language of daily life and conversation, and that common idioms have consequently no place in them. The second is that under present conditions it is rare to have a master or mistress capable of at once correcting every error.

A simple and efficacious means of dealing with the difficulty, in cases of idiom, is to prepare a card setting forth plainly the chief expressions peculiar to the Emperor's English, printed in parallel columns with their equivalents in the mother tongue. These cards should be learnt by heart by each new arrival at the school. We are confident that all parents in India would welcome an attempt to remove the disqualifications that a faulty knowledge of English must always entail. With regard to intonation and accent we have already suggested the only real safeguard. The teachers must themselves be able to speak the language without hesitation or the slightest need for thought. This happy state of things can only be attained by a resolute refusal to employ in any

teaching capacity masters or mistresses who are not qualified both by education and social position to command the confidence of their pupils in their ability. Masters in boys' schools ought one and all to be graduates of English Universities. Mistresses in girls' schools should be ladies by birth and upbringing. And no false shame should deter them from mercilessly exposing faulty pronunciation and slovenly elocution. It is the truest kindness to the children to make them feel keenly any defects in their speech. And no school is really doing its full duty by those whom it admits if it leaves untouched whole regions of education such as this.

Care with regard to the English which a child hears spoken at home, a discouragement of early proficiency in the vernacular, the choice of a school where the masters and mistresses are able as well as willing to teach, these will all be found effective remedies for the corruption of the King's English. To these must be added a careful supervision of the reading of the growing child, and an insistance upon the presence of some really well-written books in every home. The constant transfers and changes of residence to which all Anglo-Indians are so liable are apt to lead to a neglect of this very important part of the surroundings of a refined and cultured home. And it is a bad thing for any child to grow up with the idea that books and literature are an accidental peculiarity of schools, like black-boards and desks, and that they form no part of home life or of the delectable period of the holidays. When holidays last for three months at a stretch, as they do in the case of the hill schools of India, if all intellectual development is suspended during them a very serious breach takes place in the orderly progress of education. Many an unlucky Anglo-Indian child grows up with a faulty accent and an unstored mind,

while the parents look to the school-master to remedy these defects, and the school-master leaves such little matters as pronunciation and a love of reading to the supposed environment of a decent home. It is a case for mutual co-operation, otherwise no great results can be expected. As long as the parents think that the whole burden can be shifted upon the school authorities the latter will be very apt to explain a lack of progress by an airy reference to the omission of early grounding at home.

To conclude, the continued existence of what, for lack of a better designation, we have dubbed the Emperor's English, is as unnecessary as it is disagreeable. There is no real reason why everyone who receives a respectable education should not be taught to speak and write correctly in the course of it. We would make a fervent plea, addressed both to school and home, that all that can be done may be done to remove the *cachet* which the inability to express themselves rightly has fixed upon boys and girls educated in India.

EDITH WOODS.

SUMMARY OF ANNUAL REPORTS.

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CONDITION AND MANAGEMENT OF THE JAILS IN THE UNITED PROVINCES for the year ending 31st December 1904.

We congratulate the Superintendents of the various jails on the diminution in the number of flogging administered. This form of punishment should, as the Inspector-General says, be reserved for cases of assault and gross insubordination. The most experienced Jail Superintendents are, as a rule, those who are least willing to inflict corporal punishment and the discipline in their jails does not suffer from this fact.

A remark made by the Inspector-General should be especially noticed by those concerned. "Magistrates are gradually coming to recognize the inadvisability of sending juveniles to jail, but I am still of opinion that some of the boys committed to prison might with advantage be otherwise dealt with. It can hardly be necessary to send a small boy of 11 or 12 years of age to jail under the provisions of the bad livelihood section of the Criminal Procedure Code, but on more than one occasion, at my inspections of the jails, I have noticed that such action has been taken." The "First Offender's Act" at home has saved many a boy from jail and a criminal career. It appears that one or two such cases have been brought to the notice of the Government and the juveniles have have been wisely released and handed over to their relatives.

The health of the prisoners is well looked after, as is shown by the abnormally low death-rate of 14·5. Would that the sanitation of our towns was as well cared for as that of the jails in the United Provinces! We conclude this review on a report which gives us nothing but pleasure to peruse in so far as such a subject as the condition and management of jails can be pleasant by stating that the jails have been managed with economy and care.

THE THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Sanitary Commissioner for Bengal for the year 1904.

It is satisfactory to notice that India has not got a declining birth-rate, in fact at 42·59 per mille it is 3·59 greater than the preceding year. The death-rate, though high, compared with that of England is at 32·45 per mille, 10·14 per mille less than the death-rate. Of course, it will be found from the report that the increase in population is greatest among the less civilized aboriginal tribes.

We note the usual ratio of births, 105 males to 100 females, though the report reads the reverse. Infant mortality is still too high, 19·45 per cent. among male infants and 17·78 per cent. among female infants. Several reasons are given for this of which premature marriage does not figure in its true place in the Commissioner's report. We rejoice to see that the Sanitary Commissioner is preparing a leaflet in Bengali and Hindi containing a few simple rules bearing on the rearing and care of children.

The statistics concerning cholera are very interesting. The Rajshahi, Dacca, and Chittagong divisions seems to

have suffered the most severely, while Orissa, which usually heads the list, has a comparatively low death-rate. Chutia Nagpur, as usual, proves to be the healthier division. Plague has again been on the increase. The cold weather of last December seems to have started it again on a disastrous career and we may look for even a higher death-rate this year. The statistics on Fever seem to be worth very little from a scientific point of view as is shown from Captain Rogers' report. Fair progress is be recorded, more especially in drainage schemes, and in the conservancy arrangements in towns, though a vast amount of work remains to be done. We may fairly congratulate the Commissioner on his work up to this date.

ANNUAL RETURNS OF THE LUNATIC ASYLUMS IN BENGAL with brief notes for the year 1904.

THE scheme for the construction of a central asylum still appears to be under the consideration of the Government. This reform is of the utmost importance from all points of view and would, as the Inspector-General says, mark an era in the history of asylum management in Bengal. The sites of asylums at present in use are not such as to give the patients the best possible chances of recovery, this seems to be especially so in the case of the Bhowanipur Asylum for Europeans and Eurasians, whose miserable plight in the country should at least plead for itself. We must, however, congratulate the Superintendents on their management, in that the death-rate is lower than that in asylums in England, though whether a small asylum population of a little more than a thousand can give a level death-rate is rather doubtful. From a scientific point of view it

is a thousand pities that the column under Heredity as a cause of insanity, cannot be made more trustworthy. It is the story that this column tells in the English Tables that has led Rentoul and others to propose the sterilization of certain mental and physical degenerates. Fortunately, in Bengal, the ratio of the insane to the total population is barely one-twelfth of what it is in England. This seems to be the price of Western civilization. The place of alcohol as the leading specific cause of insanity in England, is taken in India by ganja-smoking, and the results seem to be even more disastrous, though spirit drinking also stands high on the list.

A REPORT ON THE EXCISE ADMINISTRATION OF THE UNITED PROVINCES for the year ending 30th September 1904.

THE Commissioner of Excise makes a very strong case when he urges the entire abolition of the outstill system. The objections of the Board that the loss to the Revenue is not so great as the Commissioner states is merely an opinion. The Board admits the evils of a practically uncontrolled supply of very inferior and very cheap liquor, but believes that a low rate of taxation is necessary in the outstill district to prevent wholesale smuggling and illicit distillation. These objections are met by the Commissioner that there are at present two lines to guard—one between the native States and the outstills and another between the outstills and the distillery area: that if full duty were charged in the outstill area some of the increased revenue might be spent on preventive measures. We recommend the following paragraph to the notice of the Bengal administration

(in which the Commissioner sums up the case): "The question resolves itself into whether the harassment and expense of a preventive system are worse evils than the present demoralizing and unproductive one. All difficulty would, of course, be removed if only native States could be made to see that it would be to their pecuniary advantage to replace their system and forming out the Excise Revenue by some system more on the lines of ours. Until, however, the administration of Bengal alter their system we cannot expect much from native States." A constant source of leakage in revenue is due to the excise duties varying in different Provinces. This might be seen to by our Simla Solons.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE POLICE ADMINISTRATION OF THE TOWN OF CALCUTTA AND ITS SUBURBS, for the year 1904.

THE punishments in the force seems to have been much less than during the previous year, though the number of resignations has increased from 302 to 321. We are promised better results for 1905. There has been an increase in accidental deaths though through what cause it is impossible to say from the report. We are glad to note the excellent results shown by the finger impression system and to find that practice and theory go here so well together, the recognition should continue to increase till it is impossible for a previously convicted offender to escape recognition. The police act in a beneficent way as restorers of lost property. To anyone unacquainted with this the list of articles and the value of notes deposited with the police and mostly restored to their lawful owners would appear strange indeed.

There was a considerable diminution in the value of property destroyed by fire, there having been only two extensive fires, one at the Ghoosary Cotton Mills and one on board the S. S. *Aparima*. In regard to crime there has been a noticeable increase of 4,039 cases reported to the police, nearly half of these are due to prosecution by the agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; there was an increase under serial 20 grievous hurt, but the percentage of convictions do not seem to warrant this increase in the number of cases. There was also a considerable increase in the number of burglaries, especially in the suburbs, the police securing conviction of the offender in barely one-quarter of the cases investigated.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

LONE MARIE, by W. E. Norris. (Macmillan and Co.)

'MR. NORRIS' practised hand has lost none of its cunning. The characters drawn in his latest book are all very much alive. Gordon Heneage, the plausible, loveable scoundrel, is quite a creation, and the sympathy of the reader is largely with him from first to last. If Mr. Norris never rises to any very great height he always remains at an extraordinarily consistent level of general excellence.

THE TOLL OF THE BUSH, by William Satchell. (Macmillan and Co.)

A CAPITAL story of Australian life, with some really fine passages of description. Mr. Satchell combines the two essential gifts of a good novelist, sympathetic delineation of humanity, and a cordial appreciation of the beauties of nature.

THE LAST CHANCE, by Rolf Boldrewood. (Macmillan and Co.)

MR. BOLDREWOOD'S last work is disappointing. We miss entirely the swing and movement of his earlier stories. The dragging in of well-known personages of contemporary life to give interest to an otherwise uninteresting relation of the adventures of a newly-enriched Australian family is hardly a legitimate form of fiction.

KIPPS, by H. G. Wells. (Macmillan and Co.)

HERE we have Mr. Wells back again on his own ground, the ground of The Wheels of Chance. Kipps is very like Hoopdriver, *mutatis mutandis*, and the ups and downs of his life are portrayed with consummate skill and knowledge. The moral of the book is excellent, and we cordially recommend it. In his pitiless analysis of pretentiousness and meanness, and his caustic presentment of the withering effects of a little superficial culture, Mr. Wells has his own message for all those who believe that the social troubles of our day cannot fail to yield to the humanising influences of Homer in translations, and evening classes for wood carving.

THE HOUSE OF MIRTH, by Edith Wharton. (Macmillan and Co.)

A FIRST-CLASS novel. The author makes it terribly clear that the possession of money, and an atmosphere of luxury, do not make for a high standard in thought or morals. Incidentally the solvent power of modern carelessness as to manners upon character is made abundantly manifest. The difficulties which gradually gather round the beautiful and delicate heroine, till they deprive her of all that most makes life worth living, are the outcome of the conditions of the smart society in which her lot is cast.

PANJABI LYRICS AND PROVERBS, by C. F. Usborne, I. C. S.

A VERY charming collection of translations in prose and verse, the prose translations testifying to the extent of our obligation to the translator's taste and poetical ability as displayed in the verses.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE PRINCIPLES OF MODERN THEOSOPHY, by Pestonji Ardeshir Wadia.

THIS little book can be commended to all who desire to study a critical and dispassionate enquiry into its subject. Mr. Wadia exposes the claims of modern theosophy to rank as a practical philosophy.

POEMS, by J. A. C. (W. Newman and Co.)

AN unpretentious and pleasing collection of verses. The author has a good ear for melody, and an adequate knowledge of metre.

LLEWELLYN AND OTHER POEMS, by Alfred Sassoon. (D. Bryce and Son.)

THESE poems are marred by occasional crudities of rhyme and idea.

AU JAPON ET EN EXTREME-ORIENT. Par Felicien Challaye.

M. CHALLAYE is one of those lucky students of the University of Paris who have gained travelling scholarships, enabling them to make the tour of the world. His book contains an account of Japan, appreciative, but not conspicuous for novelty, a description of the primitive Moÿs of Annam, and some notes on India. It is doubtless in good faith that he repeats that perennial lie about the employment, at India's expense, of the Indian army in colonial wars, and though he may have known a Brahmin with five wives, it was unwise to leave the innocent *boulevardier* with the idea that this

is nothing out of the way. M. Challaye gives figures ascribing an illiteracy of a hundred per cent. to Mussalman women in India, but we fear that he or his printer has invented them, which is worse than ungallant. The book contains some interesting sketches of Indian notabilities, among others Mr. Behramji Malabari, Rai Bahadur Baij Nath, and the Secretary to the late Mr. Tata.

LES EGYPTIENS PREHISTORIQUES IDENTIFIES ANEC LES ANNAMITES D'APRES LES INSCRIPTIONS HIEROGLYPHIQUES. Par le General H. Frey. Paris, Hachette, 1905.

GENERAL FREY, the author of this book, has produced a number of works, some crowned by the French Academy, some not, and it may be noticed in the list of them that the Academy, while recognising the General's warlike muse, has quite neglected his philological efforts. His aim in the present book, to establish a connection between the Annamites and the ancient Egyptians, is somewhat daring, but not without parallel, for Dr. Carl Abel in a recent work has traced affinities between the hieroglyphics and the Aryan languages.

TECHNOLOGIE DU THE. Par H. Neuville. Paris, 1905.

THIS is not and does not claim to be a guide to the growing of tea, but to its manipulation after picking, the machinery used, and especially those scientific questions which, in Bengal at any rate, are chiefly known from the writings of Dr. Mann. An excellent bibliography is appended.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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Annual Report of the Archæological Survey, Bengal Circle, ending April 1905.

The Private Diary of Ananda Ranga Pillai from 1736 to 1761. Vol. I. Madras : Government Press.

Soprano, by F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan and Co.

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THE
CALCUTTA REVIEW.

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Art. I.—A FAREWELL.

Methought I held a rosebud
In the hollow of my hand
And looked to see it open,
Nor did I understand
That not to me 'twas given
To see the perfect flower,
'Twas mine to love and cherish
But for a passing hour.

Yet, when the crimson petals
Shall all their grace unfold,
And other eyes be gladdened
By the flower I once did hold,
It may be that the memory
Of that short hour to me
Shall fill my heart with fragrance
Though the rose I never see.

Beloved, if I yield you
To one with newer claim,
And turn away in silence,
The past is still the same :
Far in the golden future
Though every glory shine
About the perfect rose, dear,
The rosebud once was mine.

EUMOLPOS.

Art. II.—FROM PEKIN TO SIKHIM, THROUGH GOBI AND THIBET.

I.—From Pekin to Koei-hoa-tchang.

ALL departures from Pekin are alike. I had left the Capital of the Celestial Empire two years before to make a journey of exploration for some months across the north of Shansi and Central Mongolia. There was then the same scene of animation and bustle in the streets and at the main gates, with a touch of colour here and there to relieve the eyes. Pekin, one of the dirtiest towns on earth, is usually only worth seeing just after dawn, when the rising sun imparts a look of freshness to all things, or in the evening, when on the occasion of some feast thousands of paper lanterns are lighted on all sides. On the morning of 20th June 1904 the heat was over-powering. Not a breath of wind stirred the still and heavy air. The road, well known to tourists, which runs to the Tombs of the Kings and the Great Wall, and which also leads to Kalgan, was, at eight o'clock in the morning, already hidden under a dense cloud of dust. We took with us only three Chinese springless carts at the beginning of this expedition, which were amply sufficient for our baggage. Since a long journey lay before us we had had to give up the comforts which can be taken in an expedition lasting for a few weeks or only two or three months. We had decided to live on the resources of the countries that we proposed to pass through, and a few bottles of champagne, for the due celebration of supreme events, were almost the whole stock of our provisions. In Chinese travel, moreover, one can always obtain beef,

mutton, chickens, an occasional duck, eggs, flour, and a sufficient supply of vegetables. The explorer is consequently not to be pitied overmuch. The main point is to have with one a good cook. The cook, whom we had with much difficulty recruited in Pekin, was an Annamite. Very clever at his own business, he proved eventually to be a hopeless drunkard. The other servants were a *mafou*, to look after the horses, and some coolies.

I shall not weary my readers with a detailed account of the five days' journey between Pekin and Suen-hoa-fu. Many authors have described it. For years diplomatists and tea-merchants travelling from Europe to Pekin have gone by Ourga, Kalgan, and Suen-hoa-fu. However, I should advise those who use this road hereafter to stop at the little town of Hangling-tze. A temple on the top of a comparatively high mountain commands the whole vast plain, and from its stony platform one enjoys a magnificent view. In spite of our long day's march we resolved to climb up to it, and with this object sent our men to commandeer donkeys. The temple itself is extremely small, and contains only unimportant statues, but to reach it a wonderful little stony bridge has to be crossed, ornamented with inscriptions and spanning a cleft in the rock. The custodian offered us tea, and refused the small tip which I proffered for his kindness, an experience new to me after Pekin. On our way down we stopped for a few minutes at another temple, larger and newer, where forty Lamas at prayer made a great noise in the dimness of the chill and lofty hall of worship.

I must not omit to record that the evening before we chanced upon an exhibition worthy of Barnum's circus. In broad noon day our carters, overcome by the heat, had begged for a short rest, and while they lay

stretched under the shade of a tree I had made my way towards a group of Chinese peasants at no great distance off. As I approached I saw one of the tallest men conceivable. He was then seated surrounded by a group of laughing and jesting children, but when he saw me he rose, and I could see that he out-topped all present by some two feet in height. I went and fetched my bag of anthropological instruments, and when I returned began to take the measurements of this colossus. But his mother, a wrinkled old lady, intervened. She said she feared that I should cast an evil spell over her son. The sight of a small ingot of silver, however, successfully calmed her and banished her fears, and I was allowed to proceed with my measurement of her son. His height was fully eight feet, and a hump detracted from his completeness in this direction. The circumference of his chest, including the hump, was 58 inches, and the length of his foot 15 inches. Although only 28 years old he had thick white hair, and his whole outward appearance was that of a being whose muscular force and bodily weight were not in proportion.

We reached Suen-hoa-fu on the 26th of June and we did not stay there long. The town itself has no objects of interest and the heat had developed in it smells worse than those of Pekin itself, and this fact alone was reason enough to hurry on. We had been well received at the Kon-kouan, or Yamen, reserved for mandarins on tour, but as our arrival was wholly unexpected, we had the pleasure of finding in each of our sleeping rooms beggars, who were smoking opium, wrapped in noisome rags, with the tacit approval of the keepers of the house.

On leaving this prefectoral city instead of making for Kalgan we branched off slightly to the left and crossed the river Yung-ling-ho, nearly dry at this season, with

a bed of enormous extent and made of fine sand yielding here and there beneath our tread. The country that we now reached, west of the river, has the desolate appearance of a bare plain, in which however, thanks to a constant struggle against bad soil, small villages have struck root and relieve the monotony of the district. Moreover, this wretched appearance does not extend far, and after recrossing the river and reaching Tchai-kou-pou one is struck with wonder at the magnificent cultivation which meets the eye. An island in the centre of the river is specially fertile. On all sides there are to be seen fields of poppies of varied colour, richly tinted, pure mauve and deep red, white and cream-coloured. The island looks like fairy-land. The irrigation of these fields circled by trees has been devised with great practical skill and I greatly admired its results. These unlearned Chinese cultivators have taken advantage of almost imperceptible differences of level to flood their fields with a productive supply of water. Opium costs money, and the town of Tchai-kou-pou prospers accordingly. The population, perfectly orderly, consists of about 5,000 souls.

Our object being to reach Mongolia at Or-tan-ho by the shortest road, I ordered the caravan to leave the beaten track to enter upon a mountainous district bounded on the north-east by the Jung-yang-ho. To do this we crossed the Great Wall, not that in the neighbourhood of Pekin, always visited by tourists, but that which in almost endless extent, since it is met with in Manchuria and on the border of Kansu, traces the limits of the northern frontier of the great empire. This is to-day hardly a causeway. It has lost all its splendour and importance. It retains to-day only the value of a relic of history, but it served through centuries as a sturdy defence.

At every pass through which a Mongol invasion might break a way for itself the Great Wall reinforced by a fort stood against the invaders. Thus at the issue of the river Jung-yang on Chinese territory rose five or six hundred years ago the fortified city of Shin-ping-fu, of which we could only recognise the lamentable ruins. Opposite this city the old maps mark a fortress with the name of Ping-yuen-fu. This has entirely disappeared. We could hardly identify the remains of its walls. The general appearance of the country, after leaving the fertile valley of the Jung-yang, is again gloomy and poverty-stricken, and the caravan climbed the mountainous district referred to above over ground made up of rolling stones and dried clay. Through low hills crowned by little deserted temples we reached the top of the funnel facing north-east, at the bottom of which lies Or-tan-ho, reached by a gentle slope. The road has no point worth mentioning, but cultivation prospers again and is able to support an adequate population.

We reached Or-tan-ho about midday, in great heat, and to our great surprise, in spite of its Mongol name, no single Mongol could be found in the whole of the little town. On the other hand, I observed the large number of persons, more or less in rags, bearing on back or chest the distinctive insignia of the Boxers. This little centre was four or five years before a retreat for brigands during the troubles and a nursery of the insurrection. From here started the bands which attacked Shi-ying-tze, Orr-shi-san-ho, Tai-hai, and several other mission centres. However, thanks to the bravery of certain missionaries possessed of common sense, the brigands were driven back with loss. They had certainly heard of the approaching arrival of our little caravan, and the Boxers of the town had consequently arranged for us a somewhat

discouraging reception. In the narrow road which led to the river curses were showered upon us from both sides, the most common being Yang-qui-tye, which means "foreign devils." This is not specially emphatic when standing alone, but the victims of it find this compliment, when too often repeated, very trying to the nerves. We hoped to find peace by closing our doors at the inn and we were in fact undisturbed at our meal. But as soon as we proceeded to pay our bill a discussion arose, for our host did not hesitate to ask an exorbitant price for the use of his inn and kitchen. I naturally declined to pay anything out of the common, and, perceiving that he could not attain his end unaided, the man threw open the door and showed us, with a view to intimidation, that the courtyard was full of Boxers whose attitude was unquestionably hostile. Realising the need of haste I wanted to break a way through the crowd and get my caravan away from the inn. Unluckily the great gate had been securely closed and we were immediately surrounded by all the people present, who, with the Chinaman's customary treachery, began to press us against a wall till we could no longer stir in any direction. As the situation was becoming serious I drew my revolver and threatened to fire upon the men nearest to me. This produced an absurd commotion and a rapid flight of the whole company. Some, since the exit was closed, climbed over the walls, others took refuge in the rooms. My men opened the gates and the carts crossed the stone threshold. The incident had ended happily. I must say that this was the one occasion on which we met with definite hostility from the inhabitants of a Chinese town.

From Or-tan-ho we made for Or-shi-san-ho, a prosperous mission station in an oasis of verdure surrounded

with skilfully cultivated fields and growing woods, a large portion of which have been planted by the missionaries. All this district, like Or-tan-ho and like Shi-ying-tze, has been won by the toiling Chinaman from the indolent Mongol. It is partly the triumph of progress over savagery, and if the Chinaman, rich and poor, were not the thrall of many vices and specially of opium, his activity would extend without limits with the success that a frugal and patient people can always command.

Leaving Or-shi-san-ho on 1st July we made our way southwards to Ta-tung-fu, one of the largest towns of Shan-si. All the intervening country had not yet been visited by an European explorer, but thanks to the old maps of the Jesuits a German publisher had been able to publish a practically accurate sketch of it. From the beginning of the day the road ran through mountains and valleys, across low hills and shallow declivities, streams, very numerous but nearly dried up, ran all towards the Jung-yang-ho. The people seemed poor and the land more barren. Towards evening we rose about 2,000 feet and in a narrow little valley discovered the insignificant temple of Lan-ye-miao. As it offered no accommodation for the night we decided to pitch our tent near a group of cottages on the right a little below the temple.

The road continuing southwards next day merged in the bed of the river Yutto, which is a tributary of the Sang-kan-ho, itself a tributary of the Yung-ting-ho. The volume of the Yutto is considerable and must in the rainy season reach a high level, to argue from the marks it leaves on the rocks between which it forces its way. Early on the 3rd July we reached some very interesting ruins of the Great Wall. Clearly the Chinese strategists apprehended here more than

elsewhere an invasion from the Yutto Valley, for they heaped defences at this point. Over a stretch of some four miles I counted the remains of eighty bastions, some built up against the wall, while others stood out in front like pickets, and could take the enemy in the rear if after passing the first line of defence they should reach the wall. The wall itself must have reached a great height and, as I noticed here alone, it is perpendicular on the Mongol side and gently sloping on the Chinese. By the irony of fate the inhabitants of the district have dug out of the mounds of earth that form the slope stables for their cattle. Three miles away from the wall rise the ruins of an old fortified city which are remarkable only for an ancient triumphal arch, and a gate in the ramparts, made of hewn stone and strikingly well built. Following still the bed of the same river we reached Ta-tung-fu on the following day. This important place deserves special mention.

Ta-tung-fu was very strongly fortified, and its defences are still imposing. Its shape is rectangular, and it has four gates strengthened by double walls. The northern gate, in old days the point of danger, does not communicate directly with the plain, but opens into a strong citadel, a miniature copy of the city itself. In this are the parade ground and the barracks of the troops, recognisable from the number of small flags that surmount them. I think I may assert that the Chinese forces retain ancient forms not yet Westernised, for example one flag to each ten men.

The interior of the city contains some triumphal arches, in the purest Chinest style, and great main streets comprising shops well funished for the interior of a Chinese province. Particularly well preserved also is a great wall covered with coloured tiles on which present a

picture of a dragon. The tint of these tiles is very fine, and no European factory can produce richer work.

We did not stay long at Ta-tung-fu, for we wished to reach the desert of the Ordos as soon as possible, and purely Chinese towns did not interest us overmuch. If it is true to assert that all the cities of the Celestial Empire are alike, it is a different story with the temples, for we visited on the day after our departure from Ta-tung-fu the most interesting and curious temples that we ever had the fortune to see, I mean the grottoes of Yung-yang-miao. To reach them one must travel along the picturesque valley of the Shi-li-ho for some dozen miles and pass before a small but very striking temple whose entrance gate is guarded from the wrong-doing of the ill-affected by a wall covered with tiles in a style similar to those I spoke of at Ta-tung-fu. Its roof is also coated with coloured tiles. Soon after the village of Che-kon-han-chew is reached where two chapels are cut out of the rock which call for notice. They consist of two square chambers, the vault above being supported by a central pillar of rectangular shape. I concluded that they existed first as natural grottoes caused by the passage of water, and that the Chinese had only enlarged them and shaped them as they are to-day. In one of them a spring rises with a weak flow, and supports this theory. They show otherwise clear traces of water action. To a height of some three feet the friable rock has crumbled, and the ceiling of both chambers is entirely mildewed. Though now in poor preservation they remain a proof of some considerable sculptural achievement. Each room contains over a thousand figures, some nearly six feet high, others only a few inches. The ceilings especially are a maze of painted dragons. The statues also were

painted, now discoloured by the effects of the water. However, Buddhist piety has succeeded in repairing some of the figures, especially the statue of a Turk, in a turban crowned with an aureole, in the first room, whose presence seems a tasteless anachronism. I concluded that gates which have perished originally closed the entry. As to the inscription in the interior of these grottoes goodwill alone could not suffice to decipher them.

A little further on are the village and temple of Yung-yang, made up of grottoes all cut out by human hand in a great wall of limestone reaching for three-quarter of a mile on the bank of the Chi-li-ho. They are many hundreds in number, and all contain a seated Buddha carved in the living rock. The nearest to Ta-tung-fu are the only important ones. They are very lofty and adorned on the outside with wooden temples three and four stories in height. These stories are connected by staircases cut in the rock, and are composed of platforms of which the highest are on a level with the eyes of the Buddha. These Buddhas are very huge and are surrounded with small figures like the angels round the central figure over the altar of a Roman Catholic Church. The general appearance of the temple is not unlike a theatre, of which the grotto serves as the stage. In one of these grottoes a Buddha fifty feet high is entirely gilded and wears on his forehead a crown of coloured glass. His eyes also are made of glass. The wooden temples were repainted twenty years ago, and are consequently very conspicuous and picturesque. Unluckily money was apparently lacking to renew the platforms and railings, and I should not advise anyone to draw too near the abyss to get a close view of the statue, which is very striking seen either from above or below. The other grottoes have no temples

in front, and the largest, which contain some gilded statues adorned with imitation gems, are simply divided from the outside by wooden bars. The smallest grottoes have not even these. Legend, in the mouth of the old Lama in charge, insists that all once had their temples in front, but some thousand years ago, he avers, a deluge of twelve days' rain loosened the foundations of the temples, even then ancient, and reduced them practically to ruins. Seven days after the rain an unknown man stood before the temples and with uplifted arm gave them the order to fall. All fell together, exposing the grottoes as they may be seen to-day. The truth is, that if these porticos ever existed they fell one after another for the all-sufficient reason that the Chinese, who occasionally re-paint, never restore or re-build.

After a four days' march we reached So-ping-fu on 9th July. Having followed from the temples of Yung-yang a high road wholly without interest and only remarkable for the large number of old towns and fortified villages completely deserted and abandoned, telling the sad story of the real China, infinitely less populous and industrious, whatever may be said, than it was three hundred years ago. So-ping-fu hardly deserves to be called a prefecture. It is a dead city. Its empty streets form a melancholy contrast to the activity of Ta-tung-fu. We only stayed there one night and spent it in the house of a tea-merchant, the inns being too repulsive.

The next day we set out with an escort of six grotesque soldiers armed with absurd knives and with sticks. Having drawn one of these terrible swords from its sheath I found the blade to be made of wood and the warrior quite shamelessly explained to me that he had sold the steel that he might buy opium.

Our purpose was to go from So-ping-fu to the

Ordos by way of Cha-lu-noor, where lived a missionary friend of ours, a man of enlightenment. We had travelled together two years before and I was looking forward to seeing him again. There is no direct road from So-ping-fu to Cha-lu-noor. We had either to take the high road to Kaou-hoa-tchang, or, having reached the little town of Shakolo, try to make a way along the river Ulan-muren, which has a bad repute, amply justified by its quicksands. We decided for the latter course, more difficult, but more novel, and started for Shakolo, a very pretty little town at the opening of a defile. In older days the river Ulan-muren, which washes its walls and is a tributary of the Yellow River, was defended by a fortified bridge with very narrow stone arches, which, spanning the stream here and there, prevented the passage of troops in the shallow water. To-day only the ruins of this interesting work remain, on the left bank of the river.

We arrived at Cha-lu-noor after a march along the Ulan-muren, which was not without incidents. It was not easy to get our baggage carts along the banks which were strewn with large boulders, and when we had overcome this trouble we found ourselves encountered by treacherous quicksands. I nearly disappeared myself in one of these deceptive spots while finding out a place at which we could cross the river. Taken in by the colour of the ground I forced my horse forward against his wish and found myself about three feet deep in mud. Luckily I was riding an exceptionally vigorous pony. He, roused and inspired by the instinct of self-preservation more than by my riding whip, managed, after a series of struggles, to get clear of the quicksand. The first twenty or thirty miles of the course of the Ulan-muren are very thinly populated, and

almost given up to the pasturage of sheep and goats. An incalculable number of hares are also to be found here. As they are not wild they are easily killed. Near a hamlet called San-chou-long I remember knocking over a dozen of these animals in the little clearings between the scanty bushes in less than ten minutes. It proved to be a waste of powder and shot, for our men refused to eat their flesh. A deep-rooted superstition convinces them that the souls of their grand-parents reside after death in the bodies of hares.

After leaving the Ulan-muren we crossed a small hilly district of twelve hundred feet in height and debouched upon the huge plain of Zomat, in which are Cha-lu-noor, a number of flourishing villages, and the great city of Koei-hoa-tchang.

Hardly had the mandarins of this last place, with whom I had been brought often into contact two years before, heard of our presence at Cha-lu-noor, than they sent us pressing invitations to come to Koei-hoa-tchang. Although this digression did not quite suit my plans I decided to comply with their request, hoping to obtain from them letters of recommendation, and greater facilities for crossing the Ordos. One of these mandarins, who rejoices in the title of the Tartar Marshal, is the real head of the Ordos, of Toumet, and of Northern Mongolia. He represents the Pekin Government among the Mongol princes, and exercises great influence from this fact.

But before starting for the Blue Town I had been obliged to make some changes on the staff of our caravan. Having obtained clear evidence of the thefts which the *mafou* had been guilty of, I had dismissed this gentleman, not without having recovered quite by chance some of the stolen property, among which was a bottle of mercury which I had brought for astronomical observations.

Furthermore, all the information which I had received latterly about travel in the Ordos and about the condition of the roads there had made it clear to me that I should only be able to use my Pekin carts for a very short time, and accordingly I had decided to send them back at once and to buy some camels. At Koei-hoa-tchang in the summer good camels can be bought in the market for a sum varying from forty to fifty *taels*. For the kind of work which the animals had to do it was important that they should be very fat and not too young. In fact, instead of travelling by night to avoid the heat, as the Chinese and Mongols always do, I had decided that we would cover our stages by daylight, preferring to sacrifice the animals rather than our sleep. Mongolian camels do not bear heat well, and the hot sun is sometimes actually overwhelming when reflected from the sand and beating on the Ordos in August. The chief cause is that their long hairs induce an abnormal perspiration which rapidly makes them thin, and then their loads produce enormous abscesses which render them useless. On the other hand, they are not accustomed to eat at night, but only during the day, and when they halt after a hot stage they are so wearied by the heat that they stretch themselves on the sand and rest rather than eat the grass close by.

Under such circumstances their health fails quickly. But in spite of these drawbacks, provided that their feet do not sink in the sand or the mud, they are the best animals for crossing the Ordos with.

We started then for Koei-hoa-tchang with a small troop of camels and a new staff. The road from Cha-lu-noor is flat, very easy, and we met with no difficulty. We were accordingly perfectly fit and not at all tired when we established ourselves in the Kon-koan, which had been

reserved for us. We started almost at once upon a series of sumptuous dinners at which the dishes were as numerous as they were indigestible, while the feast was heralded, interrupted, and followed, by performances of Chinese minstrels and jugglers, which were very entertaining.

I remember especially a little man, full of activity and good humour, who swallowed a fiery ball somewhat larger than his fist, and made grotesque gestures while his deeply impressed audience watched the ball gradually descend to the level of his stomach. After a few minutes he made the solid mass rise to his mouth again apparently with consummate ease. Another gentleman swung on a trapeze made of swords between two trees, and managed not to cut his hands on the sharp blades.

But by far the most interesting exhibition which we witnessed was a review of troops, newly drilled by a Chinese officer who had received lessons from the Germans at Tientsin in military movements and tactics. I must own that he had profited by his lessons, and had reached an altogether remarkable result with the soldiers entrusted to him by the mandarins of Koei-hoa-tchang. Five hundred in number, they performed all the exercises in which the men of European regiments are daily drilled. They wore a smart uniform of dark blue, absolutely different from the long robes and the *impedimenta* of all kinds that Chinese soldiers usually affect. Oddly enough the General, and the many officers of this regiment, had retained the pale yellow or sky blue gauze robes, and seemed quite out of place amidst their men, who were rapidly manœuvring at the command of their instructor.

I do not venture to assert that the soldiers of Koei-hoa-tchang are at this moment to be dreaded, especially

were they to be confronted by European troops. No doubt on the battlefield they would quickly forget the fine precision of their drill and the spirit of discipline so hardly inculcated, but notwithstanding the fact of finding in the north of Shansi an instructor and well drilled men seems to me worthy of notice.

Indubitably the Chinese are making efforts to raise the level of their troops. In the neighbourhood of Pekin Yuen-chi-kai, with Japanese help, has set up a real army, and no doubt these men enlisted from Japanese, and even from Europeans, armed with Mannlicher rifles of German make, will prove in future their superiority to their absurd, barbarous, cowardly, and undisciplined predecessors. Add to this the consideration that the Japanese triumph over Russia has puffed them up with pride. Everywhere, even in the most remote town of Kansuh, the Chinese people know all about the decisive defeat of the Russian arms, and as they draw no distinction between a Muscovite, a Frenchman, or an Englishman, but class them all under one heading, the defeat of one entails a loss of prestige on all. I found many proofs of this in all directions. But this is not the place to discuss the future. I am content to assert, and I shall not be contradicted by those who have studied the new state of affairs, that the next war with China will cost more lives and raise more difficulties than the European nations, more or less allied, have yet had to overcome.

After the review we were invited to partake of a light repast in the General's summer residence. It is in the Manchu city. Koei-hoa-tchang, in fact, comprises two very distinct towns close together. The first, in which we were lodged, and in which I had previously spent nearly two months, is Chinese, laid out without

apparent plan, and very dirty. The second is well ventilated by avenues of great trees, under which the homes of the poorest seem less wretched, contains some large *yamens*, and is inhabited by the Manchu aristocracy. The house in which we were entertained was composed only of a few very small rooms, and lunch was laid under a blue tent pitched between the dwelling-house and the garden. This last, without being extensive, contained a great variety of flowers, which we had to inspect, since our host was very proud of them. Owing to the special gift possessed by the Chinese of planning a garden in a picturesque style and ornamenting the most ordinary spots with taste and novelty, the general effect was very artistic. This was the last of the official entertainments offered us by the mandarins, and our preparations being completed, we decided to set out without delay to cross the Ordos. On the morning of our departure the Prefect came to visit us, and enquired of me very confidentially whether there would be a little rain. "I know," he said, "that Europeans have constructed instruments by which they can foretell drought or rain. For a long time not a drop of rain has fallen in the surrounding country, and I have to go to the temple and offer up public prayers to the gods. But if the drought persists when I have done this I shall look somewhat foolish! Can you give me the slightest hint?" I laughed, and replied that the barometer had gone down considerably, and that he might pray to the gods with every confidence that his prayer would be heard.

Escorted by the good Prefect we started off, and a little later he left us to go to the temple.

I was a true prophet, for in the course of the day we received several showers, more beneficial to the crops than pleasant for travellers.

II.—Les Ordos.

Au moment d' entreprendre la narration de notre traversée du désert des Ordos, je crois bon d' en donner au lecteur une description sommaire. Ce point du globe n'a encore été que peu visité, et le nom de désert qu' il porte sur toutes les cartes induit sans doute un grand nombre de personnes à le considèrer comme absolument stérile, sans vie propre, et sans relations suivies avec le reste de la Chine ou de la Mongolie.

Les Ordos affectent une forme qui rappelle étrangement celle de la péninsule Hibérique. Le point le plus rapproché de Péking est à quelques quinze jours de route, mais les courriers peuvent atteindre la capital du Céleste Empire en moins d' une centaine d'heures, grâce à des relais qui sont, en règle générale pourvus de bon poneys, infiniment plus vifs et plus rapides que le massif et trapu animal monté habituèllement par les Thibitains et les Bouthans.

Le fleuve Jaune (Houang ho) est la limite naturelle qui á l' ouest, au Nord, et à l'Est, encercle les Ordos, et à certaines époques de l'année en rend l'accés presque impossible à ceux qui viennent du Nord. Au Sud, les provinces du Shansi, et du Kansuh, longées par la grande muraille, ou du moins par ce qu'il en reste, fixe la limite que ses habitants ne doivent pas franchir sous peine de perdre leur apparence d'indépendance.

Ainsi, enfermeè de tous cotès, la population de tribus Mongoles qui parsément ce territoire, improprement appelé désert, n' a pu s' étendre, mais s'est condensée en quelques points speciaux où la nature du sol et la plus abondante quantité de pluie permettait l'e'levage de troupeaux de moutons, de boeufs et de chevaux, par fois très importants. C'est ce qui explique pourquoi la

densité de la population y est beaucoup plus considérable que d'ordinaire en Mongolie, pourquoi le commerce avec la Chine y est plus actif, et pourquoi les Mandarins Chinois tirent des Ordos une fructueuse source de revenus. Alors même que les Mongols traverseraient leur frontiére naturelle, le fleuve Jaune, et chercheraient á se répandre de toutes parts à la recherche d'abondants paturages, ils seraient arrètés au Nord-Est par les Chinois, qui peu à peu, avec l'effort puissant de la patience ont conquis, sur d'autres peuplades Mongoles, les plaines si riches du Toumet, et les alluvions laissés au Nord par les anciens lits du fleuve. A l'ouest ils se heurteraient à un réel désert de sable, infécond et mortel, et, arriveraient ils à le traverser, qu'ils se verraient obligés d'entrer en lutte avec le Prince Souverain du Kou Kou Noor, aujourd' hui résidant á Fu ma Fu, et roi de l'Alashan.

Le climat des Ordos est d'ailleurs supèrieur et préferable à celui des immenses steppes Mongoles. Son altitude moyenne, d'environ mille cinq cents à mille six cents métres, en fait un plateau où les extrêmes des chaleurs de l'été ne se font pas sentir aussi brulantes que dans l'Alashan á la même latitude. Ce plateau sans grandes montagnes et sans profondes valleès est sillonné de quelques rares cours d'eaux, tributairies du Fleuve Jaune et coulant presque tous sur le flanc est. Leurs lits sont par fois d'une largeur considérable, le fond en est de sable fin, souvent mouvant et dangereux, mais il est rare pendant l'été de trouver plus d'un pied d'eau dans la plus large rivière. Ses habitants se sont peu á peu habituès à, ne compter pour rien les petits fleuves qui traversent leurs pays, et l'eau qú ils boivent provient toujours de puits ou de mares bourbeuses laisséés par les pluies. Evidemment c'est une boisson malsaine en

elle même, et l'odeur "sui generis" de quelques mares suffirait á donner le frisson á toute la faculté de Médecine. Mais ici, comme partout, l'habitude est plus forte que la science, et les Mongols qui boivent souvent cette eau telle qu'ils la trouvent, lorsque le temps leur manque pour faire bouillir du thè, n'en éprouvent pas de mauvais effets. Au contraire la population semble remarquablement énergique et les constitutions des individus sont aussi robustes que possible. Par malheur l'habitude de fumer l'opium peu à peu s'infiltre, dans la partie qui touche au Toumet en particulier, et rapidement répand ses ravages. L'énergie s'endort, la vie s'éteint, et j 'ai vu quelques Mandarins Mongols dont la figure epuiseé et les traits stigmatisés rappelaient les pires aspects des fumeurs Chinois.

Les Mongols sont, comme on sait, divisés en deux grandes distinctions politiques. Les uns se rangent sous les anciennes banniéres, les autres obeíssent à des chefs qui portent le nom trop pompeux de rois, et qui se disent tous descendus des compagnons, ou même de la famille, de Genghis Khan. Les Mongols des banniéres peuplent les immenses steppes qui s'étendent encore plus loin que Kalgan à l'est ; jusque à Ourga au Nord, et jusque au Toumet à l'ouest. Le pays des Ordos est gouverné par une confédération de roitelets, au nombre de cinq, qui vivent en assez bonne intelligence les uns avec les autres. Le plus agè, et non celui qui occupe le trône depuis le plus long espace de temps, est chef de la confédération et traite directement avec le représentant du gouvernement de Péking qui réside à Koei Hoa tchang, ou Kou-Kou-Ho-To, en langue Mongole. Le titre de ce haut fonctionnaire, Mandchou, en géneral, est celui de Marèchal Tartare. Ses pouvoirs sont assez étendus pour lui permettre

d'accomplir beaucoup d'injustices, grâces auxquelles il remplit ses coffres de préférence à ceux de l'état. Sous les rois, mais en réalité plus puissants qu'eux, et surtout plus intelligents et plus entreprenants, quelques lamas d'importance (ta-lama) gouvernent les peuplades en agissant sur leur esprit infiniment superstitueux, et sont ici, comme au Thibet, les véritables mâitres de la situation.

Après ce long preámbule, que l'on excusera j'èsperé, je résume le recit de notre expèdition.

Bel et bien munis de lettres de recommendation, et de passeports impératifs pour les Princes Mongols, nous nous acheminâmes dans les derniers jours de Juillet 1904, vers la ville ruineé de Tü tchrung non loin de laquelle nous devions traverser le fleuve Jaune dans des barques pépareés à notre intention. Plus précieux que toutes les paperasses, le Maréchal tartare, nous avait adjoint un de ses secrétaires qu'il avait chargé de réquisitionner pour nous en cours de route tous les moyens de transports nécessaires, et je ne manquais pas de trouver fort agréable cette façon de voyager.

Après deux jours de marche de Koci Hoa, nous arrivâmes sur les bords du fleuve Jaune, juste à temps pour assister à la ruine compléte de plusieurs villages engloutis dans l'immense inondation annuelle. J 'ai eu l'occasion d'e'tudier au cours de deux voyages les inondations désastreuses de cette formidable artère de l'Asie, et l'on me permettra encore une digression à son sujet. Le fleuve Jaune prend sa source au Thibet, non loin du lac Oring, dans un massif très élevé sur lequel les neiges de l'hiver s'accumulent en énormes quantités. Il traverse également, avant de déboucher en Mongolie, une série de massifs qui réunis à ceux du Thibet produisent au moment de la fonte des neiges un prodigieux volume d'eau.

Tant que cette masse liquide fait sa route dans un lit resserré entre des rocs, elle ne peut évidemment se répandre et causer des ravages, mais lorsqu'elle parvient aux immenses plaines du Nord de l'Alashan, des Ordos, et en particulier du Toumet, là oú la déclivité est à peine sensible, elle perd en profondeur, mais gagne en largeur dans des proportions inouies. Ce qui d'ailleurs aide puissamment à cette transformation est un défilé, situé par environ 40° de Latitude, au sud et non loin de Ho Kou. Des rocs contractent en cet endroit les berges du fleuve au point de ne pas laisser pendant l'été un passage suffisamment large. Je crois qú'il serait relativement facile d'ouvrir ces roches au moyen de la dynamite et de diminuer ainsi les désastres causés tout le long du précédent cours de la riviére. Quoiqu il en soit de l'avenir, les ravages provenant pésentement de l'annuelle inondation sout effroyables. Les paysans ont beau construire autour de leurs demeures faites du terre, des digues de pusieurs mêtres d èpaisseur, ils ont beau jour et nuit lutter contre l' èlement envahisseur, rien n' arrête sa marche. Peu à peu l'eau fait son chemin, creuse et mine la digue qui crevè. En un instant les chaumierès s'ècroulent, et avec elles les moissons qui séchaient sur les toits. Ceci est l'histoire de milliers de paysans qui, évincés par le fleuve, reviennent bâtir la même maison et cultiver le même champ pour les voir de nouveau devenir la proie de l'inondation. L'obstination des Chinois n'a pas d' équivalent. A l'endroit où nous atteignons le bord du fleuve tout le terrain environnant n'était que marècages. On apercevait çà et là quelques rares arbres, quelques toits non encore écroulés, et la largeur de la nappe d'eau était de plus de cinq à six kilométres. Sans ces inondations qui rendent parfois la navigation difficile, et surtout rendent

les points d' atterrissage impossibles à fixer définitivement, il serait fructueux, avec l'aide, doûteuse d'ailleurs des Mandarins, d'établir une navigation de chaloupes à vapeur qui gagneraient des sommes rondes à remorquer les innombrables chalands transportant les produits du Kansuh jusqú à Koei Hoa Tchang.

Ne pouvant songer à traverser la rivière à cet endroit, nous fîmes route sur Ho-Kou où nous arrivâmes après un jour de route, ayant traversé les ruines imposantes de Tu-Tchrong qui fut au temps de la civilisation Nestorienne une imposante place forte, et dont Marco Polo célébra les splendeurs. C'est à peine si de nos jours, à l'intérieur de l'enceinte, ici et là un tumulus de gazon marque l' amoncellement des ruines d'une importante de meure ; et les animaux des paysans broutent l'herbe qui pousse sur les dongeons.

Ho-Kou n'est pas une place sure en temps d'inondation. Le lit plus resserrè du fleuve donne au courant de ses caux une pression effroyable sur les digues qui protégent la ville. Cette derniére est bâtie en contre bas, et une seule ouverture survenant dans les travaux de protection suffiraient pour l'engloutir. Le niveau des eaux étant cette année la particulièrement élevé la presque totalité de la population s 'était enfuie, et ce fut avec un sentiment de délivrance que nous quittâmes cetre cité au matin du 28 Juillet.

Le passage du Fleuve s'effectua sans autres difficultés que l'opposition formelle des chameaux à s'aventurer sur l'onde mouvante. Il fallut employer un grand nombre de coolies, et faire entrer successivement dans le bac chacune de leurs jambes pour vaincre leur entêtement. Sur l'autre rive nous nous trouvâmes immediatement dans des dunes de sable, et, le soir

tombant, nous nous arrêtâmes à un hameau composé de deux misérables huttes.

Mon intention était de traverser de part en part les Ordos en suivant une diagonale qui devait aboutir à Ninghia, dans la Province du Kansuh. En chemin je payais une visite à quatre des rois Mongols et, visitais le monument, si venéré, qui abrite les restes du plus grand conquérant que le monde ait connu ; Ginghis Khan.

La route à suivre pour arriver au palais de Djongar, le premier des princes, passe par une succession de dunes de sables, de plaines en partie cultivées, par des paysans Chinois et de terrains rocheux. Une seule rivière, le Eul Rou Ho, courant au Nord Est, traverse le plateau, et l'eau m' y atteint pas au mois de Juillet plus de cinq à six pouces de hauteur.

Le palais occupait il y a quelques anneés une position différente. Probablement les herbes y sont deveues de moins bonne qualité et le Prince alors règnant a transporté dans une autre plaine le siége de son gouvernement. En arrivant au sommet d'une petite moutagne, on découvre soudainement plusieurs bâtiments, qui, étant situés dans un presque absolu désert paraissent magnifiques : ce sont les palais. Celui habité par le roi est entouré d'une enceinte de 6 mètres de haut, en ruines, et qui possède deux entrées, dont l'une, celle du sud, donne directement sur les bâtiments royaux. Ceux ci sont tout simplement une grande maison Chinoise, construite dans le style cher aux Celestes, à trois cours centrales, à fenêtres de bois ouvragées et de petites vitres, ici et là remplacées per des morceaux de papier. Les murs sout en briques, en briques également les cours, et cela suffit pour donner à l'ensemble de la demeure un aspect pesque confortable.

Non loin, se dressent les oriflammes et prières écrites sur des lambeaux d'étoffe qui indiquent le temple où le Prince sacrifie dans les grandes circonstances, en cas de maladies dans les troupeaux, de manque de pluie, ou lorsque ses affaires vont mal à la cour de Péking.

Ce personnage ne tarda pas à venir nons visiter. A peine étions nons installés dans une aile de son palais qui'il apparut revêtu du costume officiel et suivi par une séquelle de ministres crasseux. Il nons fit servir un mouton cuit entier, ce qui est en Mongolie, une facon d'honorer les gens, et, un diner assaisonné d'une maniére qu' il croyait être Européenne. Répondant à mes questions au sujet des Tombeaux de GenhisKhan, il m'assura que j'en étais fort loin, qu il était impossible d'y parvenir, et que personne n' en possédait la clef! Son prédécesseur, que visita l'explorateur français Charles Bonin, en 1898, lors d'une pointe de quelques jours dans les Ordos, était fort incliné à rendre servíce aux Européens. Ce fut lui qui le premier, annonça à mon compariote la date éxacte de l'attaque des Légations de Pêking et du soulevement Boxeur. Bonin se fit un devoir d'en avertir immédiatement sa Légation, qui, bien entendu, au lieu de prendre des mesures, ou tout au moins de se livrer à une enquête, et de prévenir les autres Légations, le traita de lunatique, classa sa lettre dans un dossier, l'oublia et fut attaquée à l'heure dite. Je rapporte ce fait, qui n'est pas unique, simplement pour prouver que tout ce qui se passa en Chine en 1900, aurait pu être évité, et que le sang d'un bon nombre d'hommes aurait pu être épargné, L'ancien prince de Djongâr n'habitait pas dans cette nouvelle demeure, mais s' était bâti un peu plus au Nord et en dehors du mur de défense un fort élégant petit palais, d'une architecture sóignée, et situé au centre d' une espéce de parc. Dans une des cours intérieures

se trouvaient des piscines et des jets d' eaux, ce qui est un vrai luxe aux Ordos. Une on deux des nombreuses épouses qu'il a laissé derrière lui y vivent actuellement, et coulent le reste de leurs jours à regretter le temps passé, et à fumer l'opium.

Le monarque actuel est marié à une toute jeune femme. Il n'a qu'une épouse légitime, mais il a généreusement offert l'hospitalité à sa tante et à la fille de cette derniere. Nons les allâmes visiter, et je ne crois pas avoir jamais trouvé dans aucune maison chinoise, une plus forte odeur d'opium que dans l'appartement de ces deux femmes. Leur vie s' écoule absolument inutile et inoccupée, et je me demande comment elles peuvent resister à l'ennui ! Comme le jour touchait à son declin Le premier ministre insista pour nons faire visiter le Yamen de la justice, et nons nous rendîmes à son desir. Ce Yamen dont il paraissait trés fier, est plutôt misérable et posséde pour tout mobilier un coffre fort en bois sculpté formidablement renforcé de barres de fer, et de chaines destineés aux criminels. Le coffre fort est vide, et les chaines rouilleés, car il se commet peu de crimes aux Ordos, et lorsqu il en survient, le meurtrier s' e'chappe toujours.

Au soir nous reçûmes encore un diner envoyé par le Prince, et le lendemain matin nous quittâmes son palais escortés de mandarins et de soldats armés de couteaux émoussés et de fusils fabriqués sur place, longs, minces, maintenus par une faible armature de bois, On les tire, de même que les fusils Thihétains, à l'aide d'une fourche, et le résultat de leur feu n'est effectif qu'à une très faible distance.

Le Palais de Djcngar, tout simple qu 'il était, devait par la suite nous pâraitre une merveille en comparaison de la pauvreté et de l'exiguité de ceux que nous devions visiter.

Nos guides avaient ordre de nous conduire auprés du roi Wang-tze. Toute nouvelle tentative pour amener sur le terrain de la conversation le tombeau de Genghis-Khan, ayant eté reçue froidement, et toutes les réponses ayant évidemment étè mensongéres, j' avais cru plus politique de ma part de sembler abandonner la question. Je n'y avais cependant pas renoncé et je comptais pour parvenir à mon but sur les indications laisseés par Bonin, sur la chance, et sur la ruse.

Notre route était orientée à l' ouest et coupait un nombre assez considérable de riviéres moyennes et petites. Ainsi la contrée était elle fort différente de ce que l'on peut appeler un désert. Des champs, des chaumieres, des moissons séchant au soleil, dans chacune des nombreuses petites vallées que nons eûmes à traverser. Cette partie des Ordos est peuplée, fertile, et récompense largement le travail des cultivateurs. Ces derniers sont tous des Chinois, qui en génèral ont éprouve' dans leur contrée des mauvaises fortunes successives, ont eu maille à partir avec leurs mandarins et sont venus chercher le vivre, le convert et la tranquillité sous la hanniére d'un Prince Mongol. Ce dernier trouve à leur installation dans son petit royaume un double avantage, le moyen d'imposer des taxes, si faibles soient elles, et d'acheter sur place les grains que lui et ses gens consomment, à un prix beaucoup plus faible que s'il était obligé de commercer sur les marchés Chinois. La grande proie des Chinois est en effet le Mongol, dont la naiveté et la stupéfiante inertie en font un gibier aisé à plumer. Jamais il ne fait le commerce dans une boutique, jamais il ne cultive la terre ; ce sont pour lui des occupations trop serviles Jamais il n' exploite une mine, ce serait attirer les malédictions des génies des montagnes sur la contrée, jamais en un mot il ne met à profit les

richesses naturelles du sol, et c'est le résultat de son orgueil, de sa paresse, et de ses superstitions. La seule occupation qui'il considére digne de sa haute origine est le métier du armes. Peking paie à chaque soldat mongol un subside trés minime qui suffit à ses besoins immédiats, et quant au reste il y pourvoit par la vente de ses chevaux ou de ses moutons aux marchands Chinois qui parcourent sans cesse la contrée en tous sens. Aux Ordos le prix moyen d'un bon cheval, non ambleur, est de dix à quinze taels. Les animaux auxquels on a enseigné l'amble, et qui y excellent, atteignent des prix beaucoup plus elevés, de quarante, à cinquante taels. Un mouton se vent un tael, et un bœuf cinq a six. *

Après quelques étapes, et une halte de deux jours près d'un petit village Chinois, halte occasionnée par un soudain acçès de fiévre, je crus avoir des raisons pour être trés rapproché du tombeau du grand Empereur, et, sans éveiller les soupçons de notre escorte Mongole je m'approchai d'un groupe de Chinois et leur demandai où se trouvait Edchen Koro, qui est le nom Mongol de cette place sacrée. "Vous n'en êtes pas à un jour de marche me répondirent ils, en prenant cette sente, vous y arriverez ce soir." Immediatement j'ordonnai le départ et au lieu de me rendre sur la route que les guides me pressaient de suivre, je pris le chemin d'Edchen Koro! Leur figure piteuse nons fut un grand sujet de joie pendant quelques minutes, et l'un d'eux disparut pour porter au Prince de Djongar la désastreuse nouvelle de notre visite aux tombeaux.

Effectivement le soleil étaít encore haut sur l'horizon lorsque nous distinguâmes à un tournant du sentier qui courait depuis le matin par monts et par

* Le tael vaut environ deux roupies.

vaux une masse blanche sans architecture, et sans beauté surmontée de deux boules dorées. C'était Edchen Koro. Le Tombeau est situè sur le flanc Est d'une petite moutagne, à quelques cinquante mètres au dessus d'un pauvre village où réside le gardien qui a charge des clefs. Il s'oriente du Nord au sud et est surélévé par une Terrasse d'un mêtre environ. Cette terrasse est entourée d'úne palissade de pieux espacés, et n a qu'une porte vermoulue et branlante, ouverte au sud. L'aspect en ést si pauvre que l'on se sent étreint d'une impression pénible lorsqu'on franchit cette entrée misérable pour se rendre dans ce qu' on peut appeler le Tabernaculum. Deux tentes minuscules situées l'une derriere l'autre, et communiquant entre elles par une porte intérieure très basse, faite de feutres insuffisamment entretenus, qui laissent passer la pluie et le vent par leurs déchirures, sont le "monument" destiné à commemorer le renom du plus grand conquèrant que le monde ait connu de celui qui a possédé de son vivant une étendue dé territoire plus grande que n'importe quel monarque de n'importe quelle époque, de celui dont le nom répandait la terreur, et intimait l'obéisance des bords de la mer Jaune aux marches de Pologne.

Les cendres du corps de Genghis-Khan sont déposeés dans une éspèce de coffre en forme de cube posé sur un socle de bois fait de colonettes colorèes, orné de peintures sur toutes ses faces, sauf celle orientèe au sud qui est recouverte d'une plaque de cuivre du plus beau travail représentant une divinité entourèe de quatre animaux, assez difficiles à reconnâitre. Chaque côté de ce coffre, qui fait office d'urne funéraire, est agrémenté d'une poignée de cuivre doré, qui sert à le soulever et me parait être l'emblème de l'éternelle migration de celui qui a tant parcouru de contrées de son vivant, et qui, mème après

sa mort n'a pas trouvé le repos. Le tombeau en effet n' a pas toujours été à cette place, mais il est difficile de savoir exactement où les premiers descendants du grand empereur déposérent ses restes. Ce qui est certain cependant, de l' aveu même des Mongols, c'est l'époque relativement récente où les tentes d'Edgen-Koro ont été éleveés. De ce que fut Genghis-Khan, de ce qu'ils ont été eux mêmes, ils n'ont pas la moindre idée. De leurs conquêtes sur le vieux monde, de leurs luttes contre les Chinois, de leur défaite finale par manque d'organisation, ils ne savent rien, ils ne connaissent pas davantage l'époque où Genghis Khan a vècu. Le gardien du tombeau interrogé par moi à ce sujet me répondit qu' au moins trois mille ans, s'étaient écoulés depuis sa mort, et, lorsque j'essayai de preciser les dates et de le persuader de son erreur, il me tourna simplement le dos, s'en alla fermer scrupuleusement les portes de la premiére tente qui sert d'antichambre, après avoir éteint la lampe de graisse de mouton allumée à notre entrée, et que' lorsqu'il se posterna, le gardien prit dans ses mains et éleva. Il éxiste donc, en somme, bien peu de choses à voir, et encore moins à admirer à Edchen koro. Les tentes ne contiement rien de remarquable, l'urne excepteé. Comme partout aillieurs, dans les temples grands et petits, des oriflammes de couleur, de piéces de soies sales et poussiéreuses, quelques bibelots, un miroir au dessus de l'urne, quelques priéres ecrites sur des étoffes, un baldaquin de soie, remplissent aisément la tente principale qui ne mesure que quatre mètres cinquante centimètres de long sur trois mètres de large. Détail à noter, cette tente est la seule tente de feutre de forme ovale que j'ai vue. Quant à la première tente, elle est absolument vide.

Le territoire d'Edchen Koro est sous le contrôle du roi de Wangtze, et la clef du coffre funéraire est deposèe en son palais. Quant aux Mongols chargés de la garde du tombeau, ils forment une petite tribu appelée Targat, (en langue Mongole, qui ne paie pas d'impots), Le fait qu' ils veillent surles restes du grand homme suffit à les éxempter de la faible imposition annuelle qui pése sur leurs compatriotes.

Je dois avouer que nous nous attendions à trouver un monument somptueux ou tout au moins décent, et que la découverte du réel et lamentable état des choses, nous a été une déception. Sans les deux boules doréés qui les surmontent ces deux tentes passeraient entiérement inapercues aux yeux du voyageur. J'aurais voulu pouvoir offrir au lecteur une description merveilleuse des splendeurs du tombeau, et je ne doute pas qu'elle eut bien davantage séduit leur imagination.

Peu après avoir quitté Edchen-koro le site change complétement. Aux ravins aux petites montagnes, coupeés de faibles cours d'eau, a succedé l'étendue sans limite des immenses plaines vertes,plaines où les troupeaux abondent, où les chinois se font plus rares. Cà et lá quelques villages sont absolument déserts, et nous campons le premier jour en un point abandonné, où il nous est même difficile de pourvoir à nos besoins. Le Mandarin Mongol, un bouton du troisiéme rang, en cristal bleu clair, que le Prince de 'Tchongar avait chargé de nous conduire chez son voisin et de nous procurer en route le couvert et les provisions, est un veritable vaurien D'un âge indéterminé il est comme tous les fumeurs d'opium sans ancune énergie. Je suis obligé de l'attendre le matin, car il n' a jamais fini de fumer ses pipes d'opium et je dois faire les plus grands efforts pour me retenir de lui infliger une punition corporelle. Par sa faute nous

ne trouvons rien de preparé à l'étape, et je préférerais voyager seul qu'avec unsemblable majordome.

Le 20 Aout en particulier fut une journée pénible. Ayant trouvé au matin mon mandarin absolument incapable de se lever, je lui avais pris ses insignes officiels lui donnant droit de réquisitionner, et l'avais abandonné. En cours de route, au croisement de plusieurs sentiers, j'avais, de peur de me tromper de route, obligé un Chinois á me servir de guide, L'orde recu, sans dire un mot l'homme s 'était mis à marcher devant notre caravane, lorsqu 'au bout de cinq a six kilomètres je m' apercus qu' il était sourd et retournait tranquillement à sa propre demeure. Revenus sur nos pas, nous fûmes assaillis par un violent orage qui n'ajouta rien à l'agrément de la situation. J 'ai remarqué qu 'aux Ordos, durant le mois d'Aout, les orages surviennent à peu près réguliérement tous les trois jours, et sont accompagnés d' éclairs violents, mais, étant donné une condition atmospherique spéciale les nuages sont au raz de terre et les éclairs ne sont pas perçus sous la forme d'un trait étincelant mais plutot sous celle d'un intense et soudain rayonnement umineux.

J'ai remarqué dans toute cette contrêe de très nombreuses traces de charbon, tantôt à fleur de terre, tantot mises à découvert par le lit que s'est creusé une rivière. Je ne doute pas que les gisements ne soient très importants, mais, fussent ils les plus beux du monde, il n éxiste pas de moyens de les exploiter rémunérativement, dans les conditions actuelles onéreuses des transports en Chine. J'en dirai de même, dans un autre chapitre, des mines du Kansuh, qui tentent le roi des Belges à tel point qu'il envoya sur place plusieurs ingénieurs étudier les richesses miniéres et, entretient, à Lantchou un agent permanent dont la mission, difficite

à mener à bon resultat, est d'obtenir du Gouverneur des conditions acceptables.

Nous eûmes nne véritable surprise dans la vue soudaine du temple de Djungara T'chao qui émerge au fond d' une immense plaine verte et semble un oasis de grand arbres. Ses toits de tuiles de couleur, verts et jaunes, sont du plus riche effet, la gorge creusée devant lui par une petite rivière très pittoresque, et l'ensemble est charmant.

Ce temple construit sur le territoire de Wangtze contient, parait-il, plus de sept cents lamas. Ce serait peu pour le Thibet, c'est beaucoup pous les Ordos, où il n'est pas facile de réunir les vivres nécessaires à une grande agglomération. C'est un ensemble de bâtiments vastes et dont une partie a été batie suivant la mode Thibétaine, c'est á dire avec des petites fenètres carreés, peintes d'une couleur foncée tranchant sur le blanc des murs. Les deux principaux temples sont surélevés par des terrasses de briques, et les poutres de l'entrèe sout orneès de peintures particulierement fines. A l'intérieur de la seconde salle, et sur un des côtés, une collection de belles statues de cuivre doré, toutes revétues de draperies de soies; quelques unes d'entre elles ont plus de trois mètres de hauteur Ce second temple, ou seconde salle a ètè érigé suivant le gout Chinois. Une succession de trois rangs de trompes et de défenses d'élephant supportent un toit à extrémités releveés, Devant les autels, les offrandes habituelles, gateaux de graisse de mouton, monceaux de farine, et bols d'eau claire. J'ai essayè d' acheter quelques unes des peintures ornant les murs, mais à n'importe quel prix, n'ai pu m' en rendre acquèreur, Les lamas attachent la plus grands valeur à ces images souvent vieilles de plusieurs siècles, et les font remonter an temps des premiers disciples de Bouddha. En me

promenant à travers le village où les maisons des prètres s'accrochent l'une à l'autre, je remarquai plusieurs peintures anciennes dans un remarquable état de conservation. L'une d'elles avait pour sujet le ciel, et l'artiste avait entrepris de représenter les délices, promenades, siestes, diners, prières qui attendent, l' homme de bièn. Une autre au contraire représentait l' état de l'enfer, et consistait en une roue passeé entre les jambes d'un géniè à figure effroyable. La partiè supèrieure de cette roue est consacrée à reproduire les mauvaises actions, et la partie basse, sépareè en seize petits carrés, la façon dont elles sont punies.

Nous étions presque confortablement logés dans une grande chambre haute ornée de tapisserics, et de tapis de Ninghia, et nous espérions y gouter un parfait repos, mais avions compté sans la piètè et le zéle religieux des lamas qui à l'occasion de je ne sais plus quelle fête marmotterènt et chantérēnt leurs priéres toute la nuit. Au matin le chef des lamas, dans son plus riche vètement de soie jaune vint nous présenter des dattes sécheès et une pièce de beurre.

Nous quittâmes Djungara T'chao peu après et suivîmes une sente qui traverse une contrée semblable à celle que j ai déjà décrite. Cependant, chose à noter, l'élément Chinois, proéminent chez Tchongar a presque disparu sur le territoire de Wangtze.

Ce dernier qui est un des moins importants prlnces de la confederation des Ordos, est aussi celui qui montra le moins de considération pour les ordres que le Marèchal Tartare avait envoyés de nous bien recevoir, Il avait, à l' annonce de notre arrlvèe simplement préparé les maisons de terre où la coutume Mongole veut qu'il soit donné l' hospitalité aux pélerins qui traversent le pays et se rendent aux lieux sacrés de

pélèrinages, à Kumbum par exemple. Je ne pouvais naturellement accepter de nous voir traiter avec un pareil sans gêne, et piquant mes éperons dans les flancs de mon poney, je filai vers la demeure du Prince. Arrivè là, je trouvai toutes les portes fermées, et assisté de quelques uns de mes hommes je me mis en devoir d'ouvrir l'èntrèe principale. A l' interieur du palais, un silence absolu semblait règner. Nous étions presque au bout de notre ouvrage lorsqu'un petite entrèe dé côte reservée aux subalternes livra passage à un des servants du prince qui me pria de le suivre. Je répondis que j'entrerais seulement par la grande porte, et donnai l' ordre à mes caravaniers de poursuivre leur besogne. Quelques minutes après un homme un peu mieux vètu que les precédents s'approcha de moi, et se presenta comme étant le Prince en personne. Il me supplia d' entrer par la petite porte de son Palais la grande entrée ne servant jamais m' assura-t-il. Mais à ce moment mes hommes avaient rèussì à ouvrir les battants hermetiquement fermés à l' aide de barres de bois posées en travers, et je m' avancai dans la cour principale du Palais.

Combien différent de celui de Tchongar! Au lieu de la grande cour à la Chinoise, pavée et relativement propre, un carré de terre battue entouré de murs, et parfaitement dégoutant, La seule particularité intéressante de tout l'ensemble était l'éxistence de deux tentes Mongoles, d'un modéle commun et sous lesquelles le prince vivait de préférence à la petite maison Chinoise, composée seulement de trois chambres, qu'il avait édifiée au nord de l'enceinte, et qui ne servait qú aux réceptions, Nous nous y installâmes tranquillement et, comme toutes choses ici bas out leur amusant côté, nous goutâmes un grand plaisir à surveiller l'altercation qui prit place entre

notre chef d'escorte et le Prince. Le premier, heureux de pouvoir terrifier un Mongol impunément par la perspective de la colère du Marèchal Tartare le prit de très haut, et le malheurenx Prince plaida, pria et sanglotta pendant plus d'un quart d'heure, avant que notre centurion consentit à pardonner. Je dois ajonter que ce pardon lui rapporta une somme rondelette.

La misère semble grande sur le territoire de Wangtze. Il nous fut impossible d'y découvrir une farine possible à cuire, et ce ne fut qu'aprés de grands pourparlers que nous obtînmes un mouton. D'áilleurs le terrain se préte peu à la culture, et pas beaucoup plus à l'élevage. Il est essentiellement marécageux par endroits, et dans les immences prairies de près de cinquante kilométres d' étendue qui se déploient devant la demeure, des lacs se forment et disparaissent rapidement, lassant derrière eux un bourbier. Un temple près du palais ne vaut pas la peine d' être mentionnè.

A dix kilométres au sud se trouve la frontiére entre les états de Wangtze et de Uchin. Une petite tente dans les sables en est la seule indication. Quelques formes de huttes sont assez remarquables en cette partie du pays, car les Mongols, n'étant desormais plus nomades, n'ont pas senti la nécessité d élever des tentes de feutres et de piquets de bois laissant toujours plus ou moins passer le vent froid de l'hiver ; ils leur ont préféré la chaumière de terre battue, mais ont donné à cette derniére la forme en pain de sucre de leurs anciennes tentes, afin de pouvoir conserver leurs coutumes centenaires qui se trouveraient bouleverseés dans une salle rectangulaire. Quelques unes des habitudes de politesse des Mongoles valent peut être la peine d' être relateés. Tout d' abord le visiteur qui franchit le seuil de bois formant la partie basse de la porte ne

doit pas poser le pied dessus, sous peine de commettre une grande infraction aux règles du savoir vivre. Il ne doit par davantage se présenter ayant à la main le fouet dont il se sert à cheval, mais doit au contraire le laisser avec l'homme qui tient la bride de son cheval, ou l'attacher à la selle, s'il est seul. Ce serait une grande inconvenance de passer devant l' autel, elevè á l'interieure de la tente dans la direc tion du nord ouest, la porte étant toujours au sud, ou de déposer des fardeaux devant les petites statues de Bouddha qui l' ornent généralement. Un Mongol bien élevé ne secouera jamais les cendres de sa pipe sur celles du foyer qui sert à la cuisine, ou ne tournera pas le dos à l'autel en parlant.

Le 24 aout, avant d 'arriver au temple de Tara lama nous eûmes l' occasion d 'admirer une fois de plus la parfaite stupidité des Mongols et la foi absolue qu'ils ont en leurs lamas. Ayant apercu un cheval attaché par la queue à la porte d' une tente, je demandai pourquoi l 'animal n'était pas, comme ses congénéres, retenu par un licou. La réponse fut la suivante : un vieillard très mala de habitait cette tente, qui, se sentant plus mal, avait fait venir un lama du monasterè de Tara lama et l'avait consulté au sujet de sa guérison. Le lama sans scrupules avait repondu que si le vieux Mongol lui donnait une certaine somme d'argent, et tenait dans ses mains pendant toute une journèe une corde attachèe a la queue d'un cheval sacrè, (le monastére en posséde toujours quelques uns pour d'analogues circonstances), il serait sans ancun doute guéri. De semblables absurdités sont loin d'être infréquentes, et je pourrais en donner un bon nombre d'autres éxemples.

Le monastère de Tara lama qui abrite la vie paisible d'une centaine de prêtres est dans un grand état de délabrement. Le premier des temple qui le

composent est entouré de tentes, toutes sales et dechirèes. Les lamas ne semblent pas doués d"une haute dose d'intelligence. Il est impossible de tirer d'eux le moindre renseignement sur la distance qui nous sépare encore du palais de Uchin. Les uns m' affirment que nous n'en sommes pas distants de cent cinquante lis, les autres soutiennent que quatre cents lis au moins nous restent à parcourir. Pour ajouter à l' indicision gènérale, un marchand ambulant chinois qui cherche à vendre aux prêtres du temple quelques bibelots et en particulier des boites d'allumettes, avance comme certain le nombre de trois cents lis.

Quoiqu il en soit nous nous remettons en marche par une chaleur particulièrément accablante et lourde, si lourde même que quelques uns de nos chameaux, lorsqú ils sout arrivés à dégager la corde qui, passant dans leur nez, les relie á l'animal les prècédant, grattent le sable brulant á l'aide des ongles de leurs pieds, et s'accroupissent sur le terrain plus frais qu ils ont ainsi mis á découvert. Nous traversons une contreé qui a bien le type désertique. Des dunes de sable blanc succédent á d'autres dunes, entrecoupeés ca et lá par un bouquet de tamaris. Les tentes que l'on apercoit d'ailleurs rarement sout entourées de branchages qui les font ressembler à des cases négres. Peu á peu cependant le paysage s'améliore et nous finissons la marche sur un chemin de gazon qui coupe de hautes futaies, et semble parfois traverser un vieux parc abandonné. Ca et lá notre escorte s'arréte pour ceuillir et manger une petite baie blanche sauvage, d'une saveur tres amère, ou ceuillent pour leur repas du soir une herbe dont l'odeur se rapproche malheureusement trop de celle de l'ail.

Cependant tout ce sable est on ne peut plus fatigant pour les chevaux, et, si les chameaux se trouvent là dans

leur élement naturel, nos montures sont épuiseés lorsque nous rencontrons la troupe de Mandarins et de soldats que le roi de Uchin, actuel chef de la confédération des Ordos, a envoyé an devant de nous. Comme il a décidé de nous recevoir de son mieux, il nous attend entouré de ses ministres et des principaux lamas du pays, sous un grand parasol de soie jaune. C'est au monent de notre arrivée une galopade générale, à allure folle, de tous ceux qui nous ont accompagnés, un bruit assourdissant de pétards, suivi de présentations cérémonieuses. Le Prince ensuite nous couduit en personne aux appartements qui nous sont réservés, et peu aprés je lui rends visite, suivant les régles de l'étiquette la plus diplomatique. Il est un personnage peu intéressant, mais j'aí alors l'occasion d'observer le grand lama des Ordos qui m'avait été recommandé comme un homme d'une supérieure intelligence. D'âge moyen, d'apparence corpulente, il posséde un visage agréable et fin. Son chapeau janne est surmonté d'un bouton du même degré et type que celui du Prince, mais il est habillé de pourpre. La population lui témoigne sans aucun doute plus de respect qu à ce dernier. Il habite toujours avec le prince en charge de la confédération, et est le chef incontesté des temples qui sont éparpillés sur toute la surface der Ordos. Tout à fait indépendant de Lhassa et de Kumbum, il entretient avec ces deux cités sacrées des relations assez suivies au moyen de pélérinages qu il organise périodiquement. Comme tous ses pareils il cherche à exagérer son importance et, répondant à une de mes questions, il m'assura avoir sous ses ordres un million de lamas. Il en a bien vingt mille. On le dit très opposé aux Euròpéens, je le crois seulement opposé aux missionnaires qui travaillent directement contre lui. Son intelligence vive est au contraire tourneé vers le

progrés, et il ne gouta pas de repos que je ne lui eus expliqué le fonctionnement du télègraphe, du télèphone, et des chemins de fer, dont il avait entendu parler.

Je résolus le lendemain de notre arrivèe dans le royaume de procéder à une chasse aux antilopes, qui errent à l'entour par troupeaux de trois à cinq cents. Nous reûssimes à abattre trois de ces gracieux animaux. L'un d'eux qui n'était que blessé cria et pleura, comme un être humain le pourrait faire, jusqu'au moment où un de mes hommes lui donna le coup de grâce.

Nour recûmes le même jour deux poneys et un chien en présents, en retour desquels j'offris un petit revolver de nickel qui fit les délices de sa Majeste. Je m'abstins bien entendu d'ajouter des cartouches, de peur que le Prince, dans son éxubérance et sa joie, ne tua quelqu' un de ses suivants ou lui même. Ces poneys étaient fort petits, comme ils le sont tous aux Ordos, mais la perfection de leurs formes, et surtout leur courage et leur endurance en font des animaux remarquables. Il est constant de voir un Mongol charger sur un de ces animaux, qui n'a qú énviron douze mains de hauteur, une selle qui pèse vingt livres, des bagages pour une cinquantaine de livres, puis enfourcher la petite béte, et partir ainsi pour un voyage de trente ou quarante jours à travers des contrées où l'herbe fait souvent défaut.

Je note en passant que je n' ai pu reconnâitre l'éxistence d'un lac porté sur les cartes. Ces cartes imprimeès en Allemagne sout copieés d'après d'anciens documents chinois, souvent fort inéxacts et porteurs de détails erronés. Peut êtrè d'ailleurs le lac éxista it-il, quelques centaines d'annéès auparavant, et disparut comme d'autres disparaitront sous peu.

Quittant ce Prince hospitalier nons nous remîmes en route dans des sables et des plaines de gazon, succédant

les unes aux autres, et sous une chaleur torride que tempèrait seulement un orage survenant réguliérement tousles trois jours, ainsi que je l'ai déja dit. Ces parages sont visités par des animaux féroces et nous relevâmes les traces d'une panthére près du cadavre d'un chameau tuè la veille. En consèquence je donnai à mes hommes l'ordre de bièn veiller sur les animaux pendant la nuit, mais ceux qui connaissent les paysans Chinois ne seront pae étonnés, sì, en faisant ma ronde habituelle vers une heure du matìn, je trouvai mes caravanièrs blottis les uns prés des autres au fond d'une tente, trēmblant de peur. Quoiqù il en soit les panthéres ne donnerènt pas signe de vie, à ma grande déception ; elles doivent cependant être nombreuses en cette région, car en un jour de marche, je comptai plus de dix cadavres de leurs victìmes.

Le 22 aont nous passâmes le long d'un lac salé appelé Reulbadgi-nôr et entrâmes dans une contrée riche en troupeaux et dont les habitants, sujets du roi d'Ottok, se livrent à l'élevage rénumérateur des chameaux.

Avant d' arriver á Ninghia il ne nous restait plus qu 'à visiter le Prince d'Ottok, dout le petit Yamen se blottit sur le flanc d'une colline aride. Ce jeune prince était seulement âgé de huit ans. Son pére et sa mére moururent quatre ans anparavant d'une maladie infectieuse, propablement la petite vérole, qui fait des ravages dans les rangs des Mongols, et le laissérent aux soins du premier ministre. Ce dernier conduisit le petit Prince nons visiter et pour la premièrc fois sans doute on débarbouilla la figure du jeune souverain. Cependant ce nettoyage n'était que sommaire, et une ligne du plus beau noir formait un collier naturel autour de son cou. Je lui fis présent d'une boite à musique, et en retour, il nous donna un magnifique étalon gris rouen, et un pistolet que j'ai pu

conserver à travers bien des difficultés. Il donna également l'ordre à ses soldats de faire l' exercice sous nos yeux et de tirer leurs primitifs fusils. Ce fut un spectacle du plus remarquable grotesque. Le plomb étant trés rare au doux pays d'Ottock, ces vétérans chargèrent leurs armes de guerre avec des petits cailloux, et l'un deux se brula la figure pour avoir négligé l'élémentaire prudence qui consiste à tourner la tête lorsque la poudre prend feu et que le coup part. Où vont les balles, je veux dire les cailloux, personne ne prend la moindre notice. Le premier ministre m'annonça, non sans fierté, que sou mâitre pouvait envoyer sur les champs de battailles six mille soldats d'une semblable valeur, commandés par quatre vingt capitaines à bouton bleu, et quinze genéraux à boutons de corail rose!

Pauvre petit Prince! Il vit seul dans son étroit palais, entouré de livres sacrés que lui enseignent de vieux mâitres édentés. Jamais la moindre distraction, jamais un jeu, jamais un rire. Ses frères eux mêmes ont été éloignes, car il doit être sérieux toute son enfance, croient ses tuteurs, pour apprendre à règner sur quelques milliers de pasteurs perdus daus ce coin de terre!

Bientôt apparurent les sommets de la puissante châine de l'Alashan, qui commence á Ning-hia et va se perdre daus les sables du désert à l'ouest du fleuve Jáune. Encore quelques jours de marche à travers des plaines ondulées d'herbe plus ou moins dessechée et nous arrivâmes en vue de cette cité préfectorale de la province du Kansuh. Non loin de là, passait la grande muraille, le long de la riviere Ara cha gol, et le désert des Ordos finissait au pied de ses ruines.

Nous l'avions traversé sans aucune difficulté, soit de la part des hommes, soit de celle de la nature.

III.—Buried Cities of Alashan.

Having crossed the Great Wall and the river Ara-cha-gol we were no longer in the Ordos, but still had to cover a small distance to reach Ning-hia Above all we still had to cross the Yellow River. Although the day was well advanced, we decided to do our uttermost and to reach that prefecture before nightfall. But we had not allowed for a series of incidents which delayed us. To begin with, we had to wait awhile at the gates of the little town of Hong-tchong-kou. Although very dismal to look at and seeming practically deserted, it still gloried in the presence of three or four Mandarins. The circuit of its walls was nearly empty, the old inhabitants had all emigrated in the hope of finding more fertile lands, but the force of custom is so strong in China, that a sub-prefect of the third grade was still kept there by the Government. An excellent man was this sub-prefect. He offered us delicious peaches grown in Kansuh, and seemed very anxious to see us start again for Ning-hia. He no doubt had no desire to disburse the few *sapeques* that a halt for the night on our part would have cost him. He insisted on accompanying us to the boat which he had prepared for us on hearing of our arrival, and I must admit that I never saw a Mandarin exert himself to such an extent. He ran in all directions, shouting and gesticulating, giving such preposterous orders that it took us more than an hour to put on board the little luggage that we wished to have with us on reaching Ning-hia. The over-tired camels were to follow on the next day. The crossing of the river presented no difficulty, but the landing on a strip of slippery mud caused a few harmless tumbles, and as I was ordering my men to start at once, we observed that the soldiers given us by the

sub-prefect to act as a guide had deserted, taking advantage of the gathering darkness. This occurrence was exceedingly disagreeable. From our starting point a great number of roads branched off in all directions. We could not guess as to which would lead us quickest to our goal, and I had to trust to chance to direct our steps. Chance proved no friend to the weary traveller, for it was nearly 2 o'clock in the morning when we reached the wooden shutters pierced with huge nails which formed the gates of the great town. We were very tired, having travelled since 6 o'clock on the previous morning, and our mounts shook on their exhausted legs. Following track after track we had covered a long way from the Yellow River in the dark, badly received at the few houses of the rustics from whom we enquired the way. The traveller who knocks at a door at unreasonable hours is naturally taken for an evil-doer, and is more likely to be bitten by a raging watch dog than to gather any useful directions. Even on reaching the city gates our bad luck was not over. Probably stupefied with opium the guardians of this noble citadel slept a sleep that the most alarming shouts and piercing cries could not disturb. At last, after waiting nearly half an hour a night watchman came to find out the cause of this extraordinary disturbance, and without answering his question, as soon as he opened the door, we burst into the town like a whirlwind. The rest of the night we spent in a disgusting hotel, thickly peopled with undesirable inhabitants. Our first care on the following morning was to establish ourselves in the inn reserved for touring Mandarins. The prefect sent some of his satellites to hang up lanterns made of red cloth over our door and we set out to inspect the town. It is only moderately interesting. Having reached the

terrace of an old temple which rises in the heart of this ancient city, we discovered that misery and ruin held undisputed sway everywhere. Hardly a quarter of the whole enclosure is inhabited. The rest is given up to swamps, heaps of verdure, and waste land. However, some remaining ruins here and there point to greater prosperity in the past. Opium has largely killed this city, all of whose inhabitants indulge in this drug, and when once this awful vice has thoroughly mastered a Chinaman, he sells all he has,—his land, his wives and children, the roof, doors and windows of his house, in summer nearly all his clothing, and dies of cold in winter, stripped and naked in the street. Commerce has consequently diminished considerably. Now-a-days nearly all that the Mongols buy comes from Koei-Hoatchang and Pao-tu, a very commercial city on the Yellow River to the west and about 180 miles from the Blue Town. While at Pao-tu the chief firms are worth 100,000 taels, those of Ning-hia do not reach in value the sum of 20,000. Ning-hia practically exists on their corn trade, wool, camels' hair and the manufacture of excellent carpets of all hues and sizes, from a saddle cloth to the covering of the largest Krang. The dues paid by the boats that carry from Kansuh to Koei-Hoatchang the produce of this great province bring in a large and valuable profit to the Mandarins, but very little to the general population.

Having left the old temple behind us and crossed the relics of fortifications which lie in the centre of the city, we went towards two very high towers in excellent preservation, which are the only monuments really worthy of attention. They are about 125 feet high and have seven stories. It is absolutely forbidden to climb the stairs within, since the day when a merchant, having

mounted to the top storey, threw himself down and dashed out his brains. Never having succumbed to the fascination of climbing stairs several hundred steps high we did not insist upon admission. But the view from the top of these towers should be very fine, for it must command the plains of the Ordos, the great ribband of the Yellow River, and the mountains of Alashan. These mountains rise on the west and north-west not far from Ning-hia. Their highest altitude is only 10,500 feet, but I doubt if there is anywhere a mountain chain more bare, uncultivated, and wild. I shall speak of this again later on. Having returned to the inn we presided at a distribution of small gifts for the recompense of the Chinese and Mongol Mandarins who had accompanied us across the Ordos. The presents, which consisted chiefly of pieces of silk, saddles, pipes, and snuff boxes, were received by the Chinese with expressions of the liveliest gratitude. But not so by the Mongol Mandarins. Being very poor the highest do not blush to accept small pieces of money, and my gifts in kind did not seem to please them. I acted however as though I did not understand the mimic farce of their troubled faces, and I dismissed the whole crowd with a few words of good-will. I learnt later that the Mongols promptly resorted to the nearest shops and sold for a quarter of their value the presents they had received. With the proceeds of the sale they proceeded to buy Chinese brandy and became so intoxicated that they could not start on their homeward way for two or three days. When a Mongol gets the chance of eating his fill at some one else's expense he can take in more nourishment than a member of any other race. During the two days that I entertained the King of Ottock's troops at Ning-hia they ate 60 pounds of flour, without counting

other ingredients, being only eight men in all. Poor fellows, after all I don't blame them, for they often spend days practically fasting. Towards evening the Chenjtai, or commander-in-chief of the district, came to visit us. This exalted officer had not been with us more than five minutes, drinking the cup of tea with which, according to etiquette, I had at once supplied him, than I perceived that he was particularly uncomfortable. His manners were constrained and his politeness forced. I questioned him closely, anxious to discover the reason of his strange behaviour, and soon found that he had diverse disagreeable affairs and complications on his mind, which had recently arisen between the authorities and the Christian Missions of San-tao-ho and the neighbourhood. He told me a series of more or less unlikely stories, but amongst them some facts which seemed unluckily only too probable. The most recent disorder was due to concessions of land, and blood had been shed. I do not intend at present to enlarge upon the subject of missionaries and missions, of their methods of work, of the good and the evil which they bring about, but I will merely state that their custom of setting up and establishing colonies of Christian peasants and trying to withdraw them more or less from the control of their natural governors, however vicious the latter may be, is one of the reasons which make a good understanding impossible between the Missionaries and the Mandarins. Soon after this description of the situation the Chenjtai rose and went off to smoke a large number of pipes of opium in his dilapidated palace. Several other important people also came to see us, but all seemed more or less inimical and averse to us, and realising that we could expect no good from them we decided to lose no time in leaving Ning-hia.

Our way lay northward and followed at a greater or less distance the course of the Yellow River. The road was dusty, flat, and dull. As our animals were still tired after crossing the Ordos, we moved only slowly through a monotonous country ; on all sides were flourishing crops, for the plain is alluvial, formed by the river, and exceedingly fertile. The cottages, as usual, were made of mud without any taste or ornament. Here and there popular superstition had erected a small temple to the genii of all kinds, which the imagination of that childish people has created. These pagodas are generally crumbling to ruin and keep only some strips of painting, constantly rain-washed, as evidence of their former glories. The irrigation of the fields was well devised and the channels had been dug with a genuine knowledge of the requirements of cultivation.

We went slowly through some small villages where our presence excited public curiosity, and we stopped for the night at an inn where a strong smell of opium prevailed in spite of our care in opening both doors and windows. The following morning the cold was intense as compared with the day before, with a cutting north wind blowing from the already ice-covered plain of the upper Gobi. Our march was consequently a trying one and we were glad to reach Ping-lo and to fall upon a hot meal offered us by an obliging shopkeeper who gave us hospitality for some hours. Ping-lo has been a flourishing city, but here, as in all northern China, half the town is in ruins. Everywhere it is the same true and sorrowful story of a nation that has ruined itself by its vices and stagnation. Travelling as fast as the condition of our steeds would allow, we succeeded in reaching the mission of Hia-hin-tze before night. The road, fairly good to start with, became more

difficult as we advanced along the great canal which was dug by the Jesuits before their great exodus from China more than two centuries ago. This canal was made with great skill, for after this long lapse of time the water which still flows along it has done very little damage to its banks. It distributes its fertilizing fluid over regions which but for it would be almost wholly barren, being a little above the level of the inundations of the river. Having left the canal the road became very bad. As the river had flooded the high road we had to turn off across wheat fields, often flooded as well. We used the hedges between the fields and the tracks trodden by the cattle. The result of all these inconveniences was that we reached Hia-hin-tze very late in the evening. The scenery before us at dawn next morning was both depressing and strange, but one not easily forgotten. On three sides a sheet of water poured out by the Yellow River stretched calm and mighty. It had covered the fields, overthrown the houses, flooded the roads, and, to put it shortly, arrested all life. On its waters, hardly stirred by a light wind, flotsam of all kinds was to be seen, a testimony to the wretchedness of the inhabitants, driven from their homes by the pitiless flood. Here were the beams of a roof, there a coffin. The current, in some places fairly swift, especially where it had burst the river banks, had been strong enough to detach several of these funereal objects from their resting places, and those that had not been entirely submerged floated half rotting on the surface, sometimes containing the relics of skeletons. The custom of the poor Chinese of leaving coffins upon the fields, without even covering them with earth, leaves them open to these mischances. In some places where the level of the flood had begun to sink, amid fragments of wood and rags of cloth, one struck

one's foot against a bleached skull half full of water. On the chief road leading to the main entrance of the mission and a little to the right rose a funereal structure several feet high made of a rope fixed to two stakes of wood. Cases, with bars far apart, ten in number, swung from this rope in the wind, and held no less than ten heads of executed criminals. Some months before Hia-hint-tze had been the scene of a tragic murder of missionaries under the following circumstances. During the trouble of 1900 the wives of some Christian Chinese had been seized and sold in all directions. Several of them had been bought by Mussalmans, who are numerous and powerful in this district. The missionaries, eagerly seeking for these women wherever they were to be found and rescuing them without paying the indemnity demanded by their actual husbands, had raised against themselves lively feelings of hatred and revenge. A coalition was formed which resulted in a plot and the consequent slaughter of two Belgian priests. The Mandarins on hearing of this had arrested a certain number of supposed criminals and had beheaded them. To make the punishment better known and to produce a greater effect upon the people, they had suspended these hideous trophies close to the scene of this crime, and, moreover, as the Mussalmans were far from being pacified and the agitation continued, they had stationed at Hia-hin-tze a small picket of soldiers with instructions to keep order. These gentlemen spent their time in smoking opium and in plundering the surrounding peasantry, and if fresh trouble breaks out in this spot I shall be surprised if these soldiers do not take the lead in any crime that may be committed.

Having enjoyed the kind hospitality offered us for three days we resumed our journey to San-tao-ho,

the most important of the Christian colonies established in Mongolia and which I was very anxious to see. To do so, San-tao-ho being some hundreds of miles down the Yellow River to the north, we had only to follow the banks of the river. However, this course though simple did not attract us, for not far from Hia-hin-tze great sandbanks come down to the level of the water, and being very loose, make a march over them very difficult. On the suggestion of a native we decided to make for Tsi-choui-tze, close to, and to hire a boat there, and go down the swift current to our destination. No sooner decided than done. In the little town of Tsi-choui-tze, which we reached at 5 P.M., having been long delayed on our road by diverse sections of the flood and by the slippery mud left behind by the receding waters, we did not linger. It is only a tiny village and but for the constant passage of boats would not even exist. The boat which had been reserved for us was about 30 feet long and something like ten feet broad. It was flat bottomed and square prowed, divided into three compartments by wooden screens. In the middle compartment a kind of hut of matting had been constructed in which we settled ourselves very comfortably, delighted to drift lazily down the stream and to avoid a ride of several miles on horseback with the north wind blowing in our faces. We did not leave that night, the darkness being too dense, but the master of the boat, a suspicious looking Mussalman, wearing the little white cap peculiar to his race, assured us that he would start down stream at daybreak next morning. On waking we found that he had kept his word. We were gliding rapidly on the muddy waters between the wide banks of the river. The appearance of the country was constantly changing. First bare and naked rocks, then bushes of

tamarisk, then sandhills shining in the sun. The boat went down the current almost as fast as the stream and I calculated our pace at about eight miles an hour when the banks drew together and at about five when they opened out again. Nothing could be more pleasant than this rapid and peaceful motion without dust or friction. After many months this journey is one of the most agreeable recollections. The country that we were slipping through was lighted up by a warm sun and the creaking of the long piece of wood acting as a rudder was the only noise that reached our ears.

From time to time we passed a barge weighed down in the water, its speed checked by its heavy load, or we met an empty boat returning from Pao-tu painfully towed along the banks by the boatmen. From Tsi-choui-tze, where we had embarked, to Pao-tu, the hire of a boat is 50 *taels* and a boat carries 30 *tins* of merchandise, or 9,000lbs. in Chinese measure. A boat accomplishes the journey of 300 miles in six or seven days, but to get up stream again and return to its starting point it requires three or four weeks according to the energy of its crew. A large number of boats ply upon this river. Between the two points that I have named, and between which I could gather statistics, no less than 5,000 boats ply their trade. A service of steam tugs to tow them to and fro and reduce the trip from thirty-five days to six would meet with certain success and would unquestionably fill the pockets of its shareholders. The river is nowhere too swift to be gone up or too shallow for the boats. Our crew repeatedly assured me that the river was at least five deep all over its course from bank to bank. That depth is ample. There are certainly constantly shifting sandbanks, but it is the business of the pilots to locate their positions daily and to avoid them.

On the afternoon of this restful and charming day, while we were gliding along the range of mountains called Arbas-ulan, about five thousand feet in height, the most important elevation on the Ordos plateau, I suddenly sighted an antelope drinking in fancied security and betraying no excitement at our passing. In the hope of getting a good shot I gave orders to draw near the bank and set about getting possession of the precious game. I soon saw that it had left the water and was browsing on the tough grass. I fired, the animal gave a leap, trotted a few yards, and stopped. I had obviously missed it, and expected to see it disappear at full speed, but to my great surprise it did not move. With a grateful uplifting of my heart I aimed at it again, and brought it down. However, I was covered with confusion and horror on discovering when I reached it that the graceful animal's neck was decked with the prayer-slips and bits of red cloth with which the superstitious Mongols dedicate all sorts of beasts to the gods, and was in fact a tame one! Not far away towards the mountains I was soon aware of two tents, and of a still more disagreeable sight, namely, some half dozen Mongols running up gesticulating wildly. With the help of two boatmen who had followed me, I tried in all haste to carry the antelope to the boat. But the Mongols were too fast for us, they cut across our path and began to insult and threaten us. To calm them I offered them an ingot of silver, but that was not enough for them. They demanded a sum which it would have been quite absurd to pay. Handing them five taels, about three times the value of the antelope at Ning-hia, I made for the boat and got on board safely with my booty, which proved afterwards to be very tender and tasty.

In the evening we stopped at the village of Tong-ku on the bank of the river for the boats never continue their journey at night. This is a little *point perdu* half buried in sand which the wind piles up in mounds for some distance, and which owes it relative importance only to the salt trade.

After a peaceful night we continued our journey through country very like that which we had seen on the day before. On the left bank were numerous tamarisks and sandhills, on the right bank sand and dry mud. Towards 3 o'clock in the afternoon we came in sight of San-tao-ho, and having found with some difficulty a convenient landing place, we were heartily welcomed by Monseigneur Bermyn, Vicar Apostolic of the Ordos and of Western Mongolia. As I have said before San-tao-ho is one of the largest Christian colonies to be met with and one of the most flourishing. Thousands of peasants live around it, and though I do not approve of the principles by which they have been collected, yet I must admire the hard work and the perseverance displayed by the missionaries who have erected such an establishment.

Here, as everywhere, at the same season of the year, the flood had done great damage. The disaster now extended so far that most of the crops were destroyed and the cultivators were compelled to live on little and to look to the Mission as a nursing mother. San-toa-ho, properly speaking, comprises a fairly large quadrangular circuit of walls built of mud mixed with straw, supporting a raised walk. These walls offer a good resistance to bullets and common balls. My own experience enables me to state that a Mannlicher rifle bullet fired from twenty yards off does not penetrate them further than six inches. Their greatest enemy is the water

from the floods which washes their base and dislodges, little by little, the material of which they are built.

Inside, the church, the residence, a large garden, and a small village are side by side. Also the dwellings of the missionaries, who had given us one of their best rooms, are comfortable. What gave us the keenest pleasure were the vegetable garden and the park with its large and fine trees. Such splendour surpasses the expectation of the traveller who has just crossed the Ordos and pauses for a moment at the entrance to the terrible desert of Alashan.

San-toa-ho has a history of its own which it would take a long time to record in detail. I will only say that during the troubles of 1900, instead of running away and leaving their Christians in the moment of danger, after giving them many fine promises in times of peace, as certain misguided missionaries did, the missionaries of San-toa-ho undertook a fine defence which was rewarded by the flight of the Boxers and the safety of their converts.

Around San-toa-ho there are numerous Christians cultivating the lands conceded to them and living happily enough together. When there is any dispute or any cause for the intervention of authority it is referred to the bishop who maintains a constant court of appeal. The worse side of this system is that the Christians consider their missionaries morally bound to support them under all circumstances whether they are right or wrong. In case of famine, instead of looking for work or relying on their own industry for their food, they have recourse to the ever open purse. Under these conditions to be a Christian is to be practically certain of support. It is not to be wondered at that many find in a change of religion a provision for daily bread.

The authorities are apparently very ill-disposed towards San-tao-ho. I had proofs of that at Ning-hia. Here I gained more. Pamphlets, hostile to Europeans, have been posted up close to. In fact San-tao-ho is perpetually at war with all the neighbouring authorities. The actions of the Tartar Marshal do not make for peace, when he takes back from the actual tenants the lands yielded on bail by the Mongols. In doing this he acts in the name of Pekin, but by offering no reasonable compensation he unduly irritates the people. Bands of brigands scour the country and are largely composed of dispossessed persons. One frequently hears of murders committed upon the official envoys or their troops. The authority of the Tartar Marshal does not seem to be worth much here.

I mention all these little facts to give the reader as exact an idea as possible of what is going on away from the great centres. At Pekin the pass word is "Set fair," in the interior it is otherwise. Jealousy, lying, treason and murder occur daily, whether between Christians and Chinese or among the Chinese themselves. It has always been so; it will be so for years yet wherever the influence of Japan does not extend. We hear on all sides that China is changing. China has not changed. It is only her Government that is trying to change. In certain directions it may succeed, but a long number of years that no one can calculate must pass before the hundreds of millions of Chinese peasants shall awake from the senseless lethargy of their daily life.

I decided to leave our hospitable shelter for some days to push on a little into the north of Alashan. I wished to visit the old buried cities which used to flourish on the banks now deserted by the Yellow River. The river has

often changed its course, being constantly diverted by the sands of the desert. I also intended to visit on my way from the south the temple of Aque-miao at which the Russian explorer Obrotcheff spent some time on his way from the north-west.

My caravan was made up of camels. I had bought some new ones, and had no idea of taking any other animals into a country largely composed of loose sand.

An amusing incident marked the beginning of our march. One camel, awkward as they all are, managed to tumble into a ditch of thick mud between the road and a wheat field. When once fallen a camel can only get up again if it can arrange its large feet conveniently under it and if the ground is nearly flat. In this case it was not so. And the animal lay with all four feet in the air, perfectly resigned, and incapable of a single movement to help itself. To draw it out took more than half an hour and required the united efforts of many men with cords passed under the camel's back.

Having marched thirty-five *lis*, say eleven miles, to the north of San-tao-ho across the fields of the Christians we turned certainly westward, and at once it was a change of scene. When we had crossed two or three sandhills we were in open desert. We followed a faint path made by caravans of camels which had gone before us, and that evening we halted on the edge of a well with no margin, imperceptible from ten yards away.

The following morning we started early and did thirteen miles in the same direction before breakfast. As all this country is simply a desert with very few wells dug by caravan drivers, we did not find any water to drink and started again at once. Towards evening we reached the bank of one of the old beds of the Yellow River. The wind has made enormous fissures

in the bank and all the neighbourhood has suffered from this erosion. Not far away there is a well sheltered by two sandhills which could not be found without a skilled guide, such as the Mongol Norbo whom we had brought with us. The mountains were covered by clouds, all the sandhills were alike, and yet this son of the desert did not hesitate for a moment about the actual position of the well which he had only visited himself once before.

On the 16th September we only travelled a short distance towards the south-west, but we reached a particularly interesting point of the desert. Amid the bare and wild expanse were more than three hundred tombs, half sunk in the alluvial ground, some covered with sand, some gaping, others perfectly intact. These are the most striking and impressive traces of a former considerable civilisation which we were the first to look upon after a lapse of time impossible to calculate accurately, during which they have been lost to the knowledge of men.

These tombs are from three to four yards long and, as a rule, a yard and a half wide. They are generally two together and round each of these pairs the old lines of the ditches which surrounded them can be traced. This is the usual Chinese procedure in the case of the tombs of rich persons. A ditch or a low wall divides them from the neighbouring field. Their summits are in the shape of a dome; the space which they occupy is rectangular. They are built of large and heavy bricks, grey in colour, occasionally red, and about a foot square. Some of these bricks have been reduced to powder by the wind and the sand, but some are still perfectly intact and they are certainly the heaviest and strongest bricks that I have ever seen.

I had decided to extract from these tombs all the information I could, and I ordered my men to attack one of the best preserved with a pickaxe. I had some trouble in getting this done, for to a Chinaman the violation of a tomb is a serious matter, and he fully believes in his superstition that such an act will cast an evil spell over the rest of his life.

However, after some time they had to obey and the pickaxe resounded on these old bricks which offered a great resistance. Having removed the upper part of the tomb we found a piece of exceedingly hard ground exactly filling the interior. My men dug a kind of well five or six feet deep and from this depth the spade brought up a large quantity of broken wood. This wood, which seemed to me to be poplar, must have been very ancient. The fragments were, moreover, scattered and separated by layers of earth. I was quite unable to find bones or any other object. Leaving my men to cook their dinner I went down myself into the hole that they had dug to examine the ground more closely. It was alluvial ground which did not seem to have been placed here by human hand, for every three or four millimetres an unbroken horizontal line ran across the deposit. This alluvial earth seemed to have penetrated the tomb and settled there long after the construction of the monument.

Not far from the tombs and spread in great abundance over the ground were small fragments of pottery. Having found only the remains of ancient coffins inside the tombs I set myself to search carefully in the places where I found this pottery, and was lucky enough to find some old coins, ancient *sapeques*, arrow heads in flint, and the handle of a kind of spoon. Amongst all these fragments I selected several broken pieces of pottery

which had formerly been part of vases and basins, the design on which was specially remarkable. I found also marbles in earthenware, such as children play with, a whetstone for sharpening knives, and various objects more or less broken up of which I could not determine the origin or the use.

Continuing my investigation I came to an old brick furnace entirely demolished. Was it, that which the builders of the tombs used to make the magnificent bricks that I had admired? I could not be sure, but it was likely enough. Then again the ground was covered with pottery broken almost to dust. I could not understand how it had become reduced to such tiny fragments. How did it happen that they were hardly covered with earth and seemed to have lain there only a few weeks? Probably the wind had recently displaced the sand which covered them. However, night came on, and I had to postpone my researches till the next day.

At dawn on the 17th September I began again to examine the traces of this vanished life. On the west, amid fairly high sandhills, I found a great number of human bones. Having examined them carefully I discovered that they were not of great antiquity and were only the skeletons of Mongols abandoned in this deserted spot according to their custom by their relations after death.

As a more prolonged search did not seem likely to bring any new results we marched back towards the well which we had left on the evening before, to the great pleasure of our horses, who had had nothing to drink for more than twenty-four hours. There is not a drop of water or a patch of good grass in all this place.

The night of the 18th September was very cold, 24° Fahr. We suffered from it only less than our people, who, believing that winter would not set in so soon, were still wearing their light summer clothing. They spent the night in feeding a great fire with dry brushwood, and did not sleep at all, so that they were ready to make an early start.

Moving northward again, through a desolate and dreary desert, we made for some ruins, the exact situation of which our guide Norbo said that he knew, which the Mongols who venture into these regions in pursuit of a strayed camel call Poro-hoto or grey town.

Having journeyed for twenty miles and crossed an old bed of the Yellow River, we stopped in a kind of funnel formed by the wind, between three high sandhills which sheltered us from the cold wind. The camels began to eat some brushwood round about. All was silent and still.

The ruined city was not far from our camp and we went there the next morning accompanied by ten men carrying pickaxes and spades.

The circuit of this city is a rectangle with four gates, and in one of the angles there was clearly a citadel, behind which there were two temples. On the ground are remains of tiles from the roof and many pieces of iron and lead which seemed to have melted in a great fire. I began to dig here ; the men worked willingly, for this time we were not profaning a tomb. My disappointment grew with the size of the hole that we made. The spade brought up nothing but fragments like those upon the surface,—bits of iron, lead, or leather and pieces of coloured tiles. I had another opening made a little further on. The result was the same, except that we found a coin such as we had found two days before in

the tomb. I gave up therefore the site of the temples and we went round the circuit of the city. Large stones without cement unquestionably mark the site of the *yamen* built against the northern wall and facing south, in front of the chief gate. These stones were foundations of the different buildings, and from them the fallen rooms can be reconstructed ; on all sides there were many coloured tiles that had crumbled away and fragments that seemed to have been wantonly broken.

As we were finishing this identification a Mongol appeared in a breach of the circuit wall and politely inquired the object of our visit. When satisfied on this matter he told us that no Mongol in Alashan knows the true origin and history of Poro-hoto. Long before our visit the shepherds and camel drivers, who happened to pass close to the site, had searched carefully and taken all the coins and small objects which they found on the surface of the ground. He assured us that not far from our camp there were more tombs, and according to legends the bones inside them were much larger and heavier than those of the men of to-day. Having thanked this good Mongol, who lived in a poor little tent some miles to the north and made a living by rearing some thin camels, we made for the site of the tombs of which he had spoken. They were like those which we had examined two days before, but in a better state of preservation. I managed to unearth a thighbone, but its length was quite normal and it did not seem very ancient.

Towards 6 o'clock in the evening, after having sent our guide Norbo to buy provisions from a Mongol tent, we began our march towards a well which the Mongol had told us was not far away and which I hoped to find myself. Far away or not, I could not find it,

and after having wandered till 10 o'clock without a guide and following constantly crossing trails of camels, I finally ordered a halt in a little valley between the sandhills which had the advantage of being covered with brushwood. From this we could make a fire, and that was something. We had not a drop of water, and after a day spent in pretty severe exertion in the ruins of Porohoto, not having had anything to drink since morning, we were very thirsty. So keen was our need for water that we could not eat some rapidly roasted meat which would only have increased our thirst.

We lay down to sleep, after having heard the complaints of the men in the caravan. Whenever anything disagreeable happens these gentlemen, who are accustomed to very little, are loudest in their lamentations.

On the 20th September the sun had hardly risen when we set out in the hope of quenching our thirst as soon as possible. Under the friendly light of day I could follow the wide road without losing it, and having at last found a trail made by caravan camels and not wandering animals, I knew that we should soon find a well. As we advanced the sandhills became higher and broader, and there were very few traces of vegetation. We moved fast, and the mountains which sheltered Aque-miao drew nearer to us. Suddenly from the top of a sandhill we saw two or three hundred camels driven by some Mongol girls making for a point not far on our left. Accordingly we changed our course a little and came to a well where these girls were watering the camels, which are brought up in freedom in the district, as their duty is on certain days. These girls were about sixteen or seventeen years old, and had smiling faces clouded for a moment by the surprise caused by our arrival. They did not seem frightened

by the camels which crowded around them, biting and rearing in the hope of getting the first drink. From time to time they struck them on the nose with a bit of rope and went on quietly drawing water in a wooden cane bucket, as closely made as possible, but which allowed a great part of the precious liquid to escape on the way. Having asked them for a little water, they amiably offered us the bucket out of which a camel had just drunk, and were greatly astonished at our insisting upon a more appetising draught.

We made a short halt near this well and ate a light meal quickly cooked on a fire easily fed with camel dung.

As we were setting out again, Norbo appeared, bringing the necessary provisions. He had spent all the night, he said, looking for us, terrified by the thought that we might be lost.

I knew the Mongol well enough to be aware that all his explanations were a mere matter of politeness. Norbo had spent an excellent night not far from the well where he had rejoined us, after an excellent dinner, the proof of which was a considerable breach in the provisions which he had brought.

We were not far from the lamaserie of Aque-miao which we intended to visit. To get there we had only to cross the little strip of sandy desert four or five miles across which still lay between us and the Chara-narin ulan mountains.

Towards noon we reached these mountains. They are not very high and are absolutely barren. Their naked sides rise above the desert like a great deep coloured wall, sometimes blue, sometimes yellow, or white or pink. At the foot of them, here and there, a spring or a well gives water for the caravans coming

from Kansuh through Rapalaraitze and going to Pao-tu or to Ourga. Small temples have been built in these places and the lamas live on the tolls of the caravan drivers.

Before entering the pass of Aque, named from the temple inside it, I noticed a little to the right a high and broad fissure which is called the pass of the Kalchas ; through that in 1900 escaped many missionaries, avoiding the danger which they thought was imminent in Kansuh. This was also the road taken by one of the envoys sent by the King of Belgium into Kansuh in the hope of securing mining concessions. The name of the pass of Kalchas, given it by the caravan drivers, is justified by the fact that it leads to the country of the Kalcha Mongols who live in the north of Gobi not far from Ourga.

The gorge which we had entered contained some picturesque bits, in spite, or perhaps because, of their extreme wildness. All along the river bed, which was dry, were successions of cairns, covered with small stones set up by the pious superstition of Mongol pilgrims who believe that this homage will please the gods.

As we went up, the ravine became extremely narrow, and left us just room to pass ; then suddenly it opened into a circle surrounded by hills. In this circle were the terraced Temples of Aque miao. We reached them at 2 P.M.

The lamas had not had many European visitors, and they seemed to look upon the approach of our modest caravan with some fear. In 1900 they caused the plunder and death of Christians of San-tao-ho and the neigbouring mission, by working upon the excited feelings of the people and preaching a holy war. They knew that we came from San-tao-ho and dreaded

reprisals. They led us trembling towards the great tent adorned with festal cushions of yellow tapestry and pitched in a court, while the caravan drivers went to another tent, rather larger but quite plain.

The usual courtesies took place, tea was poured out and drunk, and little by little I reassured them about my visit. I only wanted to see their temples which had been described to me as very interesting, and having done that I should leave the next day. The latter portion of my speech seemed to give them peculiar pleasure, and at my request they prepared to act as guides to us.

Aque-miao was not like any of the lamaseries which we had seen. Its site is extremely wild, a little plain formed by the meeting of the valleys which open upon it, surrounded by pointed and almost inaccessible rocks, which keep the sun from it nearly all day. The temples have only one storey, they are white with square windows, painted red, and they have terraces. A great cairn rises in front of them and the annual fair or market is held around it. The houses of the Buddhist priests cling here and there to the sides of the rocks, and one has to reach them by such difficult paths, that having once arrived safely one has no great desire to go down again.

However the most curious sights of Aque-miao are not all contained in its position, but more especially in a temple built in a grotto half way up the hill and in an underground passage of which the Mongol speak with the greatest veneration.

To reach the chief temple we climbed a pretty steep stair which brought us out three hundred feet above the other temples. A painted wooden railing ran all the way up, and here and there, but very close together, are fixed small praying wheels, so that while going up to the

temple the lamas may reap a large harvest of merit. It seems to me that the feat of climbing this slippery stair, which must be impassable after a fall of snow, several times a day, is already sufficiently meritorious. When we reached the gates of the temple we had to wait some time for the porter in charge of the keys was very old and had great difficulty in climbing. When the heavy gates were opened we made our way into a natural cave which has been utilised by the lamas and transformed into a hall of worship. It does not contain any large or remarkable statues, but there are in it a great number of silk rags, banners, and wax candles. The hall was cold and damp and a strong smell of grease made a longer stay unpleasant to the nostrils of a European.

When we had come down again from this eyrie I asked our guide, a very respectable lama, to judge by his girth, to take us at once to the grotto. He promised to go and fetch the key, but returned no more. I had a search made for him, but he was not to be found. As to the other lamas, when questioned, they professed a complete ignorance as to the living place of our guide and affirmed that he alone could open the grotto. Clearly the lamas had no desire to see us profane this sacred place, but as it formed part of my plan of inspection, I sent to the chief lama to say that I should remain at Aque-miao, at his expense, until I had seen this famous grotto. This threat produced an excellent effect. Our guide reappeared, and without giving any excuse for his conduct, begged us to follow him. We went back about three-quarters of a mile along the road which we had trodden in the morning, and the lama invited us to scramble along the rocky rampart. At first sight it seemed to us impossible to venture upon those slippery stones in fur boots. I sent one of my men in front, but

he soon came back saying that there was a narrow path. So we began to climb. In places the rock was so slippery that the help of my bare-footed men was most useful. This climb is really dangerous, a single slip and we should have fallen into an abyss of some hundred feet.

At last we arrived safely at the entry of the grotto, and entered it through a little low wooden door, quite plain. There was thick darkness within. Some tallow candles burning before the little gilded figures hardly gave us light enough to guide our steps. The floor was very uneven, and the ceiling varied in height, with the disagreeable result that we were constantly knocking our heads against it. The pilgrims are obliged to crawl into a little hole three feet square in the middle of the passage to reach the furthest hall. The general effect is certainly strange, but not nearly so remarkable as I had hoped. On coming out we both gave a cry of surprise. We were red, absolutely red, in face, hands and clothes! The walls of the grotto were of red ochre, which comes off at the least touch and we had taken no precautions. We did our best to rid ourselves of this colouring, a little too gaudy for our taste, and our efforts seemed to give much pleasure to the lamas who were with us.

Just as we began to come down I noticed on one side a little above the entrance to the grotto a four-wheeled chariot resting on a small platform. The presence of this unexpected vehicle is thus explained. Sometime ago, the lamas of Ourga sent a statue of Buddha, with a caravan of pilgrims, in homage to Aque-miao. This statue was brought from the south of Siberia to Alashan on the chariot which we had seen, and the chariot had been sanctified by its burden. The statue is in the grotto and the chariot outside. It is built so that the front wheels are not independent of the back

wheels, which must prove inconvenient in turning. It seemed well preserved.

I wondered how it had been possible to drag such a heavy burden along the slippery rock, worn by the feet of lamas and pilgrims. It is but another proof that superstition is one of the most potent levers in the world.

Before leaving Aque-miao on the 21st September we had an excellent meal, owing to the great number of red partridges which lived amongst the neighbouring rock. The lamas were very much scandalized at hearing the echo of shots in so sacred a place, but my fear of offending them gave way before my desire for a good dish. As it is contrary to their rules to kill anything living or to shed blood, the game, which has never been disturbed, is not at all wild. I was told that wild goats often come to drink at the monastery wells. I could not verify this, but it seems to me that if it is so, the goats should be called tame and not wild.

Our return to San-tao-ho was marked by one unimportant incident. Three of the camels, no doubt thinking that they had had too little to eat during the week escaped one night, while their drivers, according to their custom, were fast asleep instead of watching.

The country was without variety, a vast alluvial plain crossed by ridges of sand occasionally lofty, and often crumbling, which made our advance difficult. With regard to this portion of the Alashan desert it is well to note these points. The sand is chiefly collected at the two ends, which touch the mountains and the river. At these points the altitude of the sand is considerable, while in the centre there is little sand, but loes and clay. On the other hand I could not fix the general current of the wind in this district. The sandhills face in every direction, and change very rapidly. I myself observed

on 17th September, that the strong wind which was then blowing in less than two hours described a complete circle of 360°. Rain falls seldom in the centre of this desert, and the twisted shape of the loes, now like an old tower, now hollowed into deep ravines, or built up in pyramids, must be due to aeolian erosion, powerfully aided by the sand moved by the wind.

After some days spent in pleasant idleness at San-tao-ho we resumed our march towards the capital of the King of Alashan by a road which no European had ever taken, crossing another part of the desert of Alashan.

My staff had undergone more changes. Since our Annamite cook had not been able to break himself of his drunken habits, but on the contrary had developed them to the extent of absorbing two quarts of Chinese brandy daily and was quite incapable of working, I decided to give him enough money to take him back to Pekin. I have never heard of him since, and I doubt as to his whereabouts, for he would certainly have drunk his journey money in a very short time. But what could I do? He had really become a nuisance and had to be suppressed.

Henceforth all our servants and camel drivers, six in number, were men from San-tao-ho, four Chinese and two Mongols. These latter had charge of the nine camels, which with eight horses formed the caravan.

Is it advantageous or otherwise to have Christian servants when travelling in China? I should answer the question in the negative. The fact is that Christians, accustomed to being constantly helped and pampered by their missionaries, consider themselves specially unlucky unless they always receive the same amiable and confidential treatment. But the chief of a caravan must keep his men at a distance and make himself respected, and

this is impossible in dealing with Chinese Christians, who become insolently familiar and discuss their orders as soon as they cease to grovel. After a few days they are discontened, and constantly threaten to report to their missionaries the cavalier treatment which they are receiving. With this nation above all others fear is the beginning of wisdom. I should always recommend travellers to take with them heathen Chinese, not opium smokers, if possible to pay them liberally, and to punish them mercilessly for the least fault. For money the Chinaman will go anywhere, and usually behaves well when his evil instincts are held in check by the hope of a large reward. The Christians are as great thieves as the heathen, but they are more hypocritical and certainly more deceitful. Finally, there are opium smokers among them, as I proved later on.

We started under a bright sky; after some miles we reached a tamarisk wood on the banks of the Yellow River which was very picturesque. The shrubs rise about thirteen or fourteen feet above the soil, and have a strong growth on a bed of sand and alluvial deposit. The river this year had uprooted a great number, the flood having been specially strong. Swamps formed by the overflow were full of wild ducks, of which I killed many. They were usually very fat and very good eating when kept for two or three days after being shot. One kind, called the Mandarin duck, whose feathers are yellow and black and whose cry is shrill, is a little larger than the others, but its flesh is tough and it is hardly worth shooting. There were wild geese also in great numbers, and my readers know as well as I do the worth of a wild goose when properly cooked.

We spent the night near a little ruined cottage inhabited by two old men, which serves the few travellers

who go along the river from Ning-hia to Pao-tu as an inn. Here the five soldiers whom the Mandarins had given us for a guard began to misbehave, and I had to bring them to reason by severer measures than mere words. Profiting by the incapacity of the inn-keepers to defend their property, they stole and killed one of their sheep and made a feast, while the poor old men, fearing that the gallant warriors might take it into their heads to kill another, behaved as gently and politely as possible, but had tears in their eyes. I think the main cause of the hatred shown to Europeans is the type of soldier given them as an escort. If the traveller pays the inn-keeper, that soldier gets hold of the latter, and extracts from him half of what he has received. The soldier levies a tribute of opium, provisions, forage, and money wherever he goes with a European, unless his employer, knowing what a rascal he has to deal with, keeps a strict watch over him. Under these conditions it is not surprising that tradesmen and innkeepers view the arrival of a traveller with disfavour, seeing that his presence will cost them more than they will gain from it.

After discharging these men I refused every kind of escort that was offered me, and we were received with smiling faces everywhere. On 30th September our road was like that of the day before, following the course of the river over grassy patches and through bushes of tamarisk. The population was very scattered, which seemed strange, for the soil was good, and the flood did not seem to have extended so far as in the neighbourhood of San-tao-ho.

We arrived at Tong-ku in a blinding sandstorm which lasted only a few minutes, and then swept across the Yellow River into the mountains of Arabus-ula.

Tong-ku, near which we had spent a night in our boat on our way to San-tao-ho, contains no comfortable inn. So we asked hospitality from a shopkeeper who had just built a new house, ornamented on its carved woodwork with fresh painting in red and green. Unluckily he was an opium-seller, and all the rooms were permeated with the dreadful odour of this nauseous drug. In any case it would have been difficult to sleep well. For all the inhabitants of the village, anxious to make our acquaintance, presented themselves one after another at our door. When we had had them shown out they did not admit defeat, but poking holes with their fingers in the paper of the windows tried to get the best view obtainable of the faces and belongings of the foreign devils. I could not think of any means of ridding us of this curious and disobliging crowd until suddenly seizing a teapot full of hot tea I rushed to the door and sprinkled with tea the faces of the nearest. They recoiled, half amused and half angry, and disappeared after a short time, allowing us to proceed to undress.

The road that we took on 1st October to reach Wang-ien-fu, or Fu-ma-fu, the capital of Alashan, has never been traversed by any European, and hardly deserves to be styled a road at all. It is rather a trail beaten deep by the heavy tread of camels marching through the sand in Indian file. Here and there wells have been dug by the camel drivers, and usually near the wells one or two tents of very poor nomads are to be found concealed behind a mound. The whole of this portion of the country is genuine desert, in which only a few bushes grow, enough to sustain the frugal camel. The nomads live by rearing camels, and by selling the wool of their few sheep whose flesh is very unpalatable. This is not surprising seeing that

they have no good tuft of grass to eat. The nomads also subsist upon a kind of cheese and curdled milk derived from these sheep.

From time to time they contrive to kill an antelope, a marvellous feat considering the bad quality of the arms they use. Their match guns can only be fired by resting them on a tripod, the length of the barrel in proportion to the weakness of the butt making it impossible to raise them to the shoulder. The match when lighted takes some time to ignite the powder, and all this time the hunter must keep his eye upon the quarry. But he must alter the level of his gun if the animal moves, and when at last the shot is fired, it does not always carry as far as the hunter has aimed. A good Mongol gun will carry perhaps fifty yards with force enough to kill. However in spite of all these difficulties they attain success by craft and patience, sometimes stalking an animal for two or three days until they find it asleep.

These Mongols showed an extremity of terror on the approach of our caravan. We had nothing formidable about us, and our rifles were not even slung on our backs but laid on the baggage, where they could not be seen.

On 2nd October, on nearing the tents and the well at Kreu-pa, where we intended to camp for the night, we saw men, women and children leap on the backs of ponies already saddled and gallop away. They left behind them an old woman, feeble in body and mind, who gazed fixedly upon us and seemed to understand nothing. They had closed the doors of their tents as firmly as a Mongol tent door can be fastened and had let their dogs loose to attack us. As these latter seemed fierce and their teeth were certainly formidable, we approached armed with sticks, and forced the doors in

with our shoulders, for we had to get some flour for our men.

We settled down as well as we could in the deserted tents, hoping that the owners would return, and that our Mongol camel drivers might be able to re-assure them with a few fair words. But the night passed and the time for departure arrived. Not a soul appeared, and we started off, leaving behind us in a conspicuous place in one of the tents a small ingot of silver.

That day we had a more disagreeable experience still on suddenly arriving from behind a ridge of sand at the wretched hovel of Kreu-pa. The inhabitants had no beasts to ride away on, but at the sight of us they fell on their knees and broke into lamentations. The women shrieked and rolled on the sand, the children gave vent to piercing yells. It was a scene of ludicrous panic. My men, who grew annoyed at these postures and antics, wanted to fall upon the men with their fists. My two Mongols reviled their fellow countrymen in the most energetic terms. I had hard work to re-establish order. I wondered what the Europeans at San-tao-ho could have done to create for their race such a reputation. This fear, fright, and weeping were all extraordinary. I never met with similar occurrences on my first journey three years before, or again in my recent crossing of the Ordos.

By degrees we obtained a hearing for our words. All stood up, and in return for payment we procured some camel dung for our fires, very necessary since the thermometer fell at night to 30°.

The next day we managed to buy a small calf from the Mongols of Mah-ti-rai, and were received with less terror. The report that we were good payers and did not ill-treat the natives had obviously preceded us.

These poor people are not ill-natured, but they are timid and suspicious. They are only like children. Their joys and sorrows are keen and soon over. A kind word wins their hearts. Failure to punish their faults makes them impertinent, for they attribute it to weakness. They do not understand kind actions, but have a keen sense of justice. However, the purchase of a calf proved our popularity, for the Mongols hardly ever sell these animals.

The scenery around had now changed somewhat. We had sandhills of hard, instead of shifting and drifting, sand, and after passing them we reached a great flat devoid of grass and very desolate in appearance, which stretched between two ranges of hills running from north to south. We advanced at a fast pace on this firm ground which gave good footing to the horses and reached our goal early. As a rule we accomplished fifteen miles a day. It was not much, but some of the camels still felt their work under the burning sun of the Ordos and needed considerate treatment.

For two days the temperature had been trying. It passed continually from one extreme to the other. We were constantly putting on our furs only to take them off again. Winter and summer were still waging a doubtful battle. In a few days winter would be victorious.

On 6th October we were still climbing a long gentle slope of loes practically bare of grass. To the west, however, many camels were feeding, and there must be much brushwood in that neighbourhood. Hills, some of them quite high, ran from north to south. The brambles that grew on their sides made a fine blaze under the stars.

That night I performed an act of discipline which I hoped might bear good fruit. I had absolutely forbidden the soldiers of our escort to smoke opium, for the excellent reason that I loathe this abominable vice and that the smell of opium is extremely disagreeable. However, in making a round of the camp towards midnight, I had no doubt that one of the men was smoking, for a strong smell was proceeding from one of the tents. I hastily caught up the flap and found three soldiers happily enjoying the poison. Before they could recover from the astonishment caused by my appearance I seized their pipes and broke them across my knee. As to the boxes containing the opium I dispersed their contents over the sands.

From our camp at Kou-ou-tou on 7th October we could see the range of hills running from east to west behind which lies Fu-ma-fu. We should reach the capital easily that day. We had only seventeen miles to cover and the ground was easy. There had been a sharp frost during the night, but the sun had risen in the morning in a cloudless sky, and there being no wind the temperature was already 60° at 9 o'clock.

At sunrise I had sent the Fou-ye, or sergeant, who commanded our small escort, with a Chinese visiting card and my passport, to inform His Majesty the King of Alashan of our arrival. Without this precaution I was none too sure of finding a lodging.

The road ran though low bare hills. The monotony of their hue was occasionally broken by tints of red ochre caused by dried clay. Having progressed some ten miles we noticed on our right a cairn raised on the summit of a small hill, about three hundred and fifty feet high, which must command a view of the whole district.

I immediately made for it and did not regret my trouble on arriving. The view is extensive, and the cairn has been erected at the exact spot where the roads from the north, east, west, and south-west meet to form one single artery. To the north lay the huge plains which look fertile from this point, but which we know by experience only too often fail to provide sustenance for animals. To the west stretched a gently sloping dry country with lofty sand drifts and two or three rocky heights. To the south were trees, and beyond them could be seen the city, and the view was bounded by a chain of hills running from east to west. On the east rose the formidable mountains of Alashan, with their varying colours changing from a slaty to a brick hue, and again to grey and white.

An hour later we reached Fu-ma-fu.

LESDAIN.

(To be continued.)

Art. III.—LIEUT.-COL. THOMAS BEST JERVIS (1796-1857) AND HIS MANUSCRIPT STUDIES ON THE STATE OF THE MARATHA PEOPLE AND THEIR HISTORY.*

WHEN I first looked into these manuscript volumes, some two months ago when they were presented to our Society in this historical year of its Centenary, I saw that they possessed a great value for students of the subjects they treat of; and accordingly I willingly adopted the suggestion of our learned and energetic Honorary Secretary, the Rev. R. Scott, that I should write for the Society a paper on them. I took it up all the more readily and turned aside from my other work for a time, as I learned with regret that he was soon to leave us for a long holiday in his native country. The good wishes of our Society, which he has served so ably for nearly five years, will, I am sure, accompany him thither; and I trust that on his return he will continue to give us the benefit of his literary ability and rare scholarship.

These manuscripts have been appropriately presented to us by his son, who is settled in Italy as the Conservator of the Royal Industrial Museum at Turin, and is the author of a valuable work on the Economic Geology of that country, as their author was a former member of our Society and the brother of one, who was our Honorary Secretary, Captain George Jervis, from 1827 to 1830, during the momentous years when under the guidance and advice of our distinguished member, Sir John Malcolm, our Society changed its name of the Literary

* Paper read before the B. B. Royal Asiatic Society, when these Jervis Manuscripts were presented.

Society of Bombay given in 1804 by its founder, Sir James Mackintosh, in favour of its present designation and consented to become the branch of a much younger Society, the illustrious newly-founded Royal Asiatic Society of England. Thomas Best Jervis gave the best years of his life to this Presidency, which he served for nearly thirty years, from 1813 to 1841, in various capacities as an Engineer Officer of the Honourable East India Company. But he had more than a mere official connection with this country and its peoples. He may be described by applying to him that significant phrase, an old type of Anglo-Indian officer, who did not merely sojourn in this country, but took a real and hearty interest in its peoples and tried to ameliorate their intellectual and moral condition. Perhaps the phrase may imply a slight to the present race of officers among whom, too, men like Jervis are not rare. But it must be said that in former days they were not so few as now. It may be that official work has grown to such proportions as to leave little or no leisure or time for anything else. But where there is genuine sympathy for the people and a real interest in their pursuits and welfare, even hard-worked officers nowadays can, and some do, find time for doing good work unofficially.

But I think much of the explanation of the great interest taken by former officers of the East Indian Company is to be found in the fact that they had a family interest in this country and a hereditary connection with it. The present competitive system of choosing men to serve here has many advantages, but this decided disadvantage that it is not in the power of a father to prolong or even perpetuate his connection with this country by putting his sons and grandsons into the service. But in former times the sons and nephews were

selected as if by right to succeed their fathers and uncles in the various services, civil and military, of this country. Hence, the ties which bound them to this land were closer and stronger. The family of Jervis was an instance of this. Benjamin Jervis, the grandfather of Thomas Best, entered the Bombay Civil Service so far back as 1747, and rose to be the Chief of Surat, when that city was of far greater importance than it now is, and died there in 1774. His son, John Jervis, the father of Thomas, joined the Civil Service as if by right, and served in Ceylon as Assistant to the Resident there, when that island had just been acquired from the Dutch. He died there at the early age of 27 in 1797, leaving three sons, who also all served in Western India. The eldest, George, retired in 1830 and was presented with an address and a piece of plate worth Rs. 3,000 by the leading Indians when he retired, to mark their sense of gratitude for his services, especially to Native education which was then in quite a nascent stage. Thomas Best was John's second son, born, only a year before his death, at Jaffnapatam in Ceylon on 2nd August 1796.

Thomas Jervis came of distinguished stock ; and an elder branch of the family gave to England a famous admiral, Sir John Jervis (1735-1823), who won the great victory of St. Vincent's over the Spanish Navy in 1797 and was raised to the peerage under that title. A cousin of Thomas, another Sir John Jervis (1802-1856), became a distinguished lawyer, and was Attorney-General under Lord John Russell from 1846 to 1850, and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. (*Dict. National Biography*, Vol. XXIX, p. 363.) Sir Joseph Arnould (1815-1886), the biographer of Lord Denman, formerly a Judge of the High Court of Bombay, says of Jervis that he was "a singularly able man who, in the opinion of many,

ought to have succeeded Lord Denman as Chief Justice of England." (*Life of Lord Denman*, 1873, Vol. II, p. 294.) His mother was of Polish extraction, belonging to a family long in the service of the Princes of Hanover whom they accompanied to England on their accession to the British Throne. She was connected through her mother with the famous German man of letters, Grimm ; and some of the literary qualities of that great German were seen to be inherited by his kinsman. Thus cosmopolitanism was in his blood, and this goes some way to account for his sympathy with the Indians, especially Marathas, which came naturally to him. Thomas chose the military service like his brother George, and passed several years at Addiscombe College preparing for his future career. Among these manuscript volumes is one containing what are called " Addiscombe Studies " which shows how thoroughly and diligently the young cadet prepared himself at that Military Academy for his future work. He took elaborate notes of lectures on fortification and mining, and translated extracts from such standard French works as those of Lacroix. Here we find the first traces of his taste for observation and practical geography which rendered him famous in after years as one of the most distinguished officers of the famous Indian Survey. To this volume is attached a short but valuable memorandum of instructions for boring into the bed of hard stone found in sinking wells for water on the Island of Bombay and Salsette, written later for Framji Cowasji (1767-1851), a famous Parsi Agriculturist of Bombay, who had a large estate in Pawai, Salsette.

Jervis arrived in Bombay in the beginning of 1814. Things were in a ferment then in Western India. The great native power of the Peishwas was, under the feeble

and intriguing rule of the second Baji Rao, tottering to its fall, which came a few years later at the Battle of Kirkee in 1817. Baji Rao surrendered himself to General Malcolm soon after, in consideration of an unprecedentedly large pension of eight lakhs a year—for promising which Malcolm was afterwards severely censured—and a life of ease which he loved more than duty or honour. He passed his remaining days till his death in 1851, in luxurious exile at Bithoor, near Cawnpore, leaving an adopted son, the notorious Nana Sahib, who did such incalculable mischief both to the Indians and the English in 1857. His extensive territories came into the hands of the English and the great power of the Peishwas, which had flourished for just a century from 1718 to 1817, was extinguished. The territories conquered from the Peishwa were annexed to the Bombay Presidency which thus received a very important accretion. This was a vast field for all officers, civil and military, young and old, in which many distinguished themselves. The work of settlement of the new Deccan and Konkan provinces, ably begun by Elphinstone as their first Commissioner, was carried out in the same spirit and under his guidance as Governor, by his successors, Chaplin and Robertson with the assistance of a large body of younger officers, civil and military, in whom new zeal had been infused by the arduous work before them.

Young Jervis was appointed to take his part in this work in October 1819 as Executive Engineer of the Southern Konkan. The forts which stud the country and which are such a feature of it, were first dismantled and then allowed to fall to ruin as the best way to render them harmless. Jervis was in charge of these forts and in addition to his military duties he was required to

superintend the new civil buildings that were required for the purposes of administration. He gives us a glimpse of the hard nature of the work to be done in this capacity: "In a newly-conquered country, where there had not been a European establishment or station before, excepting at the commercial residencies of Bankot and Malwan, all things had to be done anew. There were absolutely no workmen, nor materials, such as were expected or required in many instances for large public works and buildings; all depended mainly on the temper, industry, energy, and foresight of the Superintendent. . . . With regard to those people, more especially those who were about the public offices in the capacity of writers and accountants, to watch over these, and standing alone as I did, to maintain efficiency, despatch and *rectitude*, demanded no ordinary vigilance; but to bring about all these objects and obtain a permanent and public proof of their regard was a higher testimonial. . . . The sentiments of the Honourable Court of Directors and the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone have been placed on record in the Parliamentary papers published in 1832." (*Memoir*, pp. 11-12.)

In 1820 happened an event which gave him splendid opportunities for employing his knowledge to one definite purpose, and gaining that experience which afterwards raised him to the highest post in the line he had chosen—a post which he unfortunately gave up before entering on its duties in order to retire finally from this country. He was appointed in that year to make the Statistical Survey of the Southern Konkan. Three years later, in January 1823, the greater task of the Trigonometrical and Topographical Survey of the same vast tract of country was entrusted to him. Henceforward Survey work was his chief occupation, and even

hobby. This work in the Southern Maratha Country brought him into the closest contact with the people for whom he had a natural liking, and led him to make those enquiries into their condition in his time and their past history whose results are preserved in these manuscript volumes. Of his happy relations with the people under his charge and of their confidence in him, we hear in a letter written to him by his Collector, Mr. J. H. Pelly, at the beginning of his period as a Survey Officer: "During the whole of the time you have been in this 'zillah,' during which period many thousands must have been in your employment, not a single complaint against you from a native has ever reached my ears, nor have you yourself had more than two or three complaints to prefer against them; and when it is considered that, instead of collecting workmen, as has too frequently been the practice, at the point of the bayonet, attended with other acts of grosser personal violence, your labourers or *bigaris*, not only *willingly uncompulsatively travel 100 miles for the privilege of being employed by you* (*though even the bayonet cannot induce them to serve others*), *but no punishment appears more effective to them than dismissal from your employment.* Now, I believe, the main secret of your management consists both in a humane and just demeanour to these poor creatures, whom to your lasting honour you appear to regard as fully entitled to every privilege common to human nature. In paying them a just price for their labour instead of forcing eight men to work for a Chinchuri rupee, you allow them in the proportion of a rupee to six men, which under a mild and equitable treatment it is demonstrated *they will voluntarily work for, although nothing but armed men can compel them to labour on lower terms.* I earnestly

hope the salutary example you have thus afforded will not be lost on some older and more experienced heads, but lead them to regard the natives of India as something more than mere machines, formed to administer to our pleasure and convenience." (*Memoir*, p. 13.)

It must be remembered that Jervis was a young Lieutenant of barely 25 years when he was addressed in these flattering terms by his senior officer in December 1820. What is said here about the wages of the Maratha labourers forms the subject of an elaborate discussion in these manuscripts, where Jervis shows that the economic condition of the people at the time of the dissolution of the Maratha rule was very miserable. The chief value of these studies into the economic condition of the Maratha people, especially the agricultural part of them, made at a critical period of their existence, namely, when they passed from the indigenous rule of the Peishwas to British rule, lies in their affording us accurate materials, gathered by a very competent and sympathetic enquirer, for comparing their condition then with their condition at later periods and at the present day. Such a comparison would be very instructive and edifying in these days when British rule is submitted to severe and not unfrequently to captious criticism. These manuscript studies of Jervis of the condition of the Konkan, deserve to rank by the side of the more famous but hardly more valuable studies of other parts of the Maratha country embodied in the reports of Mountstuart Elphinstone and Chaplin on the Deccan and Malcolm's report on Central India. Jervis did not make his results as interesting as Malcolm, partly because he lacked the literary ability which was so conspicuous in the latter and also in Elphinstone and partly because Government did not encourage him as it

did them to publish this to the world. Partly also he did not care much, as his heart was not so much in these economic and historical researches as in his great Trigonometric and Topographical Survey. These were merely *parerga* with him, and he did not care to publish them.

Indeed he published very little of his work to the world and was content with submitting official reports which lie forgotten among the records of Government. A portion of his statistical memoir of the Konkan, that relating to the revenue and land tenures, was communicated to the Bombay Geographical Society, which was then in a flourishing state but which is now amalgamated with our Society, and appeared in its Journal. He also published a report on the weight and measures of the Konkan (1829) which was expanded in 1836 into a somewhat larger work, called "Meteorological and Monetary System throughout India," published in Bombay. In 1835 he published in Calcutta a somewhat remarkable Essay on a similar subject called "Records of Ancient Science exemplified and authenticated in the primitive Universal Standard of Weights and Measures." This Essay was transmitted to Captain Henry Kater, Vice-President of the Royal Society who, however, died before it reached him. In this Jervis very ingeniously suggests his universal standard as "regulated and defined by the mean length of the pendulum; the weight of water as a maximum of density and the metre or forty-millionth of the earth's polar circumference." The thesis of this Essay is that all weights and measures were originally derived from the same standard which he considered to have been the mean length of the pendulum vibrating seconds at 45° latitude, and which only differs by a very small fraction

from the length of the metre. (*Memoir*, p. 45.) This Essay was widely distributed by Government to its officers for their opinion, and by the author to distinguished men of Science in England and elsewhere for their remarks. The various suggestions that he received as well as other correspondence connected with it, are embodied in one of these manuscript volumes which contains several additions and corrections for a new edition of the work which he seems to have meditated but never published.

At the end of this manuscript volume is a document which should be of great interest on the personal side of the history of Science in England in the first half of the last century. It is a memorial addressed to the Chairman, Deputy Chairman, and the Directors of the East India Company, on behalf of Major Jervis, by the Presidents, Vice-Presidents, and Fellows of the Royal Society, the Royal Geographical, the Geological, and other leading scientific Societies, in which they endorse his views and scientific proposals and urge that the Company should promptly publish in the transactions of these societies or elsewhere the results of his labours on the Survey of India. This was a very influential move on behalf of Jervis and had its due weight with the Directors, who had already appointed him provisionally Surveyor-General in succession to Colonel Everest, who has given his name to the highest peak of the Himalayas. The interest of the memorial to us, however, lies in the fact that it is signed by all the leading men of Science of the day in England, and here we have collected in a single page the autographs of some forty of the greatest names in English Science. The list is headed by a Royal Duke, the Duke of Sussex, an uncle of Queen Victoria, who was then President of

the Royal Society and whose signature with its curious strokes and flourishes is the most remarkable in this collection of autographs. Then follow such men as Sir David Brewster, President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Sir William Hamilton—not the distinguished Scotch metaphysician (1788-1856), who, of course, had no business here among men of Science and who cared little for Jervis' peculiar pursuits, but the famous Irish mathematician and astronomer (1805-1865), who was then President of the Royal Irish Academy—and Professor Whewell, the President of the Geological Society. There is another William Hamilton (1805-1867), here, a geologist and geographer, who was President of the Royal Geographical Society. There are, besides, Michael Faraday who, true to his retiring nature, comes among one of the last to sign, Sir Charles Lyall, the geologist, Sir John Lubbock, the father of the present Lord Avebury, a distinguished astronomer, Sir Rodrick Murchison, the great geographer, Sir George Airy, the Astronomer Royal, Adam Sedgwick, and many others. Altogether this page of autographs is curious and valuable and is an acquisition to be preserved as a literary curiosity in our Museum. The facsimiles of these autographs were very skilfully done at Jervis' own lithographic press which he kept for some time at great cost and ultimately loss to him at his house in London on his retirement. From this press he issued several maps, which are beautiful specimens of cartography, including an excellent one of Bombay based on the survey of Dickinson and Tait in 1812-1816, which he published in 1843. This rare map, with another of Bokhara, is not in our collection and I have presented it to our Society to be kept by the side of these manuscript volumes. The late Mr. James Douglas thus characterises

this map of Bombay. "Of maps, the best of the Island of Bombay, both for accuracy and execution, was printed in London in 1843, and represents the City and Island in 1812-1816. This map of Thomas Dickinson's is a perfect *chef d'œuvre.* Major Jervis' signature is at the foot. This is a perfect gem of the engraver's art and can never be excelled." (*Bombay and Western India,* Vol. I, p. 145.) There is a reproduction of it on a smaller scale in Douglas' book. Mr. S. M. Edwardes, our new Honorary Secretary, has also reproduced it in his monograph on Bombay published in 1902.

This memorial, so influentially signed on behalf of Jervis, seems to have given great offence to Colonel Everest (1790-1866), the Surveyor-General in India, whom Jervis had been provisionally appointed to succeed, because no mention was made therein of his valuable services and those of his staff. "This proceeding," says Sir Clement Markham, the distinguished President of the Royal Geographical Society just retired, in his Memoir of the Indian Surveys, "excited great indignation in those distinguished officers who had borne the heat and burden of the day, and gave rise to a series of letters addressed to the Duke of Sussex, as President of the Royal Society, from Colonel Everest remonstrating against the conduct of the learned body." But Sir Clement is mistaken in his observation that "these letters so completely gained the writer's object that nothing more was heard of Major Jervis in connection with the Surveyor-Generalship." (*Indian Surveys,* 1873, p. 77.) As his son shows in the Memoir which he has recently drawn up with pious care of his father's life and to which this paper is much indebted, the real reason why Jervis did not wait to take up his high appointment, was that Colonel Everest did not retire as it had been anticipated

by the East India Company he would, but continued for several years after in the office, and Jervis for purely private reasons, as he wanted to superintend personally the education of his children at home, retired earlier than Everest and thus did not remain in long enough to be Surveyor-General. (*Memoir*, p. 50.)

The information contained in these manuscripts about the condition of the Maratha people was gained at first hand in the course of his official duties. As he says himself, "I had great and singular opportunities of traversing the country in every possible direction, to acquire a far more intimate and exact knowledge of the topography, physical character and resources of the whole country than any other individual." He gives us some notion of the great care which he bestowed on all his work and especially this work of statistics and history in an official letter. "I have the honour to acquaint you that I have despatched to you a large parcel containing in all about 1,496 papers on statistical and revenue subjects and a bundle of English papers. I have entrusted these papers to an intelligent Shastri, a native highly learned in the Hindu laws, customs, etc., and the Sanskrit language, who is in my private service. 'A' is a general specimen of the population tables which will enable any person desirous of ascertaining the correctness of the same to do so with little trouble or inconvenience. These documents have been attested as coming nearly within the truth, as far as judgment could be passed on them, by the most respectable and oldest residents of the villages and towns. I beg most particularly to state that I have examined them with the greatest care and attention. I have left no means untried to ensure their accuracy, and have had recourse to every art which propriety and ingenuity could suggest, to render them worthy of confidence. The statistical papers

are on all subjects connected with the produce, circumstances, history and extent and other matters relating to the southern divisions of Malwan and Salshi. Specimens of these have now been translated and written out, to show their nature and value. The inquiries which I have instituted were made after a most careful and particular review of the manners, rights and institutions of the people. A slight view will show the immense trouble and attention which must have been bestowed on them, and I beg to state that there are many facts brought to light in them which will be well worth the consideration of the public authorities in this country, and conduce greatly to ameliorate the condition of a people once sadly oppressed. I do not wish to produce anything hastily, or to build any arguments on incomplete grounds. The daily intercourse which I have with the natives, the facilities which are constantly afforded me to see narrowly into their private character, customs and manners, will enable me to furnish in a short time such an account of them as will be most satisfactory to the Government and most essentially beneficial to the people themselves."

It is to be regretted that the account of which he speaks here was never published, though it must have been submitted to Government and might be now rotting somewhere among its records. The present manuscript studies are a contribution towards such a complete account of the state of the Maratha people of the Konkan. For instance—the manuscript contains a valuable section on the education of the people from which I have given an extract bearing on the interesting subject of indigenous education. But he seems to have written and sent to Government a larger report on this subject which was not printed, but which would be highly interesting at the

present day if it were forthcoming, as a means of comparing the moral progress achieved to-day with the moral state of the Maratha people at the beginning of British rule nearly ninety years ago. About this report he says in one of his letters: "I likewise sent up to the Government a very full and exact report of the state of education in the Koṇkan and on the system of education followed by the Mahomedans and Hindus, with a very complete series of tables, twenty in all, exhibiting the number, character, etc., of the school of the several districts in 1820 and 1824, contrasting the state of education after the lapse of five years that the country had been under British management with its condition when it first came into our possession. With respect to the practical working of these principles, which I had so fully discussed in my report on education, I subjoin an extract from the official minutes of Government on the Southern Konkan School Society founded by me with the co-operation of the natives. This novel principle of getting the natives, a conquered people, completely wedded to their own system of government and superstitions, to go hand-in-hand with the British nation in their philanthropic schemes for the further amelioration of India, will probably be recognised at no distant period as the surest and best way of governing the people of that great Empire, and more especially in which demands of a pecuniary nature are to be made on them, or deep-rooted prejudices to be overcome." And he gives an instance of how the people of India may be brought to co-operate with their English rulers in improving the country and voluntarily participating in the pecuniary burdens of the State. "The native," says he "at my suggestion and by my exertion and advice, came forward first in regard to the Colaba Causeway to pay

down 20,000 rupees towards the expense, and further to secure the Government against all possible charge by excess of estimate beyond the amount sanctioned by the Honourable Court provided an experienced engineer officer were appointed to the superintendence of that work, and the work itself were executed by contract." (*Memoir*, pp. 19-20.)

The Konkan when Jervis took it in hand for the purposes of obtaining knowledge about the condition of the people, was quite an unexplored country about which the new rulers knew almost nothing with the exception of a very few places on the coast like Bankot. He thus describes his labours there: "I had to travel continually from one end to the other of this long and mountainous strip of territory at all seasons and sometimes with great haste. I therefore very soon found, in addition to other impediments, that the public servants of Government knew nothing of the country or its resources; that we were at first absolutely at the mercy of the native civil revenue and Magisterial officers subordinate to the Collector and Magistrate in everything. Our knowledge of the geography of the country was also limited to the verbal information of the guides aud farmers and the sketch maps by the late General Reynolds and Colonel Johnson. All the information that the Collector's and Judge's offices could afford me was always at my command, and, indeed, the same liberality was invariably extended to me by all the members of the Civil Service to whom I had ever had occasion to apply; but the imperfection of our knowledge on all these matters was the frequent subject of regret to us, and first set me on the idea of communicating my thoughts to the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone on his first accession to the Bombay Government in 1819. They were most favourably

received. Every fresh occasion for promptitude in travelling and despatch in the completion of the public works committed to me led me to dwell more especially on the lamentable deficiency of our geographical knowledge, and I was persuaded by the late Brigadier-General Kennedy, then commanding officer of the division, to address him an official letter on the subject. I knew no more profitable and creditable way of employing my time in these intervals than in acquiring a correct knowledge of the geography and resources of this unexplored territory." (*Memoir*, pp. 13-15.)

He set to work for nearly ten years and produced valuable reports on the Konkan, its history, peoples, customs, etc., which lie mostly in manuscript either in these volumes now presented to us or in the archives of Government. It is a matter of great regret that he was not encouraged to digest all this scattered information into a comprehensive monograph on the Konkan, like Malcolm's excellent work on Central India. It is well known that this work of Malcolm grew out of a report which he was asked to furnish about Malwa. (*Cf.* Kaye's *Malcolm*, Vol. II, p. 328.) From Elphinstone's official report of his mission to Cabul grew his celebrated work on Afghanistan. (*Cf.* Colebrooke's *Elphinstone*, Vol. I, p. 200.) But Jervis was at that time not nearly so famous as these great Anglo-Indians; so nobody suggested the possibility of his expanding his reports on the Konkan. Moreover, it was not a country as attractive to the public as the Deccan or Central India, not the home of great battlefields on which empires are won and lost, though it has great interest for us as the home of the Mawalis and Hetkaris: who crossed the Ghauts and fought so bravely on the table-land of the Deccan, the fights that have been celebrated in numerous songs

and *powadas*. What is known as Jervis' *Konkan* in Anglo-Indian literature is only a fragment of his work on that country, namely, that on the land tenures; but the whole of his work on the Konkan would indeed be an acquisition, and it is not too much to hope that we may one day have it by bringing together and publishing in convenient form his studies here and the Government reports in manuscript. Such a work as that of Jervis, but not so comprehensive nor showing an equally deep knowledge of the language and habits of the Marathas, was undertaken fifty years later by a member of the Bombay Civil Service, Alexander Kidd Nairne, a man of kindred tastes to Jervis in this that he became on his retirement from the service a priest and worked for the sake of humanity among the poor. This is published in the *Bombay Gazetteer*.

This reminds us of another phase of Jervis' character, his missionary zeal and the intense religious spirit that infused all his work. He was a great friend of the first batch of professed missionaries who then worked in Bombay and Western India amid such difficulties, particularly of Dr. John Wilson (1804-1875), a name honoured and endeared in many ways on this side of India, but specially honoured in these halls as that of the presiding genius of our Society for full forty years, and of Dr. James Murray Mitchell (1814-1904) who has just closed a life of varied benevolence and usefulness, prolonged beyond its natural limit, peacefully in his own country among his kindred. It is not generally known that Jervis designed and superintended the erection of the old Free Church Institution in Khetwady, which housed for over a generation the Wilson College, that has done so much with that other Christian Institution, St. Xavier's College, for the higher education of our

people in Western India. But he did not identify himself with any section of the Christian Church, but sympathised and worked with them all in a truly Christian spirit. In this spirit he joined the Evangelical Alliance when it was first instituted. Writing on the subject his son remarks: "He early joined the Evangelical Alliance on its institution in 1846, the members of which strove to do away with the mutual antagonism too common between the various sections of the Church of Christ, and so baneful to the spread of vital Christianity in the face of dead formalism, and by which he merely manifested the course he had always previously pursued in India of having a brotherly affection for all those who followed the Saviour as their Head, not troubling himself with dogmatic or administrative differences, the importance given to which is generally exaggerated most unwisely." (*Memoir*, p. 60.) But though he was well known to everybody here, Europeans and natives alike, as an open upholder of Christian Missions and the staunch friend of the missionaries, yet as his son well says, "proselytizing of whatever kind, in the absence of perfectly personal conviction, he repudiated and denounced" (p. 34). He was a great friend of the Indians as he proved throughout his career by his efforts, especially in behalf of Maratha education, helping his brother to translate and publish several works in Marathi for the benefit of that people, as was acknowledged by them in several ways; and the name of Jervis is familiar to them as that of one of their earliest friends and benefactors. His opinion of the Indian peoples and their character is valuable as that of a sympathetic yet discriminating and acute observer. "They are perhaps the most docile, tractable and sharp-sighted people in the world; they are therefore peculiarly disposed to religion,

open to any superstitious fraud, but slow to apprehend a deep and consequential truth. They are quick to acquire and discuss all knowledge, but have little originality or depth of thought. They are brave and patient in the face of evils and trials, which the European nations succumb to; but timid in lesser dangers which the latter smile at. They are faithful to a fault, accessible to counsel, order, and any degree of discipline, by proper management and consideration, but may be roused to the most bitter and vindictive feelings, or turn aside by example and negligence and perverseness to the lowest state of degradation and wickedness. This great and very intelligent people is now under the sceptre of a gracious and powerful Queen, who loves all her subjects, and will find these amongst the most faithfull and useful on any emergency, in the exercise of her sovereign wisdom; though rash experiments on our part might alienate and sever that union for ever." ("India in relation to Great Britain," *apud* Memoir, p. 51.)

The other volumes of these manuscripts contain some of his professional work on the great Trigonometrical Survey of Western India on which he was employed so long and with which his name is so closely and honourably identified. The calculation of triangles and other technical details may be useful to students of geodesy. His survey work here was very useful, though as a pioneer he was not free from inaccuracies, some of which are so serious as to render them in the opinion of a competent authority, Sir Clement Markham (*Indian Surveys*, p. 85), now obsolete. Another competent writer about the middle of the last century in Bombay knowing well the facts says: "In this Engineer Officer's (Jervis) manuscript report of his land survey in the

Konkan, an incorrect latitude is assigned to many places, and we have been given to understand that not very lately an error was discovered in the triangulation, which renders it, as far as correct distances are concerned, nearly useless." (*Bombay Quarterly Review*, 1856, Vol. III, p. 133.) These triangulations and latitudes are now in our possession in these manuscript volumes, and any enthusiastic student of this subject may enter into these calculations and confirm or refute these remarks. Whilst engaged in this arduous work he received from his Indian, especially Maratha, assistants, trained by him to do the work, great help which was generously recognised by him in these terms after his retirement: "On the Trigonometrical Survey I required signals to be placed by sunrise on different far-distant summits, often difficult of access, and gave my orders to my several people. On the appointed day I directed my theodolite towards the required spots in *absolute certainty* that the flag would be hoisted at the appointed time and place. Such conscientious fidelity to orders puts to shame too many nominal Christians at home. Should I be able to count so implicitly on loving unquestioning obedience on their part? The poor heathen gives us an eloquent example of duty accomplished." (*Memoir*, p. 35.)

I think I have made it clear in this slight sketch of Jervis' career and character with the help of his correspondence, and his studies contained in these manuscript volumes, that he was inspired by lofty ideals of doing good to the country and the people in whatever he did officially and unofficially, and that by his pious God-fearing conduct towards all, especially the Indians, he realised in a large measure these ideals in active life, spreading sweetness and light wherever he went. Lives like his ought to serve as a stimulus and an inspiration

to Englishmen in this country, whose peoples have profited much by the silent, almost forgotten, exertions of men of the type of Thomas Best Jervis.

Of Maratha history proper there is one manuscript, and it is very important. It gives an historical account of all the Great Maratha families like the Bhonslès, the Peishwas, the Pratinidhis, the Gaekwars and scores of others who have played a part in the eventful history of the Marathas. I have never elsewhere seen so much useful information gathered together about these families as is done here by Jervis. He treats of nearly one hundred families and also gives the genealogies of the chief. This is a very useful work of reference on the somewhat intricate history of Maratha Clans and well deserves to be published by itself. I append some interesting extracts, which will show the importance of these manuscripts.

ACCOUNT OF THE MAHARS.

A very important tenure in villages is that of the low-caste people, called Mahars by the Marathas and Dhers by the Mussalmans. They have enam lands in all villages divided into Hurkee and Arowlah ; the former is rent-free and generally bears but a small proportion to the latter. The Arowlah is held on a quit rent. In the neighbourhood of Joomar and at Kothool, Purgh. Kothool, Ahmednagar Collectorate, I met with a new species of Mahars' enam, called Seesollah ; this is also rent-free, and held in addition to the two former. These enams vary in extent in different villages. In only one instance in the large town of Tembournee as it came to my knowledge, that the Mahars have not enam lands, and in that place they have to perform all the customary duties for the Government and the town, as if they

have enam lands. The Mahars conceive that they have the right to mortgage or dispose of the lands held for the performance of specific duties, and at this moment the whole of the Mahars' Arowlah at the town of Mahe, Tur-Muhekohreh, Poona Collectorate, is mortgaged to the Patel. They were originally mortgaged to the Deshmook for a sum of money, who transferred them to the Patel. Independently of their Hurkee, Arowlah and Seesollah, the Mahars have a share of the cultivated produce, whether garden or field; this is called their Bullooteh. Every village in its original constitution is said to have had 12 craftsmen and professions, who in their several lines perform all that the cultivators required to be done for themselves individually and the village generally—the smith, carpenter to mend their implements of husbandry, the barber to shave them, the washerman to wash for them, the potmaker to make pots, etc., etc. These 12 persons were paid or supported by an assessment in kind. They were divided into three classes and obtained their share of Bullooteh agreeably to the class they stood in. In the first class were the carpenter, shoemaker, ironsmith, and Mahar. In the second class the washerman, potmaker, barber, and Mang, and in the third the waterman, the astrologer, the gurow or cleaner of the temple, and the silversmith. Since the Mussalman rule the Moolana or Mussalman priest has been added, and in some villages the Kulkarnee claims to share in the third class. I say nothing about Alooteh as part of the village community, for no two persons agree with respect to the constituents of this class, and it is scarcely reasonable to suppose that the cultivator could ever have supported, by fees in kind, 12 additional persons when he paid 50 per cent. to Government. And I am told

the Bullooteh and Hakdar rights stood him in an average of 25 per cent., leaving him only 25 per cent., for his own maintenance and agricultural charges.

The Mahar who shares in the first class in consequence of his numerous duties shares also again as a third class Bullootehdar. The fee in kind appears to be a percentage on the produce, but it is not uniform throughout the country, and very rarely indeed could I get either the cultivator or Bullootehdar to state specifically what the one gave, or the other looked upon himself entitled to receive annually. It depended very much, I was told, upon the crops and also upon the extent of services performed for each individual cultivator.

THE CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

The land tax being more than 82 per cent. of the whole revenue of the country, in speaking of the condition of the people I would wish my observations to be considered chiefly applicable to the class paying this proportion, namely, the agriculturists. In the present report I have shown that since the date of my first report the principal articles of agricultural produce have fallen in value from 25 to 66 per cent., *i.e.*, rice 66, wheat 25, joaree 52, gram 32, and bajree 36. Imports have certainly also fallen in price, but not in a similar ratio. Wages remain the same. The trifling manufactures continue to decline, the value of money is enhanced, and the assessments are not yet lightened. If, therefore, my first report gave unfavourable picture of the condition of the people, it may be supposed, under the operation of the above causes, that I am still deprived of the gratification of painting it in more agreeable colours. My late researches have extended over 5,900 square miles, a superficial extent more than double

that of the first report, and I am constrained to say, that the marked features of poverty and debt, formerly spoken of, characterize the condition of the people throughout the new tracts, and that I see no reason whatever to modify the opinion I formerly expressed with regard to the causes of such a state of things. There is no doubt, however, that the poverty complained of is not the poverty of want: every cultivator throughout the country has a superfluity of the mere requisites for the support of animal life. This poverty is pecuniary poverty, and it bears heavily upon him in the relation in which he stands to the Government and to his creditors. He cannot convert a sufficiency of his grain into money to pay his taxes to the former, nor fulfil even in part his engagements to the latter. His taxes were increased by the cupidity of the former Government, and his debts contracted by his improvidence or forced upon him by his increased assessments, but this was at a time when his agricultural produce was worth from 100 to 300 per cent. more than its present worth. Supposing him, therefore, to have been taxed formerly to the extent of his means, in equity his taxes should have been lightened in the ratio of the fall in the value of his produce.

I stated in my first report there would shortly be calls upon Government to mitigate the assessment. The recent large remissions to the amount of 20 per cent. of the revenue of the Poona and Ahmednagar Collectorates proved the immediate pecuniary inability of the people, and the revenue survey, as far as it has gone in its prospective assessments, has justified the opinion I expressed, by lightening the burdens of the cultivators. Nevertheless the distress the people complain of, is unquestionably not attributable to the revenue administration of the Company as originating with the Company. With

trifling exceptions the assessments and extra cesses are the same, in name, number and specific amount as under former Governments.

The only great change appears to be in Government through the medium of its collectors professing to settle with each individual cultivator, instead leaving it to the authorities to do so as heretofore, and this agreement should seem advantageous to the cultivator insuring him (could he read or write or keep accounts) from the exactions of intermediate agents. The benevolence of the Government has sufficiently manifested in the facility with which remissions have been granted, and not one instance throughout the country has come to my knowledge of the assessment being realised by coercive measures, involving the seizure of stock, or punishment, further than temporary personal restraint, and in case the cultivators' prosperity could be estimated by the small proportion of his gross produce taken from him by the Bombay Government, it should be comparatively *marked*, as I have shown under the section of assessments, that he contributes to the necessities of the State 7 per cent. less than persons of his class did under Mullicomber and 23 per cent. less than in the ceded districts under Sir Thos. Munro, the proportions taken being respectively under the three Governments a tenth, a sixth, and a third. The complaints of distress therefore seem scarcely compatible with these facts. In my numerous conversations with the cultivators and even with our own district officers, in various parts of the country, I have urged them to explain unreservedly the causes of the sufferings they complain of. Increase in cultivation, increase in cultivators, meagre crops, enhanced assessments, diminution in the size of farms and the withdrawal of part of the money circulating medium, have been so repeatedly

advanced in reply to my interrogatories as reasons for the present pecuniary inability of the people, that I was induced to look with attention into them, although involving in themselves incompatibilities. For the purpose of determining the truth of the first four positions, I established a comparison, as rigid as circumstances would admit of, between the state of certain towns and villages under the Peishwa's Government and under ours. I chose places far distant from each other that I might, if possible, secure to my deductions the advantage of a general application. I will admit that I undertook the labour with impressions in unison with those of the cultivators and I was somewhat surprised, therefore, at the results falling infinitely short of my anticipations.

EDUCATION.

My continued inquiries into the state of education in the country have only been confirmatory, to the very letter even, of the observations I made in my first report on this important subject; I will not repeat, therefore, what is already on record, but take leave to refer to it.

The literary ignorance of the bulk of the people is almost incredible, and could scarcely be deemed compatible with an organized or even incipient civilized state of society. In many neighbouring villages in which there is only one Kulkurnee or accountant, I have known it to be the case that not a single inhabitant has been able to read, write or calculate; and yet this ignorance does not originate in any physical causes. Native children of all the castes are distinguished for their aptitude, sprightliness and intelligence, and some conspicuous instances of decided ability have appeared in the English schools for the instruction of natives in Calcutta

and Bombay, in their poetic powers, in English composition, in a taste for drawing and in mathematical acquirements. Amongst my native acquaintances there is a Hindu who repairs astronomical, mathematical, and meteorological instruments, and who has an eager desire to master the rationale of all philosophical experiments which he witnesses. A common ironsmith in Poona has kept himself in constant poverty by vain searches after the philosopher's stone, but his labours have made him acquainted with many chemical facts. The facile adaptation of this man's ingenuity to the supply of European wants, in his particular line, is both gratifying and useful. A poor outcaste shoots specimens in the animal and feathered kingdoms and has taught himself to skin and stuff them, and he lately commenced drawing birds in outline with a singular correctness. One man repairs watches, and a Hindu, in Poona, I am told, constructed an orrery. The general ignorance, therefore, is to be referred to the absence of instructors in the first instance and in the next to the poverty of the people disabling them from profiting by instruction unless afforded to them gratuitously. Wherever this is done, the schools are well attended and the progress of the scholars is commensurate with the ability and zeal of the instructors. Mr. Elphinstone's noble attempt to impart instruction by means of Government schools, if fully developed, will unquestionably be productive ultimately of incalculable benefit to the people themselves and to the State, particularly in case the better classes of the natives become acquainted with our knowledge, our arts and sciences, through the medium of our own language. If it be our object to break down the barriers which separate us at present from the natives, to undermine their superstition, and to weaken their

prejudices, and give them a taste for elevated enjoyments, it will be most effectually done through this medium. Translations of European books into the native languages by Europeans, although highly useful, must have the drawbacks of being limited in number, defective in execution, and destitute of the attractive grace of idiomatic expression, whereas a native, once taught the English language, has the whole field of knowledge laid open to him. We have before our eyes the effects of Mahomedanism, modifying the supposed immutable habits, opinions, superstitions, and usages of the Hindus. The language of the conquerors is almost universally understood, and most commonly spoken by all classes in India. The Marathas worship Mahomedan saints, keep their festivals, and at the great annual celebration of the martyrdom of the grandsons of Mahomed, Hussain and Hassan, numbers enrol themselves in the list of those who publicly deplore their deaths.

I have given instances of tombs being raised over Marathas in the Mahomedan style of architecture, and many parts of the present report testify to the adoption by a Maratha or Brahman Government of Mussalman terms in politics, administration of justice, finance, agriculture, architecture, and even in domestic economy. If such then have been the results from the simple juxtaposition of Hindus and Mussalmans, what might not be expected from a systematic attempt to imbue the minds of the rising generation with rational and useful European knowledge by means of Government schools. Under present circumstances, the expense of such a measure prevents its adoption on an extended scale, but as precipitancy would be injurious as any urgent manifestations of interest on the part of Government would excite suspicions, and as ultimate success

is dependent on the slow but gradual and almost insensible operation of knowledge on the opinions and habits of those who may have voluntarily sought and gratuitously received instruction influencing the circle in which they move by their examples, rather than in prompt, simultaneous and extended measures for general instruction, the few schools existing at the presidency and an occasional one or two in cities or large towns, although insufficient, will yet forward the great object in view to a limited extent. A few natives will be sent out with a sufficiency of education to impress on their minds the advantages that would accrue to their children in case they surpassed themselves in acquirements, and such an impression will be efficacious.

I attended a public examination of the scholars of Government schools in Poona and of the pupils of the Engineer Institution and native schools in Bombay. I looked also into the school-rooms at Ahmednagar. In the Engineer Institution and native schools some of the boys (not particularly those of the highest or wealthiest classes) showed an efficient knowledge of the English language, and the progress of others in mathematics and drawing was remarkable. The two Poona schools were examined before the Collector and some European gentlemen on the 16th May 1827 by Sadashiva Bhau, the head native instructor in the present school in Bombay. There were about 150 pupils, most of them the children of Brahmans, ten or a dozen of the first class boys were called up, none of them had been twelve months in the schools. They were examined, in the first instance, in reading a printed translation of Æsop's fables into Marathi in the Balbodh character. They read fluently and seemed to understand the compendium of the morale which is given of each fable, instead of its full

translation. They subsequently read parts of Maratha histories in the Modi and Balbodh characters; they wrote down on slates sentences dictated to them, and spelt them. They wrote also on paper, and gave very favourable specimens of distinct and bold hands. Arithmetic they were taught on the European plan, and one or two of the boys had got as far as the extraction of the cube root. The boys all evinced considerable quickness, and the examinations were creditable to themselves and to their teachers. Prizes of turbans, cloths, and books were distributed, the value of the present being in the ratio of the talents and the progress evinced by the boy.

THE BHONSLE.

The origin of the rise of Shivaji is too well known to require any elucidation in these notes. He died in Raighur in the month of April A. D. 1680 and was succeeded by his eldest son, Sumbhaji, who, with his son, Sewaji, was both taken prisoner in the year 1694 and carried to the Court of Aurungzeb, where the former suffered a cruel death, and the latter, being spared on account of his youth, grew up under the protection of the accomplished Fululnissa Begum, Aurungzeb's daughter. At the request of the Princess, it is said, he changed the name of Sewaji to that of Sahooji, which he ever after retained. Raja Ram, the younger son of Shivaji, was raised to the throne in the Fort of Rangna in 1695, and died in June 1698, leaving two sons, Shambhajee and Sewaji, by his two wives Rajeesbye and Tarabye. The latter succeeded his father on the throne, but evincing symptoms of insanity some years after, he was deposed and confined by his own mother in the year 1703, who raised his half brother, Sambhajee

to the Musnud of Kolapoor, which he made his residence. In the year 1707 Aurungzeb died, Shahajee obtaining his liberty came to Sattara to claim his kingdom. He was for some time opposed by his aunt, Tarabye, a clever and ambitious woman, the widow of his uncle Raja Ram. Shahoo Raja at length consented to share the empire with his cousin, Sambhajee, who was permitted to retain Kolapoor and all the country south of the Warna and Krishna, while to Sahooji was left all to the north of those rivers. Tarabye retired to Kolapoor and lived to an extreme old age. Both she and her stepson, Sambhajee, dying in the same year A. D. 1760.

Shahoo Raja, of indolent and luxurious habits, to manage his Government, made it over to his minister the Peishwa, Balaji Viswanath, to whom succeeded Baji Rao Ballal, and his son, Balajee, denominated Nana Sahib. Shahoo Raja died without issue, 27th December 1749, when the Peishwa having brought forward Ram Raja, the son of Sewaji and nephew of the reigning Raja of Kolapoor, caused him to be adopted as the son Shahoojee. From that day the subversion of the power of the House of Satara was complete, and that of the Peishwas established. Ram Raja having no children, many years after adopted, at the instance of Nana Farnavis, a youth of the family of the Deshmukhs of Wavel in 1777, and dying in following year, 1778, the Second Shahoojee succeeded to the Musnud of Satara.

The semblance of respect was still maintained towards him. A guard-of honour of 500 horse was appointed by the Peishwa to escort and to watch him, and his expenses were limited as well as the range of his excursions in the neigbourhood of his capital. All reports of war and peace and the result of campaigns, however,

were regularly submitted for his information, and while the creation of new and the nomination to the succession of hereditary offices and estates derived confirmation from him alone, the Peishwa himself was not deemed exempt from accepting this token of homage. The revolution which succeeded on the death of Sawai Madhav Rao at Poona in October 1795 afforded the Raja an opening to emancipation, of which he did not fail to avail himself, and seizing the person employed to control him, encouraged his full brother, Chutrsing, to raise troops and seek for foreign aid. The effort, however, was too feeble,—Shahoo the Second became henceforward a close prisoner in the Fort of Satara and died 4th May 1808, leaving three sons, of whom the eldest, Partapsing, was raised to the throne by the British Government in February 1818, and still reigns.

THE GAEKWAR.

This family, from an inconsiderable origin, has risen to become one of the Princes of the Maratha State.

It is said they are Patails of the village of Dhowry, Nimbgawn in the Poona Prant. Peelajee the First, who distinguished himself, was an officer with 15 retainers, in the service of Kuddum Bandy Brothers, whose flag the family still uses. After the first or second inroad into Gujarat, the Raja of Satara, not conceiving the Kuddumsing calculated to establish themselves permanently, deputed Peelajee with a large army, which assembled in the first instance at Moholy near Satara, and thence marched to the north. The success of Peelajee was complete. Peelajee commanded a division in the battle of Panipat, and died shortly after his return, at the village of Sowlee near Baroda, of a

fever. He was succeeded by his son, Damajee, who had long before been distinguished, but some hesitation occurring in sending the Cloth of Investiture from Satara, Damajee repaired to court with an army estimated at 100,000 men. He was induced by the solemn oaths interchanged between the Raja and himself to disband his army, but having been plundered by the Peishwa at the instance of the Raja, on his return he swore he would never pay the compliment of salaaming with that hand which had been pledged in that of his princes, in a false oath—since which period the Gykawars assume the peculiar privilege of saluting with the left hand.

Damajee died at Bhavee Pattan in Gujarat in the reign of the Great Madhav Rao, leaving four sons, of whom Sayajee Rao, the eldest, was an idiot. The part which Govind Rao, the second son, took in favour of the exiled Raghoba Dada prevented his acceding to the Musnud till after the death of both his young brothers, Fatty Sing and Manajee, who had successively reigned. He sat on the Musnud only three or four years, when he died, leaving three legitimate children, who have each reigned in succession, the youngest, Sayajee, being now on the gadhi.

THE ANGRIA.

Kanoji, the son of Tukoji, a Maratha chief of the family of Angria, first attained eminence while in the service of the Raja of Satara by the capture of the fort of Raighur from the Hubshee chief of Kolaba in the year 1698 and subsequently distinguished himself in the war in the Konkan carried on by the Marathas against that portion of the Mahomedan dominions, on which occasion he acquired the title of Surkhyle. Taking

advantage of his own power, and the dissensions which broke out in the Satara family after the return of Shahoo Raja, he not only refused to render him submission, but made an effort to establish an independent sovereignty along the whole Konkan Coast, from Goa to Surat, including the hill-forts on the low range Ghats with the country below them. Till at length having been worsted in many actions by the superior State of Satara, peace was concluded, and Kanoji consented to acknowledge the sovereignty of Shahoo Raja. On which occasion the whole of the seaports from Viziadurg as far as Kolaba remained in Angria's possession, and reverted first to his eldest son, Takoji, and in two years after to his second son, Sambaji, between whom and his son Manoji dissensions arising, the latter fled to the English at Bombay, but meeting with no aid in that quarter he proceeded to Poona and became reconciled to his father through the Peishwa, but on the death of Sambaji, his brother Tulaji, disputing the right of his nephew, was eventually seized by the Peishwa and died after a confinement of 31 years in prison. The piratical practices of the Angrias on all nations approaching the western coast of India are matter of history, and do not admit of illustration in this place.

As the British power preponderated, they gradually subsided, and after the peace of Bassein they ceased altogether, while the once powerful Angria encroached on by the Peishwas from time to time dwindled into insignificance leaving in possession of the family at the breaking out of the war a territory yielding two lakhs of rupees in the neighbourhood of Kolaba and Andhery, of which about half has been alienated for religious purposes or for the reward of services performed by courtiers at Poona

THE PEISHWA.

The founder of this family, Balajee, the son of Wiswanath, a Chiplony Brahman was the hereditary deshmukh or zemindar of Shreewardhan on the sea coast of the Southern Konkan. He so recommended himself by his ability and energy at the Court of Satara that he was nominated to the office of Peishwa in 1717 and was succeeded at his death in 1720 by his eldest son, Baji Rao. Under this chief the power of the Peishwaship became supreme and the Raja of Satara was satisfied to continue a mere pageant. Baji Rao was succeeded in the year 1740, at his death, by Balwant Row entitled Nana Sahib, during whose rule, Sahojee, the Raja of Satara, died without issue, and from that date the Peishwa was acknowledged as chief and exercised the power of Sovereign of the Maratha Empire.

His lieutenants carried their conquests over the whole of Hindoostan and Gujarat, levied heavy tribute from the Nizam, and wrested the Empire from the Moghul, and raised contributions in Bengal, and conquered Cuttack. Nana Sahib died in 1761, and was succeeded by his second son, Madhav Rao, called "The Great." He died in 1772 at the age of 28, after giving great promise of his talents and vigour. He was succeeded by his younger brother, Narayan Rao, who was murdered in 1773 in his palace at Poona in the presence of his uncle, Raghoda Dada. Narayan Rao was succeeded by his posthumous child, Saway Madhav Rao, during whose minority the state was ruled by his Minister, Nana Furnavis. On the death of Saway Madhav Rao in 1795 without children, he was succeeded by his relative, Baji Rao, the eldest son of Raghoba Dada, who, expelled from his dominions after a desperate

effort to recover all the power of his ancestors which he had forfeited by his imbecility, abdicated his sovereignty on 3rd June 1818 in favour of the British Government on condition of receiving annually Rs. 8,00,000. His brother, Chimnajee Appa, receives a pension of Rs. 2,00,000, and Amrit Rao, the adopted son of Raghoba Dada, Rs. 7,00,000, which has lately descended to his son.

NANA FURNAVIS.

The ancestor of this great Minister was Madhajee Punt Bạnoo, a Chiplony Brahman, the Mahajim of the village of Velloss in the Taluka of Bankote. He first left his native village and came to Satara in consequence of an invitation from the first Peishwa Balajee Vishwanath had found protection in his house after his defeat by the Hubshees near Sreevurdhan. The three sons of Madhoji Punt obtained service at Court and the elder, Balajee, was raised to the office of Furnavis and died at Delhi, whither he had accompanied the Peishwa. His sons, Janardan Punt and Baboo Rao, succeeded to his office, the former died before the latter, leaving an only son, Balajee, who, flying from the battle of Panipat, escaped to Poona, and in conjunction with his uncle, Baboo Rao, and his son, Moroba, filled the office of Furnavis.

It is unnecessary here to enter into any particular history of Balajee Janardhan, better known by the appellation of Nana Furnavis. He succeeded to the supreme control of the affairs of the whole Maratha Empire in 1774 and exercised his power with a sagacity and conduct rarely met with. On the death of Saway Madhav Rao in 1795 and the subsequent contention for the throne he lost much of his power and expended the

whole of a fortune amounting, it is said, to nearly five millions in his endeavour to regain it. He died of a fever in 1800, leaving a widow Jeoo Bai, who enjoyed the following income :—

	Rs.
Pension from the British Government ...	12,000
Deshmuky of Verval (Ellora) ...	500
Enam Village of Menowly near Waee ...	1,000
Mahojunky and Koteky of the native village of the family Vellass in the Talooka of Bankote	200
Income Rs.	13,700

Management of the revenues of the religious establishment of the Bele Bagh at Poona producing Rs. 5,000.

R. P. KARKARIA.

Art. IV.—GENERAL AVITABILE.

FEW places even in the South of Italy are so romantically situated as Agerola. It lies in an upland valley, half overlooking the famous city of Amalfi, while behind it tower the range of hills of which Mount Sant' Angelo is King. The morning sun comes to it from the gulf of Salerno, across one of the most beautiful coast lines in the world. The mists of evening rise over the shoulders of the hills on to an emerald expanse of plateau. Encircled above and below by mountains and divided into two by a deep gorge, Agerola has all the appearance of a little Switzerland by the sea. There is the true Alpine air about its white cottages with their high sloping roofs bound and barred by chestnut logs to keep off the winter snows: and chalet and côteau and cliff need only the accompaniment of a glacier to claim kindred with some *commune* in the Oberland. On this tableland, 4,000 feet above the sea, lie scattered the five hamlets which constitute the township of Agerola; each with its own parish church and each with the name it has borne for centuries—Bomerano, Pianillo, Acampora, San Lazzaro, and towards the ravine the lately added and straggling *frazione* of Ponte. Agerola, or Airola, means airiness, and the place does not belie the name. In June it breathes so cool an atmosphere that many a Neapolitan family make a summer playground of this happy valley. You feel sure that it must have a history, every Italian village has that. But the fame of the countryside is not what it was. In the middle ages, this mountain region was peopled with outlaws, bandits and rovers of all kinds. Boccaccio has celebrated one of these personages in his tale of Ruggiero di Jeroli; who figures in sober history as

Roger Mele of Agerola. Centuries later Salvator Rosa dwelt among these fastnesses and made famous the robber bands who gave him hospitality. Blackmailing in fact was so much in fashion with the gentlemen of Agerola that the burghers of Amalfi more than once petitioned their Doge to extirpate the nest of vipers. But the descendants of Boccaccio's robber chieftain were not so easily ousted ; and a generation or two ago, before this mountain world was properly connected with the plains by a series of roads and not goat-paths, the brigands of Agerola fully maintained the reputation for lawlessness they had inherited from their medieval forbears.

To-day the traveller as he drives up from Castellamare and Gragnano in a rickety *carrozzella* perceives at first little more perhaps than that the road is winding and hilly, and that the tunnel through which it emerges is admirably engineered of its kind and as indifferently lighted. But let him do this country the justice of staying in it a few days and he will soon have other thoughts of it. The sojourner of a couple of hours is too miserly of time to be able to appreciate the true charm of Agerola. Here at last is the mountain village, the very model one would think of the pasteboard Bethlehem or *pre sepe* which finds a place at Christmastide in every Italian church ; straggling up and down hill, the breadths of vineland and pasture, the green and gliding streams, the walls of cliff with their breakneck passages, the troops of sunburnt woodcutters, the wayside chapel, where on the eve of the Nativity the shepherds pipe their note of glee. If you stray to the outskirts of San Lazzaro on the seaward side of the cliff you will come upon a little piazza and a church with a tower, whose green and yellow tiles glitter strangely in the sun. Next the church, but set back from it, is a heavy iron gateway, with an upper storey of

dwelling rooms. On the keystone is the five-pointed star of the Orient, over the arch the inscription "o beata solitudo, o sola beatitudo," fit motto for the retreat of some philosopher, walling himself off from the world of men and things to brood over nature and her inscrutability. You enter and find yourself in a grassgrown highway, broad enough once for the passage of a grand army, now sadly encroached upon by strips of garden and patches of cultivation. The grounds are immense, sloping up to a stone-buttressed and level expanse on the edge of the cliff, where rises a four-storeyed, four-square castle, which looks as if it had been gutted by fire overnight. The position chosen is a magnificent one. It commands a panorama over land and sea on all points of the compass. Below you spreads out the gulf of Salerno, and to the south the thin line of the Lucanian coast, loses itself in the distance. On a clear day and with a glass you can make out the temples of Paestum. To the west the eye reaches to the rocks of the Sirens and the Faraglioni of Capri. Every ledge of the mainland is covered with houses and vineyards, every broader crag with a town, every cave and beach of shingle strewn with the boats and nets of fishermen, every promontory crowned with the ruins of a martello tower. But where is the lord of the manor to drink in the view from his palace towering on the precipice?

The house has been uninhabited for half a century; the littered staircase no longer echoes to the tread of human feet; and a deathly chill and mouldy silence hang about the deserted chambers. The day of its glory is long over, if indeed any glory ever came to a mansion that the builders never finished. Even the story of this splendid ruin is half forgotten. Some

of it may be extracted from the needy caretaker at the lodge. He will tell you that its owner was a renegade sergeant in the Bourbon army, who deserted to seek his fortune in the East, where he prevailed exceedingly and rose to be lord over legions and viceroy over provinces, but betrayed his master and returned to Agerola, with a mountain of ducats; that he reared this edifice with the proceeds of infamy and set up in it the state and the seraglio of a sultan—until (in a whisper) "at half past eleven on Holy Thursday his wife brought him poison in a dish of roast kid and by two o'clock the General was dead." Your curiosity is whetted to ask for his name. "Avitabile, Eccellenz', Avitabile. This is the Castello Avitabile."

> "What I love best in all the world
> Is a castle, precipice-encurled,
> In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine.
> Or a seaside house to the farther South,
> Where the baked cicalas die of drouth,
> And one sharp tree—'tis a cypress—stands,
> By the many hundred years red-rusted—
> Rough iron-spiked, ripe-fruit—o'ercrusted,
> My sentinel to guard the sands
> To the water's edge. For, what expands
> Before the house, but the great opaque
> Blue breadth of sea without a break?
> While, in the house, for ever crumbles
> Some fragment of the frescoed walls
> From blisters, where a scorpion sprawls.

Avitabile! Runjeet Singh's great General, the iron handed governor of Peshawar, the discipliner of those Sikh gunners, who all but broke the British squares at Chillianwallah; Avitabile, who befriended our "avenging army" on their passage to Afghanistan, who succoured our sick in the hour of their distress, who was daily wont to entertain a hundred of our officers, who at

his retirement from the Punjab had an almost triumphal march through our territories to Calcutta, and in London was specially received by the unapproachable Iron Duke himself—here is matter enough for a score of romances. To recall the days of his boundless magnificence, one must go back to the far away forties, when "John Company" did not own more than half India, when Runjeet Singh was still master of the Kohinoor and Lord of the Five Rivers, and looked his enemies in the face with his famous *Francese Compo*, his Imperial Guard of all arms—Allard's cuirassiers, Avitabile's gunners, Court's and Mouton's battalions—captained and commanded by white officers, who had learnt the art of war under the immediate eye of Napoleon's marshals.

Up to the present the story of Avitabile's life has been a sealed book. The little recorded in the few works that mention him is vague, meagre and unsatisfying. There is a mystery surrounding his death and a secret attaching to his birth: and this seems to constitute the sum total of what is ascertainable. The truth is that to understand Avitabile aright, the Englishman must transform himself into a veritable *inglese italianato*. He must toil to the highland home where the General was born; he must patiently collect dates from the priest, papers from the syndic, anecdotes from the oldest inhabitant, without shrinking from the dialect in which they are presented; most important of all, he must so ingratiate himsef with the members of the family as to induce them to entrust to the stranger within their gates the scrappy diary and red leather letter book of their strangely fortuned ancestor. Not that it is easy to get either facts or informants at Agerola. Some who could speak are too interested to break their silence and the reticence of others can only be overcome by the

intervention of a third party, who has the necessary power and influence to induce them to reveal their knowledge.

Paolo Crescenzo Martino Avitabile was born on the 25th of October 1791, in the house adjoining the Church of San Martino at Acampora. His parents, Bartolomeo and Angela, were members of a well-to-do stock of peasant proprietors, and the grandfather, Pietro, who held the infant at the font, had been in his time something of a local magnate and administrator of the Church funds, as is testified by an inscription dated 1777 on the ceiling under the organ. Paolo was the fifth in order of a family of five sons and three daughters. Every kind of legend has been hitherto current about his origin, the most fantastic being that he was the illegitimate child of a *contadina* and destined from birth to the military profession, like all such male additions to the population. But a glance at the entry of his baptism in the parish register will serve to dispel this ill-natured story. Avitabiles abound in Agerola, and the General's family are said to have been formerly noble and once princes in the island of Corfu. A fifteenth century owner of the name signs himself d'Abitabile on a tombstone in San Lazzaro Church. Another Nardus de Avitabulo sleeps since 1545 *donec tuba canet* in the nave of S. Maria della Manna. At the other end of the village on the presbytery wall of San Matteo in Bomerano is the effigy of Father Francescus Avitabile, *indignus presbyter*, who glorified God and erected the church on this site *anno Indictionis* 1577.

As a boy, the future General was as much of a pickle as was ever Master Robert Clive, and the old people of the street still remember the nickname "Scapigliato," by which he went. This word literally

signifies a hatless fellow with his hair flying loose about his ears, but is also used of a regular scapegrace and we can well believe that little "Paoluccio" loved to play truant and have his fun of the village schoolmaster. Fate ordained that his boyhood should be cast in stirring times. Before he was out of his teens the thunders of the Parthenopean republic echoed even to remote and benighted Agerola and many a local patriot sported the Phrygian cap of liberty, and called to mind the vanished glories of the old time commonwealth of Amalfi. Then came the days of avenging Nelson, so popular with the Neapolitan ladies that they wore his image on their favours; of Miladi Hamilton, posturing before audiences of *virtuosi* in her hall of mirrors at the Palazzo Sessa; of Admiral Caracciolo, hanged at the yard arm of his own flagship and flung into the sea like carrion till the apparition of his body rising to the surface in the wake of the royal yacht frightened the superstitious King "Nasone" into giving it burial within the church of Santa Lucia. Another five years and Napoleon's legions swept Southern Italy before them. Ferdinand of Bourbon fled once more to his parks and pleasaunces at Palermo and Joseph Bonaparte proclaimed by Masséna reigned at Naples in his stead.

It was in 1807 that Avitabile became a soldier, being "drawn" for service in the newly organised provincial militia of his native state. Little is known about his first years as a conscript, but he can hardly have missed the visit of King Joseph to the coasts of Amalfi in June 1807, when hillsmen and dalesmen flocked in from far and near to look on the brother of the great Napoleon, born, as he himself said, with one foot in Italy and the other in France. The new recruit must have heard much too of *messieurs les anglois*, if indeed he did not actually

smell their powder. At Maida in 1806 British red-coats won the only battle they ever fought on Italian soil. Calabria was long in open revolt under that strangest and most ignoble of England's allies, Fra Diavolo, the brigand. Capri, "the little Gibraltar," flew the Union Jack for months and was not recaptured till late in 1808, when Hudson Lowe surrendered the island to Lamarque, a surrender which is commemorated by two immense canvasses each running the entire length of a wall in the museum of San Martino. But ere this, King Joseph had been called to the throne of Spain and Murat promoted to that of Naples with the title of Giôacchino Napoleone. Under his *régime* the provincial legion was merged into the army proper. From a volunteer Avitabile became a regular, and on the 29th of April 1810 passed into the royal corps of artillery, where he rapidly rose through the various ranks from simple gunner to *aiutante*, the highest grade of non-commissioned officer, and won a medal of merit.

On the Ides of March in the fateful year of 1815, after the news of Napoleon's escape from Elba, King Joachim threw down the glove to Austria. The morrow was a proud day for Avitabile, for on it he obtained his commission of lieutenant in the 15th Company of Artillery. Eager to pose as another Berndotte, Murat marched boldly northwards. Bologna and Ancona soon fell before him : but the successes of the first few weeks were quickly swallowed up by the disasters of Tolentino. His Neapolitan soldiery deserted to their homes in hundreds. Appeals to a faithful army to rally round their king "when all would be forgiven," fell as flat as manifestos in the name of an independent Italy and promises of a free constitution. On the 18th of May Murat left his army at Capua and rode into Naples at the head

of half a troop of Lancers, but as theatrically as if he was returning from a triumph. The next evening he quitted Naples for ever, and his wife, who followed a few days later, crossed by the irony of fate the very vessel that was restoring Ferdinand to the bosom of his people. The change of masters from the *re di scena* to the *re contadino*, as the lazzaroni called them, had been effected without anarchy and without a revolution. Ferdinand always spoke of his decennium of exile as "the military occupation" and would not allow the name of the usurper to be mentioned. It is even said that in official documents the name of Murat's Queen appeared as "la signora occupazione militare."

During the fighting at the front Avitabile's company of gunners had been kept (the battery Bivano) at Procida; after the *débâcle* it returned to Naples and its young lieutenant, yielding like everyone else to the current, swore allegiance to the Bourbon standards, retaining his rank and command in the reorganised army. The artillery was formed into two battalions, the Queen's and the King's Own, in the latter of which he was enrolled. At first he was not left idle, being detached for special duty at the siege of Gaeta. The events which led up to this siege form a paragraph of history which for the sake of Avitabile deserves to be rescued from oblivion. On the day that Murat abandoned his army at Capua, his generals made terms with the Austrians under Neipperg, a personage so notorious later in connection with Marie Louise. The upshot was the convention of Casa Lanza, so called from the place where it was concluded, the country house of a Signor Lanza, three miles from Capua. Murat's representative was General Colletta, afterwards the famous historian, who had instructions to make any sacrifice. The treaty

restored the entire Kingdom of Naples to the Bourbons excepting the three fortresses of Gaeta, Pescara and Ancona, whose commanders held their orders from Murat direct. Two of them gave little trouble. Pescara under Napoletani, an ex-priest, opened its gates on the 28th of May, and Ancona under Marshal Montemayor followed suit the next day. But Gaeta would not hear of surrender; and a mixed army under the Austrian Baron Lauer was sent against it, supported by a British flotilla. Avitabile left for the front, as his company's pay rolls tell us, on the 25th of June. Inside Gaeta General Begani made a memorable defence. On the 5th of July came the news of Waterloo, but it could not break the spirit of the little garrison, who were able to boast for more than a month later that the only spot which still flew the tricolour of the exiled Napoleon was Gaeta's historic landmark, the Torre d'Orlando. Day by day the lines grew tighter and the investment closer. On the 17th of the month no less than two hundred cannon opened on the city, raking the piazza from end to end and even setting fire to the classic Tower. Avitabile distinguished himself in the trenches, and though wounded in the head, would not relinquish command of his battery. After another three weeks, Begani consented to negotiate and on the 9th of August capitulated. Among the officers who ratified his capitulation were several Englishmen from Lord Exmouth's fleet, notably a "colonel commanding the flotilla" with the mysterious name of Cocubired, under which outlandish garb one may perhaps recognise the Scotch Kirkcudbright.

Avitabile's bravery had been duly noticed by his chief, Baron Lauer, whose letter is still extant recommending him for the first vacancy of captain and for a decoration. But the powers-that-be would not hear of

showing favour to a former officer of Murat, and on his return to headquarters, he found himself transferred to the depôt of the line, with orders to join a half-pay battalion, the Marsian Light Infantry. For more than a year he waited for the preferment that did not come and finally threw up his commission in disgust in January of 1817. His career as a lieutenant had been shortlived, but his seven years of probation in the ranks had given him that thorough mastery of the drill instructor's methods which proved of such excellent use to him in later life.

Beginning the world with the equipment of a knapsack and a sufficient understanding, he had won a commission by pure merit; and had been singled out for special, albeit withheld, promotion. Henceforth he resolved he would seek a more hopeful sphere of action abroad and exchange the sabretache of the subaltern for the free lance of a knight errant. On the 30th of April 1817 we find him embarked on a Spanish merchantman, "The Christ our Salvation," for a cruise in the Mediterranean. The vessel put in for several weeks at Algiers and at the Baleanic islands to take in cargo, and bore him to Tunis, where the ruins of Carthage recalled to him the lines of Tasso. At Algiers he tried his hand at commercial speculation and also found time to enter in his diary a minute account of the manners and customs of the day's motley subjects. But schemes of pleasure and profit alike were frustrated by an outbreak of plague, followed by a political revolution. After a chapter of incidents ranging from the assassination of a Dey to bombardments from "the magistrates of health" at every post at which he landed, Avitabile's voyage abruptly terminated in shipwreck off the mouths of the Rhone, and he and his fellow passengers were summarily

marched overland to the Lazzaretto at Marseilles. After the necessary period of quarantine was over, he regained his freedom to find himself among old comrades in arms, refugee officers like himself from the Napoleonic armies. One in particular, Beraud, an ex-captain in the Imperial Guard, had just returned from Persia and his dazzling descriptions so worked on the mind of the young adventurer that he determined to go eastwards rather than westwards in search of a career and a fortune.

In April 1818 he took his passage in a Greek brigantine for Turkey and after threading the mazes of the Archipelago and landing to inspect the "plains of windy Troy," arrived at Constantinople just when the dreaded plague was at its worst. The word "Profumo" or fumigation is of continual occurrence now in Avitabile's diary, but the sting of the fear of death did not prevent him from paying his immediate devoirs to the Persian envoy. His credentials verified, he left Trebizond by caravan to seek service with Fath Ali Shah, whose country had recently become a congenial hunting ground for gentlemen of his kidney. Gardanne, Napoleon's late ambassador at Teheran, had been specially commissioned to introduce French and Italian officers into the Persian army; and though the dream of empire in India was rudely shattered by Waterloo the current of military immigration once begun never ceased to flow eastwards. After the Second Restoration, an increasing number of military waifs from war-exhausted Europe found their way to Asia, some like Clot-Bey, Jommières and Sèyes *alias* Suleiman Paçha, enlisting with Mehemet Ali under the shadow of the Pyramids; others like Avitabile, Court, Devaux and Ventura laying their swords at the feet of the King of Kings. At the Persian Court two opposing influences were at work. The East India

Company was powerful enough to insist that the Shah should maintain in his service a body of English officers, but there was always room for the ubiquitous foreigner in the armies of the rival heirs apparent. This struggle for supremacy between the young princes is symbolized by the Persian order, of two lions fighting for a crown, which has its origin in a dramatic episode well worth recalling.

J. J. COTTON.

(To be continued.)

Art. V.—MACAULAY IN LOWER BENGAL.

A Chapter of Forgotten History.—I.

MACAULAY is an abiding name in the republic of letters. Not only as the most brilliant of Anglo-Indians who drafted the Indian Penal Code, settled the means of instruction to the natives of India and supported the liberation of the Indian Press, but also as the most English of all English writers he must be for ever interesting to the people of India. He did not remain here for more than three years as the first Legislative member of the Governor-General's Council, and within that short period, laid the foundation of three great epoch-making principles of action for his countrymen in India which have more than anything else, contributed towards the present development of the British Indian Empire. For this, if not for anything else, Macaulay will be for ever remembered with gratitude by the people of India.

Fortune, which attended Macaulay all through his life, did not leave him even after his death, for he was fortunate enough to have found a biographer in a distinguished nephew. Of all his biographies, that by Sir George Otto Trevelyan is the biggest and most trustworthy. Besides being a writer of great force and a parliamentarian of great fame Sir George Trevelyan's kinship with the great essayist enabled him to embody in the biography of his great relative copious extracts from his journals and correspondence, thereby making the memoirs as complete as possible. When the book was published in 1876, nearly sixteen years after the death of Macaulay, it did not displease the

British public ; on the other hand, some critics went so far as to describe it as a model biography. In Bengal it was reviewed in the *Englishman* newspaper by the late Sir W. W. Hunter under the inspiration of the late J. O'B. Saunders (senior), one of the few persons then alive who could speak from personal recollection of the great essayist's brief sojourn in Bengal. From the nature of the criticism then passed upon the book by its reviewer, it is now apparent that he was not satisfied with its chapter dealing with Macaulay's career in Bengal, for the critic said that "it was singularly reticent as to many important facts of Macaulay's life in Bengal." Most probably this piece of criticism was never brought to the notice of the biographer ; otherwise he would have improved the chapter by detailing more fully the great events of his uncle's career in Calcutta in its subsequent editions.

To speak the truth, Trevelyan's description of Macaulay's public career in Bengal must be described as very unsatisfactory. Not only did he suppress many interesting facts, but he even gave incorrect statements of events in his book, which were then known almost with certainty. On opening the sixth chapter, the reader is treated to a vast mass of extracts from Macaulay's letters, which were neither explained nor annotated for the sake of creating interest in them. True, this undigested correspondence has got some preliminary remarks, but they are very wide of the mark. Of all the chapters of the book, the sixth is the most disappointing.

Macaulay's public career in Bengal is being slowly forgotten : men who could speak from personal recollection of the great writer's career in the Gangetic delta are almost dead. Old magazines and periodicals of those days are fast perishing to dust. Certainly the present

occasion is not a fit opportunity for telling again with larger details and greater accuracy, the story of the great writer's brief career in Bengal. But let us do what we can under the circumstances to reconstruct Macaulay's life in Lower Bengal with the materials gathered together after years of laborious research in the old libraries of Calcutta from among a *débris* of old periodical literature of Bengal.

It is well known that in 1833 the East India Company's Charter * of 1813 expired, and a new Charter was granted to them for another twenty years' territorial government of India with the provision for future legislation. Hitherto, each Presidency had been indebted for its laws to the *fiat* of the Governor in Council. In 1833 it was arranged that the Governor-General should have the aid of a legislative council with authority to pass Acts for the whole of British India. The better to regulate the drafting of Bills and the codifying and improving of the existing laws, a member, especially qualified, was to be attached to the Governor-General's Executive Council.† Besides, Section 53 of the Charter Act of 1833 warranted the Governor-General in Council to issue a Commission called the Indian Law Commission consisting of not more than five persons to inquire fully into the jurisdictions, powers and rules of the then existing courts of justice and police establishments of India and all forms of judicial procedure and into the nature and operation of all laws then prevailing in India.

* The Charter of 1813 legally expired on the 30th April 1834. The New Charter Act of 1833 came into operation on the 1st May 1834.

† But this new Legislative Member was not entitled to sit or vote in Council except in meetings thereof for making laws and regulations. By the Charter Act of 1833 the Supreme Council of India consisted, besides Governor-General, four members, two of the Bengal Civil Service, Sir Charles Metcalfe, and Mr. Alexander Ross—one member of the Indian Army—Lieutenant-Colonel William Morrison, and a member of the legal profession from home—T. B. Macaulay

This new legislative provision in the Charter Act proved in every way a godsend to Macaulay, for, by seizing this opportunity, he could save his family from distress when its prospects were darker than ever. Writing to Lord Lansdowne on 5th December, 1833, he says :—

"I am not alone in the world. A family which I love most fondly is dependent on me. Unless I would see my father left in his old age to the charity of less near relatives ; my youngest brother unable to obtain a good professional education ; my sisters who are more to me than any sisters ever were to a brother, forced to turn governesses or humble companions,—I must do something ; I must make some effort. An opportunity has offered itself. It is in my power to make the last days of my father comfortable, to educate my brother, to provide for my sisters, to procure a competence for myself. I may hope, by the time I am thirty-nine or forty, to return to England with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds. To me that would be affluence. I never wished for more."

Writing to his sister Hannah More Macaulay on 17th August 1833, he says :—

"The advantages are great. It is a post of the highest dignity and consideration. The salary is ten thousand pounds a year. I am assured by persons who know Calcutta intimately and who have themselves mixed in the highest circles and held the highest offices at that Presidency, that I may live in splendour there for five thousand a year and may save the rest of the salary with the accruing interest. I may therefore hope to return to England at only thirty-nine, in the full vigour of life, with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds. A larger fortune I never desired * * * The prospects of our family are, if possible, darker than ever. * * * In England I see nothing before me, for some time to come, but poverty, unpopularity, and the breaking up of old connections."

Under the circumstances, no sooner was the Charter Act passed into law than Macaulay became a candidate *

* Sir Robert Grant, younger brother of the Right Hon'ble Charles Grant (Lord Glenelg) was also a candidate for the post. His disappointment found mitigation in 1835 when he was appointed Governor of Bombay.

for the post of the new Law Member for India. Fortunately for him, the Whig Ministry was then in power, and a firm friend of his family, the Right Hon'ble Charles Grant, was at the head of the Board of Control. There was violent opposition against the appointment of Macaulay from the Court of Directors, but the influence of Charles Grant knocked it down, and the appointment was jockeyed through the Directors by the future Lord Glenelg with great tact and moderation. For this act of kindness and help, Macaulay was then in need of both, he was greatly indebted to Charles Grant. Writing to his sister Hannah More on the day after his election, Macaulay said:—"Grant's kindness through all these negotiations has been such as I really cannot describe."

In this way Macaulay was appointed as the first Legislative Member of the Governor-General's Council on 4th December 1833, by a majority of sixteen, the votes being nineteen for him and three against. Several critics including Macfarlane then condemned the election as a jobbery. Law was never congenial to Macaulay; in fact, his aversion to the science of jurisprudence was unconquerable. He never studied law properly; a year or two during which he called himself a lawyer, he gave up even the pretence of reading law; only once he was retained to defend a boy who was tried for stealing chickens, and his eloquence procured for him a conviction.* So when such a man was sent out by the Whig Ministry in the capacity of a lawgiver to set at right a huge heap of legislative muddle which then made the duties of judges in India exceedingly perplexing and tiresome, it was but natural for the critics to

* Macaulay himself corroborated this in his speech at St. Andrew's Dinner. See later on for the speech.

express sneer at Macaulay as one who was not well qualified for the appointment and be indignant at the jobbery which entrusted the framing of a code for India to him.

Of Zachary Macaulay's eight children, lucky Tom and Nancy loved one other with an intensity that almost bordered on passion. They were inseparable companions and lived almost "eye to eye" throughout their lives. The sister wholly occupied the brother's heart; indeed, she was loved by the brother more than a sister is generally loved by a brother. So when the prospect of separation came on with the appointment of Macaulay in India, the sister was asked by the brother to share his exile life on the assurance that he would fully compensate her for a few years' absence from home. Macaulay thus wrote to his sister :—

"But if my dear sister would consent to give me, at this great crisis of my life, that proof, that painful and arduous proof, of her affection, which I beg of her, I think that she will not repent for it. She shall not, if the unbounded confidence and attachment of one to whom she is dearer than life can compensate her for a few years' absence from much that she loves."

Was this not a gentle hint to her that he would find out for her a husband in the tropical clime? Whatever it be, the brother's solicitation was too imploring for her; so she readily consented to share his exile life in India.

So these two, brother and sister, one with the hope of returning home with a decent fortune and the other with the prospect of settling in life, sailed from England in February 1834. The voyage was long and tedious, and the *ennui* was broken by the sister with dancing with the gentlemen on board the ship in the evenings, and by the brother with devouring Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian and English in all forms and sizes. He tried to read a little of jurisprudence and something

of Persian and Hindustani, but his old aversion to law recurred, and nothing was done. After four months' voyage, the vessel with the future legislator of India anchored off the Madras harbour on the 10th June 1834. Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Frederick Adam, K.C.B., was then Governor of Fort St. George, Madras, and within his jurisdiction was staying the Governor-General, Lord William Cavendish Bentinck, at Ootacamund to renew his health in the bracing climate of the Nilgiris. The men who came to greet Macaulay brought very disheartening news from the Governor-General, which compelled him to break his journey at Madras and proceed forthwith to Ootacamund* to meet Lord William Bentinck. The old Charter expired on the 30th April 1834, and the Governor-General was most anxious to inaugurate his Council under the new Charter Act of 1833 as soon as possible. As he was then staying at Ootacamund, he found a practical difficulty in bringing his councillors together for a meeting, one of whom, Sir Charles Metcalfe, was left in Bengal as his Deputy. Consequently the arrival of the new member from home was eagerly seized by Lord Bentinck to call a meeting of his Council on the hills.†

* While at Ootacamund Macaulay lived at Woodcock Hall. He described his cottage or bungalow buried in laburnums and geraniums which grow in the open air. He compared the scenery of the Nilgiris with the vegetation of Windsor Forest or Blenheim spread over the mountains of Cumberland.

† Sir. J. W. Kaye in his Life of Lord Metcalfe, Vol. II., p. 98, thus says:—"Then arose a curious and anomalous condition of the Indian Government which excited at the time much comment and some alarm. The necessity for Lord William Bentinck's departure from Bengal had occurred at a most inopportune moment. The old Charter was then expiring. The new Act came into operation on the 30th of April 1834 Under this Act, the Supreme Government of India was remodelled, but how, scattered as were the different components of the new Government, was this new constitution to be established—how in fact, was the new Government to be inaugurated according to the provisions of the Act? Lord William Bentinck pitched his tent at Ootacamund, on the summit of the Neilgherry Hills. Carrying with him the powers of the Governor-General in Council, he might have exercised from that place all the functions of the Supreme Government, but on the 30th of April 1834, saw the death of the old Government. The old Council was dead and the new one had not been instituted

This summons from the Governor-General placed Macaulay in some embarrassment regarding his sister, but an opportune invitation from the Right Reverend Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India, a friend of his father, dispelled his anxiety and emboldened him to allow his Nancy to travel on a journey of 400 miles from Madras to Calcutta without a companion. Leaving her brother at Madras, Hannah continued her journey and reached Calcutta by the end of June 1834. Bishop Wilson housed her comfortably and Lady William Bentinck soon became her *chaperon*. But scarce a month had passed in Calcutta before she became engaged to Charles Trevelyan (afterwards knighted and Governor of Madras) who was then living at Calcutta as Deputy Secretary to the Secret and Political Departments. Thus Hannah found her sufficient compensation for the trouble she took to accompany her brother to the East. In the beginning of October, Macaulay reached Calcutta from Madras and found his sister set out on her romantic expedition. The engagement got his hearty approval, and the marriage was solemnised between them at the Cathedral by the Rev. R. Boswell on the 23rd December 1834. The young couple spent their honeymoon in a lodge in the Governor-General's park at Barrackpore.

A Council, however, was improvised on the Hills. Colonel Morrison of the Madras Army, who had been appointed, under the new Act, a member of the Supreme Council, was sent for, and took the oaths at Ootacamund. Mr. Macaulay, who had gone out as Legislative Member of Council, was diverted from Calcutta to join the Governor-General at the Sanatarium. It was then proposed to summon Mr. Ironside, a Provisional Member of the Bombay Council, who happened to be available to make up the appointed number. He was duly sworn and took his seat in the Ootacamund Council, but Sir Frederick Adam soon afterwards joined the Assembly on the Hills and became a temporary member of the Supreme Government, so that the Council of India then consisted of the Governor-General, the Governor of Madras, an officer of the Madras Artillery and a brilliant essayist fresh from England."

On his arrival in Calcutta Macaulay lived for about six weeks in Government House, but on the Governor-General's return from Ootacamund on the 14th November, shifted to a spacious building * which is now the Bengal Club. Within a fortnight Sir Charles Metcalfe departed from Calcutta to assume the Lieutenant-Governorship of the North-Western Provinces, and a melancholy sensation was caused among all ranks and conditions of men of Calcutta. The whole community entertained him at a dinner at the Town Hall on Friday, the 28th November. Sir John Peter Grant, Judge of the Supreme Court and father of the second Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, presided, and Macaulay was present as a guest. The Chairman thus proposed his health :—

"I purposely omitted the name of one Member of the Council of India, because I thought that as a stranger amongst us it became us to treat him separately and by himself. (*Loud applause.*) He has brought with him here a high and well-deserved character (*applause*) and unless he shall entirely falsify the expectations which have been entertained of him by persons highly capable of judging, his arrival will be attended, to the inhabitants of India, with the most essential advantage. He has come here charged with the fulfilment of duties of no ordinary sort. I may perhaps be thought to be influenced by the habits of the profession when I say that of all the institutions of a country, the first and most essential are its laws. To improve the institutions of a people without violating their prejudices, without counteracting the slow progress of civilisation, without hazardous experiments, but on sound principles, is a task of no ordinary nature, and the distinguished and eminent person of whom I am now speaking will permit me to say to him, that that which he has undertaken is that which, if well performed, will reflect the greatest credit on his name and in the performance of which he will meet with many and serious difficulties. I wish to him and to those associated with him in the task the utmost success. I wish them to be forwarded in their

* A picture of this building can be seen in Bishop Hurst's *Indika*. A marble tablet has been recently put on the gate of the Bengal Club to commemorate Macaulay's residence there.

views by the assistance of all those who have influence in the society of India, and I wish the inhabitants of this country those happy results which ought to be derived from a system of wise and careful legislation. I beg to give you the health of Mr. Macaulay, (*loud applause*) and success to the legislation of India."

Macaulay thus responded for the first time in Calcutta Society :—

"I did not expect when I entered this room that I should in this manner be called on to express my gratitude. It is not easy for me, and I hope not necessary, to assure you how much gratitude I feel for the manner in which my health has been proposed and the manner in which it has been received by this company. I am particularly grateful to my honourable and learned friend for coupling my name with those weighty and important words the Legislation of India. Gentlemen, I feel myself rather indisposed this evening, and can only return you my sincere thanks for the manner in which you have drunk my health, wishing you every degree of prosperity and happiness ; and I particularly direct that wish to the distinguished individual, our guest, though anything that I could say in his praise might be deemed superfluous, surrounded as he is by friends of many years' standing. Seeing as he sees this hall filled by friends whose friendship and admiration have been strengthened by a continued knowledge of his merits, it is impossible that he can place any value upon any tribute of respect that can be offered him by a stranger. I would not, however, willingly sit down without doing honour, not to him but to myself, by joining the voice of one stranger with that of the Society of which he is the most conspicuous ornament, and congratulating him on the manner in which he leaves us, and myself on witnessing the proof that in Indian Society the path of rectitude is the path to honour (*long and loud applause*)."

Next Macaulay was invited by the Scotch laymen and divines to preside at St. Andrew's dinner—an occasion when they annually meet to celebrate the birthday of their Patron Saint. Macaulay accepted the invitation. On 1st December 1834, the anniversary of Scotland's Patron Saint took place at the Town Hall. Upwards of two hundred persons sat down to dinner. Macaulay presided as Chairman, supported on his right by Sir

Charles Metcalfe and Lieutenant-Colonel William Morrison and on his left by Sir Frederick Adam, Governor of Madras, and Sir John Peter Grant, Judge of the Supreme Court. Mr. John Farley Leith * (afterwards famous as a Privy Councillor), then an Advocate of the Supreme Court, acted as Croupier. After the removal of the cloth, Macaulay said :—

"Gentlemen,—The toast I have now to propose to you is one which I believe in all parts of the world, Scotchmen are this night drinking with feelings of sociality and pleasure, and nowhere, I am sure, will it be drunk with feelings of greater pleasure than here, although in this country, exiles as we are, with 15,000 miles of sea between us and the country of our birth, those feelings of pleasure may be mingled in some degree with feelings of regret. At this moment, making allowances for the difference of our relative positions on the globe we inhabit, our countrymen at home are no doubt drinking with enthusiasm the toast I am now about to propose to you, 'THE LAND OF CAKES.' It is commonly said by those who seek for topics of reproach against the Scottish nation that their patriotism has something in it too intolerant, something too exclusive. I am not sure that I can entirely vindicate them from this charge, but yet the acknowledgment sounds to me very like an eulogium ; and if there be a nation where such feelings would be excusable, it certainly is the nation which we all glory in being connected with, and our connection with which we are this evening met to commemorate. I had not the honour, gentlemen, of being born in Scotland, neither was I educated there, and I have only visited it as a stranger and a traveller ; but it is impossible for any one so to visit it without being struck with its beauties. I have never seen any country equally interesting, even to a person who contemplated it without the prejudices of a native. It is not easy I think to explain from what causes that peculiar interest arises, but I think it is this, that it is the only country in which you find objects close together that produce at once recollections of ancient and modern times. There you find objects which remind you of events which took place in the sixteenth century close to others of modern date. There you find all those things

* For an account of his life see page 249 of Mr. C. E Buckland's *Dictionary of Indian Biography*.

that have an extraordinary hold on the hearts of the uncultivated inhabitants, as well as all those that can be found in the most civilised countries on the earth; and I do not know any country which contains so much that moves the imagination and at the same time fully satisfies and gratifies reason. In that country have been found, from the middle ages, even down to our own time, the characteristics of a rude state of society, a barbarous costume, a rude hospitality, and close to all these you have the most extraordinary miracles of industry and art. The common traveller as he wanders through that country follows the course of some meandering brook which in one place he finds surrounded by scenes of the rudest and wildest nature, and going a little further he finds the water of the same brook the moving principle of a vast manufactory. As I am speaking to Scotchmen, if I were to select one scene which at once displays objects of a past and of a present age, I would select that beautiful capital, which consists of a mass such as is not to be seen in any other part of Europe. Every step you take fills with recollections of the past, and you are conveyed in imagination to the sixteenth century—you have only to turn round and you see everything that calls you back to the present times, and beyond it a fleet of steam vessels which our ancestors would have considered magical. This is the single charm. There is no country in Europe excepting Greece and Italy that so forcibly reminds you of times that are gone by, and there is no country in the world, not even America, that displays ruder scenes of primeval nature. The cause of this, I believe, is that prodigiously rapid increase which our country has made within the last century in wealth and knowledge. There is no country that has made so vast a stride in improvement in the last century as Scotland. We have abundant reasons on many accounts to drink prosperity to this country with pride and pleasure. I shall not dwell on the many titles it possesses to the gratitude of mankind, on what it has done for science or political liberty, nor will I enumerate to you the number of eminent and pre-eminent men it has produced, whose names must be familiar to your ears. I shall only say this, that it appears to me that while we join in this festivity we are sympathising with those who are taking it in other parts of the globe; and I am sure you will all heartily join with me in drinking, with all the honours 'THE LAND OF CAKES.' The next toast I have to propose is that of the Governor-General of India (*applause*). I shall beg to say but little on this

subject. The feelings of private affection and respect with which I regard him are such that I do not wish, while he retains the situation he holds here, to give distinct expression to them. The time will come and too soon it will come, when no restraint will prevent me from saying all I feel. At present I content myself with proposing his health, with all the honours.

I wish now to propose to you a health which I am sure you will all drink with pleasure, I mean the health of my venerable and gallant friend here, the Governor of Madras. I will not, in his presence, distress him by saying all or any part of what I would gladly say in his absence; but of this I can confidently assure you, that though no person present has seen a greater variety of human life or served his country, both in the field * and in the different offices of Government, in a greater variety of climates, there is no person here who retains a more truly British heart, or a warmer attachment to that country which we have met to do honour to than Sir Frederick Adam.

We have just been performing the agreeable duty of drinking the health of a new friend. We have now the more melancholy yet pleasing duty to perform of taking a parting glass with an old one. You will expect that I am about to propose to you the health of the Governor of Agra. (*Loud applause.*) I feel as I said on the night of Sir Charles Metcalfe's triumph here, and triumph I may well call it, I feel that it would be perfectly vain for any person lately acquainted with him to add anything to the effect which must be produced on the mind by the enthusiasm that his very name calls forth from those who have known and valued him. I will therefore merely content myself with requesting you to drink to the health of Sir Charles Metcalfe in bumpers, with all the honours. (*Tremendous applause.*)

In mentioning the toast I am now about to propose, I almost dread I may incur some censure from the distinguished individual whose health I wish you to drink, for I am so well acquainted with the judicial austerity with which he regards the duties of his high office that I almost fear lest he should consider any praise towards the judges something like a contempt of court; yet I hope and trust he will so far relax from that honourable austerity as not to deprive us of the pleasure of drinking to integrity and independence

* Sir Frederick Adam (General, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.) commanded Adam's Brigade at Waterloo.

when we drink to Sir John Grant and the Judges of the Supreme Court. (*Applause.*)

I have had the honour of proposing several toasts which have been received with well-merited enthusiasm. I have now to propose one which deserves to be received with more enthusiasm than that of the best of Governors or Judges. It is one which expresses our feelings towards that sex everywhere the charm of life and here more particularly our only solace and support. It is unnecessary, I am sure in any society of Scotchmen,—for one of the most distinguished foreign writers of our time has stated that on the whole, Scotland is that country in Europe where women are most loved, and deserve it best—it is unnecessary, I say, to dilate on the merits of that distinguished lady who stands at the head of female society here, or of that of female society which is the greatest charm of this Presidency. I shall therefore content myself with requesting you to drink with all the honours, it is unnecessary to say with all enthusiasm, 'Lady William Bentinck and the ladies of the Presidency.'"

Mr. J. F. Leith as Croupier thus proposed the health of Macaulay :—

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—The honour of proposing the next toast has devolved on me. In rising to perform this duty, I would have felt some hesitation from a diffidence in my own powers to do justice to the subject of the toast, had I not been convinced, as I am, that the reception which a toast may meet depends more upon the intrinsic merits of the individual named than upon either the manner or address of the proposer. With these views I anticipate the warmest reception for this toast, as the private merits of our Honourable Chairman are known to many of you, his public merits to all. Placed by you in the situation which I have now the honour to fill, it would ill-become me to break in upon that unanimity of sentiment and feeling which ought to pervade every convivial meeting, and which I am happy to see does pervade the present. I shall, therefore, avoid all allusions to politics. If to the navigator of unknown seas, and to him who surveys and measures the architectural remains of ancient grandeur, honours are paid, much more are they due to him who has come among us to navigate the ocean of mind, to survey and examine the civil institutions, and to guide the intellectual and moral capabilities of an ancient people of the East, and being prepared for the

task with a mind disciplined by the study of universal jurisprudence, and other appliances to boot,—to adapt to their peculiar wants and capabilities such parts of the laws and institutions of the now more refined state of society in the West, as may secure to them a more perfect and equal administration of justice, and the enjoyment of a higher and more permanent degree of happiness. Such is our Honourable Chairman's high commission. Of his qualifications for the duties before him it is not for me to speak, nor is it necessary; his past almost unprecedented career of honorable and deserved distinction, which is known to all is the best guarantee of his future success. To particularise other incidents either in the public or private life of our Honourable Chairman, although they might well form the subject of eulogistic remark, would be alien to my own feelings of delicacy, and I am sure, distasteful to the sensitive mind of that gentleman himself. This is, however, a topic to which as a Scotchman, I feel proud to refer, and as such it would be culpable in me to overlook. If Scotland had the honour of taking the lead in a particular class of literature, which is daily becoming more popular and useful, it is equally true that this literature owes much to the genius and eloquent pen of our Honourable Chairman for the high place which it still holds in public opinion. As our Chairman, our thanks are due to that gentleman; and apologising for having so long delayed your participation in the pleasure which, I am sure, all will receive in drinking to the toast, I have the honour to propose the health of our Honourable Chairman with three times three."

Macaulay thus replied :—

"It is needless for me, I am sure, to say that I return you my most hearty thanks for the manner in which my health has been proposed and drunk. It has given me the greatest pleasure to attend a society so far from Europe where there is so much of British, so much of Scotch feeling, of all those feelings which form the best connection between ourselves and our native society. I have already told you that I am not a Scotchman by birth or by education, but I am by descent, and my affection is equally divided between the two parts of the Island; and this brings me to my next toast which I shall give before I sit down. You will be surprised that one who calls himself as much of an Englishman as a Scotchman should give with so much heartiness as I do 'the memory of Sir William Wallace and of Robert Bruce,' and if

those distinguished men had gained their victories in any vulgar war, whether on behalf of England or of Scotland, it would have been by no means justifiable in me to propose a health that could in any way have recalled irritating recollections; but it is as much the English as the Scotch part of the company that will assent to the justice of that toast. In England we can have no other feeling than that of respect for men who stood up in bad times to maintain the independence of their country against unjust aggression. No Englishman can look upon them,—a commoner who first broke the force of a haughty Aristocracy and by his own merits placed himself in the dignified station of Regent of his country, and a King who placed himself at the head of his people and fought with them on foot in defence of their liberties,—I conceive that these two eminent men whose health I intend to propose were benefactors not less to the southern than to the northern part of the Island. No greater calamity could have befallen England than if, from the want of such men, she had been able to place on Scotland the yoke she abhorred, and to have her even down to this time perhaps a conquered nation. I am not aware that I touch upon political feelings, from which I am desirous to abstain, when I say that it would have been a happy thing for the British Empire if Ireland had her Wallace and her Bruce, if it had not in those dark ages come by conquest under the arbitrary yoke of England, but had been like Scotland gradually amalgamated with England by pacific measures. On the other hand it would be the greatest calamity if at that time we had been cursed with another Ireland, if from the want of such men we had acquired a country to be governed through a succession of ages by military force. It is not as an Englishman—not as a Scotchman—but with an undivided British heart that I propose to you the healths of Sir William Wallace and Robert Bruce.

I have said that it is desirable to abstain from political topics,—it is still more desirable to abstain from theological ones. I am desired, however, to propose the health of Dr. Bryce and the Scotch Kirk. Whatever may be our opinion on political subjects or on the different forms of Church Government, no one will deny that the Scotch Kirk has invariably been found in times of peril on the side of civil and religious liberty and to this day it possesses a strong hold on the affections of that great and united people. Without entering into the question of its constitution and formulæ these are questions that no person acquainted with the history

of the country will dispute. I propose to you the health of Dr. Bryce * and the Scotch Kirk.

The toast which I am now about to propose is extremely well chosen for such an occasion. It is 'the memory of Robert Burns.' It is extremely well-chosen from the whole of the literature of Scotland, rich as it is in great names from the earliest times. We can boast of a Buchanan, a Smith, a Sir Walter Scott, and many other names of literary celebrity ; yet I confess if I looked out for a representative of the national genius, for a mind which abounded with the flavour of the soil, of all the writers Scotland ever produced I should certainly fix upon Burns. As for those other eminent men they were acquainted with the literature of many ages, to them classical learning was familiar, but Burns had nothing but the literature of the plain Scotch peasant. He wrote plain Scotch. Whenever he attempted to write English, in my opinion he always fell below himself, and I do not feel any great admiration for any of his works excepting those that he wrote in his own native dialect. His seems to have been a mind filled with images of the cottages and fields in which he passed his youth. His language is the plain language of Scotland, and with nothing but these materials and his own original genius, he came forth in the most benighted period of English poetry and produced a succession of works which, if they do not equal those of Shakespeare and Milton, are imbued with the same spark and spirit that are to be found in poets of the first class. I think, therefore, that your stewards have done most wisely in selecting his memory as an object of our respect, because I conceive it would be impossible to find in the literature of any country any man so much the image of the mind of his country as his. I have therefore much pleasure in proposing the *health* of Robert Burns.†

* Dr. James Bryce, first Chaplain of the Calcutta Scotch Kirk. He accompanied Bishop Middleton when he came out to India in 1814. For his journalistic career and his fighting with the Hon'ble Mr. John Adam, then censor of the Calcutta Press, I would refer the reader to my *Origin and Growth of Calcutta Journalism* published in October last in the *Indian Daily News*. By his controversial propensity he made Bishop Middleton very much uneasy. It is said that he placed the gilt cock on the steeple of St. Andrew's Kirk (Calcutta) to crow for all time over the Bishop Middleton As editor of *John Bull*, he incessantly fought with James Silk Buckingham of the *Calcutta Journal* and eventually allied with the Hon'ble John Adam, then acting Governor-General, effected his deportation from India.

† Some of the company here began to cheer, when the Chairman observed that it was usual to drink this toast in solemn silence. Dr. Gra[illegible] said :—Not in silence. I say it is a toast of triumph and we will drink it in cheers. The company accordingly drank it with loud cheers.

The toast which stands next on the list is the Civil Service of India, and there can be no toast that I would propose with greater satisfaction. I have had but a short opportunity of observing the conduct and characters of the public functionaries in this country, but I have had the opportunity of comparing the functionaries here with similar ones at home, of comparing those who here exercise the higher powers of Government with those who exercise similar powers at home and judging impartially and making every allowance for the different state of things, and the early ages at which they leave their native country, I have no hesitation in saying that the Civil and Military Services in this country are, as far as I am able to judge, in no way inferior to those in Europe. The politics of India are necessarily different from the politics of Europe—the revenue system here is not the same as it is at home—the diplomacy required with Oudh and Jodhpur is not the same as that required with Paris or Madrid —the details of business is different—the mode in which the two countries are governed is different—the Government of the one is carried on by means of the tongue, of the other by the pen—of one by open discussion in Parliament, of the other by minutes and despatches—but when you have made allowances for these differences, you will be inclined to say, as I without hesitation do, that I have found in India abilities for the purposes of Government diplomacy equal to any I have ever seen employed, having seen the most eminent that are employed in the Government of England. I am convinced we shall drink this toast with the greater satisfaction when we consider how large a proportion Scotland has furnished to the Military and Civil Services of India. Munro and Elphinstone were both Scotchmen. Munro * died in this country, and I leave his eulogium to those who knew him. Elphinstone I have seen. I have seen him in England in a society widely different to that to which he had been accustomed. I have seen him supporting the dignity of his own character in the crowds of London who seemed at once to be impressed with the idea that they were approaching a great man. It is difficult to describe what I mean, but there are some here who will no doubt understand me when I say that I never saw any man who carried about him more

* Major-General Sir Thomas Munro, *Bart.* and K.C.B, Governor of Madras, died at Putticondah on the 6th July 1827 and buried at Gooty on the 7th idem. He died of cholera. His remains were afterwards removed to the seat of Government and deposited in St. Mary's Church, Fort St. George. At Putticondah Government constructed a tope and tank to his memory.

of the character of greatness than he did. It was impossible when you saw him not to think that you spoke to a very great man. He was one of the very few who enjoyed in England a fame commensurate with his merits, for it is a fact that cannot be denied that the public in England pay little attention to the proceedings of this country or to the merits of its public servants. This is a circumstance that I have often when speaking to him regretted, imperfectly as I was then acquainted with the merits of those services; and it is a circumstance which, since I have become better acquainted with them, I regret still more. It is among the thoughts that are the most agreeable to me that I may be able to awaken a more just appreciation of the merits of those services —to turn the attention of those who only want better information to act differently to the pre-eminent services which have been here rendered to the British Empire, and to the honour of the British name, by the servants of the Company. Gentlemen, I propose with the greatest pleasure, the Civil Service of India.

The next toast that I find in the list, is 'The Calcutta Bar.' (*Applause.*) My own forensic experience, gentlemen, has been extremely small, for my only recollection of an achievement in that way is that I once convicted a boy before the Quarter Sessions of stealing a parcel of cocks and hens; but, gentlemen, I have sufficient experience to know well how many men of distinguished merits have resorted to the Calcutta Bar, and I earnestly hope that they will have the good fortune to get more briefs than I did.

I have not proposed any toast with greater pleasure than that which I find next on the list, 'Old England and our English friends' who have favoured us with their company. It is unnecessary for me to tell you how close, how perfect is the union between the two countries, so close indeed that we form one body, and it is certain ancient recollections and feelings of local attachment that separate us from each other. On every occasion in which it is necessary that the British nation should act as a body they go together as one man. Never for a century past has there been any disunion, and the feelings that exist are a sufficient security that the union will remain inviolate. I am sure every Scotchman here will join me in this toast with as much pleasure as I feel in proposing it—Old England and our English friends."

Sir Charles Metcalfe in responding to the toast said :—

"It is incumbent on us, your English guests, to return our best thanks for the honour you have done us. Many here would do it better than I can, but we cannot leave it undone. I consider one of the strongest proofs of the intimacy of the union between England and Scotland to be that you have chosen an Englishman for your Chairman (*great laughter*) for at least Mr. Macaulay has denied that he is thoroughly a Scotchman. England claims him by birth and education and Scotland by parentage. They say a man is not a horse because he happens to be born in a stable (*laughter*); therefore I fear England must give way to Scotland. At all events I think you are quite right to claim as your own one of whom either country would be proud, and I am sure he is in a proud position for whom two countries would contend. I return you our best thanks, but as this would be much better done by Mr. Turton* than by me I beg to leave the rest to him (*laughter and applause*).

After this Macaulay continued the speech thus :—

"After the very severe animadversions that have been passed on our Irish friends for not entertaining us on St. Patrick's Day, it is a question whether the toast I have next to propose will be received with much enthusiasm. There are more serious grounds that make me feel something like a reluctance to mention the name of Ireland in scenes of sociality like this ; for I cannot hear it mentioned without feelings of peculiar pain which I have brought with me from other scenes of political contention. There are some circumstances in the state of that unhappy country which make it peculiarly painful and unpleasant for any man accustomed to the transaction of affairs in England to speak of it. I do look on it with an affection and interest not inferior to Scotland or England, and only wish that the union which I find between the three nations here could be carried across the water. I am convinced that I need wish nothing more for the happiness of the Empire than that the union between Great Britain and Ireland were as cordial as between the English and Irish population of Calcutta. Whatever may be the feelings in another part of the world, the only

* He was then an advocate of the Calcutta Supreme Court. Afterwards became knighted and succeeded his brother as Baronet. See page 432 of Mr. C. E. Buckland's *Dictionary of Indian Biography*.

feeling here I am convinced will be that of cordiality and good will when I propose to you 'The Emerald Isle and our Irish friends.'

I wish the duty of proposing the next toast, 'The mercantile community of Calcutta,' had devolved upon some person who had lived longer in this city than I have, as he would have found materials for a much better speech than I can give. My sojourn among you has been short, but not so short but I have found men worthy of confidence and esteem, and I am convinced that a larger residence would have enabled me to speak with greater authority. I do believe from what I have learned that the mercantile community of Calcutta are entitled to the highest respect, and that they are most important agents in the civilisation of India, in the diffusion of knowledge and in developing the resources of the country. These must be the effects of trade when directed by liberal and enlightened minds, and even from my short experience I know that there are such minds. I wish some person better able than myself had given this toast, but I give it with the confidence that you will join me with great pleasure in drinking to the mercantile community of Calcutta.

The next toast, and indeed the last one in the list, I am convinced you will drink without the smallest hesitation, for it means ourselves and those we like best, 'Honest men and bonnie lasses,' and no other recommendation is requisite than the mere words. It is an old Scotch toast and I think there could not be a better."

The above is the full text of Macaulay's speech at St. Andrew's Dinner which was much appreciated at the time. But his biographer and nephew, Sir George Otto Trevelyan, could not lay his hand on it when he compiled the memoirs in the belief that the speech was not fully reported at the time of its delivery. And the most curious thing is, that the biographer does not even mention that his subject ever presided over St. Andrew's Dinner at Calcutta. While reviewing Macaulay's biography, the late Sir W. W. Hunter was told by J. O'B. Saunders (Senior) of the *Englishman* that "for

want of a reporter the magnificent speech was not reported."*

On this speech a criticism was made by John William Kaye (afterwards famous as the Historian of the Sepoy Mutiny) within a few years after its delivery in the pages of this *Review*. Kaye was present at the dinner as a guest, and expressed his feelings thus :—

"When Macaulay arrived here (Calcutta)—Calcutta as its wont is—rushed to bow the knee to the new Baal. This sort of idolatry is enough of itself to turn the head of any man save one of *simple* manners and noble dignity of character. Macaulay is not a man of simple manners, and we leave it to others to say, what traces of hospitality, benefit, kindness, or large disinterestedness he has left behind him. The Scotch next crowded to his levée and *booed*—begged of him to preside at their St. Andrew's feast. He accordingly came and made one grand artificial sounding brass and tinkling cymbal kind of speech. How the ears of those Caledonians must have tingled, when thrice in the course of that memorable evening (thrice, the brinded cat hath mewed) Macaulay assured them that he was *no* Scotchman! He could not go through Coventry with them—that was flat, they got a lesson—and let those who formed the deputation to ask him—sing *Gaudeamus* for that evening's beautiful result! St. Andrew's chair thus became desecrated by a mongrel occupation and it has never prospered since."

S. C. SANIAL.

To be continued.)

* For Mr. J. O'B. Saunders' letter to Sir W. W. Hunter, see the latter's biography by Mr. P. H. Skrine (late of the Indian Civil Service), p. 254. (Ed. of 1901.)

Art. VI.—THE BRITISH EXPLOITATION OF INDIAN EDUCATION.

AN idea that has long haunted reflecting minds, *viz.*, that the English Exploitation of Indian Education is an administrative rather than a professional problem, or at any rate is at least as much the one as the other, appears at last to have crystalised into something like a public conviction, and has given rise to some discussion outside official circles. The idea itself seems as reasonable as it is practical, and the thoughtful observer has only to take stock of the extent to which the Government in its executive capacity has been compelled from time to time for years past to intervene in the evolution of public education—either to enquire with obvious concern whitherto it was tending, or to declare that it was going wrong and called for some proclamation or commission or other executive device to set it right—to feel satisfied that Public Education is the business of statesmen, and not merely the concern of school masters and college lecturers, however dutiful these agents, and however beautiful their work, may be. Happily, a decision of this kind may be arrived at without any derogation from the dignity or influence of expert educationalists in their own proper sphere. Even in Britain, though squabbles in Parliament over the last, and probably also over the next, Education Act, were and will be tinged with religious animosities, as troublesome as the corresponding political symptoms of the same disease in public life, yet there has been enough in the evolution of national education to call for the exercise of statesmanship, and to prove that the region of administrative control in such matters is

distinct from the sphere of pure professional alliance and allegiance, and above it. If this be the case at home, where generations of experiment have in some respects simplified the course of education; where, although religious rivalries have complicated matters, neither racial antipathies nor economic conditions have interposed to distract responsible custodians of popular trusts, what must we expect in a country like India where, to all the difficulties of British educational experiment, are added all the known conflicts of race feeling and the unknown influence of economic forces working underground, and often to be guessed rather than seen and estimated? All these considerations have only to be realised by any candid mind in order to secure frank admission that the British exploitation of education in India has been, and must always be, an administrative business; and that until their relations can be more clearly ascertained, and their respective responsibilities assigned to statesmanship and to professional skill, the confusion that has prevailed in the past shall continue to obstruct real reform in the future. From the standpoint of these reflections, it may be a fair question whether the paramount influence claimed by and assigned to educationalists, as such, both in the ordinary educational administration, and in special investigations into the whole problem of Indian education, has not been a blunder, as representing a disproportionate adjustment of responsibilities. The resentment naturally harboured by an educational expert on being told that it is necessary to temper his recommendations, on what he considers his own special subjects, with suggestions which he loftily pronounces to be amateur, would perhaps be moderated, and yield to a more reasonable feeling, if it were explained that the science of government is distinct

from the science of instruction everywhere, not less in India than elsewhere, and that it calls for a serious apprenticeship. It is not true, as is sometimes said, that, in other spheres of human responsibility, in which administrative and professional expertness come into contact, precedence is invariably yielded to the latter. It never is, and never can be. On the contrary, it is just the other way. Plague repression in India, one would imagine, was essentially a medical affair. But it has been found to be an affair of the highest statesmanship; and so, although the therapeutic and prophylactic work of plague repression is remitted to medical skill, the conditions under which operations shall be undertaken, and be advanced or held in abeyance, and in fact all the more important part of plague regulation, has been reserved in administrative hands, mostly chosen for knowledge of and sympathy with the masses (such as are not usually acquired within the walls of school rooms and lecture halls) and influenced by sentimental and other considerations as unlike medical prescription and theory as can well be conceived. This is only one illustration of many. The Army, where so much depends on professional knowledge, is almost invariably under the control of a civilian War Secretary chosen for his statesmanship; and it is remarkable that most Army reforms, which have contributed to the better recruitment, mobilisation, and striking power of the British Army, have been devised by civilians. That the last British Secretary for War should have failed in every effort to which he put his ill-fated hands in any sphere is surely a limited personal phenomenon. In almost every region of administration, in which science is the handmaid of power; responsible authority has to make its weight felt; and it is the fact that, in most instances, knowledge is power, that makes power equally authoritative and

efficient. Why it should be otherwise in Indian Education, which has exhibited some of the saddest miscarriages of professional faddism, and which calls for the exercise of the highest statesmanship based on administrative experience, it would be difficult to explain, if it were not that intensity of self-consciousness in sensitive cults is given to self-assertion, and, in India, where the individual tenure of official life is brief, it is found easier to concede almost anything claimed by anybody clothed in recognised and respectable pretensions, if it does not lessen pay, or shorten leisure, or diminish pleasure, than to combat it. Is not this the secret of the success of so many oligarchies of modest, if not mediocre, attainment and magnificent pretence? and of the vogue of so many fashions which men bow before, and laugh behind? For the honour of any professional cult which may be stung into revenge by relegation to a back seat, it may be hoped that the mean defence will never be made of past educational miscarriages that, whether suggested and inspired or not by any educational department of any province, the final approval or rejection of it lay with the Government. Meanness of this stamp can only be discounted by the obvious retort that Government has generally fully trusted its expert advisers, and in the majority of instances, followed their counsel; and that while such misplaced confidence where it cannot be excused by distraction from many different sources, may prove the absence of real statesmanship in the seat of power on particular occasions, it cannot disprove the need of it at the head of departments from which unwise recommendations have been pressed on the Government.

It is believed in some quarters that in hinting, in one of his earlier orations, at the possible creation of

a Ministry of Education, and in one of his latest declarations, at the probable establishment of an Imperial Department of Education, the late Viceroy intended to inaugurate a new era in which the claims of public education to careful statesmanlike administrative control would not be neglected in the future as they had been in the past. New eras beget their own difficulties, and some of them have been suddenly extinguished by bolts out of the blue. But a new *régime* has been inaugurated, which has given rise to acrimonies whose effect upon its future no one can anticipate. But the late Viceroy enjoyed the credit of knowing his own mind, and of possessing not only the power, but the will, to enforce it, if not always along the line of least resistance, at any rate along lines on which resistance usually grew small by degrees and beautifully less. How far any impulse imparted to an era of reform may progress after the withdrawal of its inspiring head is one of those enigmas which, because of the incalculable densities of official Indian conservation, and the strength of vested interests, no one dare foretell. A great public reform, brought out of the mist in which public education in India has for many official generations groped, ought neither to be abandoned nor postponed, in deference to personal claims, least of all to those of mere seniority, as long as the resources of pension and even decoration lie in the hands of the State. The recent determination of one of the provincal Governments to place an experienced administrator at the head of the local Education Department would seem to indicate that there is a serious intention in high places to echo the note struck by Lord Curzon. There is no reason why an educational officer should not sometimes be a statesman. Only, the conditions of official life in lecture rooms are less favourable

to the development of statesmanship than the wider administration of civilian district officers. It need hardly be said that they are unequal to the creation of the desideratum where it does not exist. The loyalty and devotion of official educationists in India has, on their own plane, been so worthy of praise that no difficulty ought to be experienced in convincing all whose vision is not bounded by self-interest that no disloyalty to their own ideals is involved in their rendering to education the things that are education's, and to statesmanship the things that are statesmanship's. Harmony might so be ensured along the whole line of any experiment which the fertile brain and vigorous energy of Lord Curzon launched upon the country, and which his successor and his various satraps may have the courage to pursue.

M.

SUMMARY OF ANNUAL REPORTS.

GENERAL REPORT ON THE OPERATIONS OF THE SURVEY OF INDIA administered under the Government of India during 1903-04, prepared under the direction of Colonel J. R. Hobday, I.A., Officiating Surveyor-General of India.

THIS record of work, too little known and appreciated by the general public, is full of valuable information which may be interesting to even the man-in-the-street. The difficulties that have arisen owing to errors in the original observations of longitude by which the Indian area has been placed on the globe 2½ miles too far east and to the deformation of the geoid in India are carefully shown by Lieutenant-Colonel S. G Bunara, F.R.S., R.E. The time for the correct placing of India on the Maps has however not yet come, and should not be thought of until the geordic figure of the earth is more accurately determined and when at the same time the latitudinal and azimuthal errors can be corrected.

In determining the heights of Himalayan peaks many difficulties have arisen. These are chiefly due to extraordinary deformations in the level surface of the submontane regions, to ignorance of the laws of refraction when light traverses rarefied air, and to the variation in height due to increase or decrease of snow. Owing to these difficulties we are led to infer that it is quite possible that the three chief peaks of the world do not stand in the order commonly accepted, and that to Kanchinjinga (why not Kangchenjunga) may belong the second place of honour. We are, however, carefully warned not to accept the possible heights of these three peaks till the accumulated mass of evidence relating to refraction, local attraction and snowfall is disentangled. A controversy which has gone on intermittently for the last 48 years must now be closed. In a report on the identification and nomenclature of the Himalayan Peaks Captain H. Wood, R.E., shows that Peak XV does not belong to that group of mountains to which Gaurisankar

was applied either as the name of the range or of a single peak. Everest then must remain the name of Peak XV. The name Sankar seems most properly to belong to Peak XX. The mistake of Boeck, and the consequent mistake of Freshfield, seems most probably due to some ignorant man pointing out Peak XXIV as Gaurisankar and to their mistaking this for Peak XVIII. Boeck's photograph leaves no doubt in the mind of an unprejudiced person that he was looking at Peak XXIV and quite in the wrong direction for Everest.

A very interesting report on the journey from Gyang-tse to Simla *viâ* Gartok is given by Captain C. H. D. Ryder, R.E. From this we learn that there is no outlet from the Rakas-Tal to the Sutlej, and that therefore the sources of that river lie in the hills to the west of the Rakas-Tal. He also re-discovered the channel connecting the Manasarowrer Lake with the Rakas-Tal, corroborating Strachey's discovery. This channel, which is 3 miles long, has running water in it only during the rainy season and the melting of the snow from June to September.

Much scientifically useful work is also being done by the Pendulum observations and by the Magnetic Survey.

ADMINISTRATION REPORT OF THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER PROVINCE for 1904-05.

A REPORT of progress in general both in the welfare of the people and in the diminution of serious crime, marred in Waziristan by the murder of two British officers by Mahsud sepoys of the Waziristan Militia and by the operations of bands of trans-border rioters such as the Hazarnao gang. With regard to the latter we cannot do better than quote the report:—"One of the chief disturbing elements in the Province was a gang of Afghans and outlaws from British territory with its head-quarters at Hazarnao in Afghanistan under the moral and material support of the local Afghan officials This gang committed serious depredations in the Peshawur District, coming and returning through the Bazar Valley. Mashud and Sheranni outlaws from this Province, who have received shelter in Afghanistan near Ghazni, aided by some Afghan subjects, made a successful attack on the Khuni Burj

post in Zhob in Baluchistan, and later on attempted a similar attack on the post of Shinbuz, also in Zhob." Other such disturbances seem to have taken place in other localities, and the support of the local Afghan Governors has not been given, nullifying the effects of the British Afghan Joint Commission. The report on the ordinary relations with Afghanistan concludes thus :—"Generally speaking, the minor Afghan border officials are manifesting a spirit of unfriendliness to the British Government, and in matters affecting both Governments are carrying out a policy of obstruction rather than reciprocity." This evidently needs very careful attention and tact on the part of officials.

REPORT ON THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE SALT DEPARTMENT during the year 1904-05.

THERE is little that calls for comment in this report. The reduction in the duty on salt manufactured in any part of British India other than Burma or Aden, or imported into any part of British India other than Burma, from Rs. 2 to Re. 1-8 per maund, has no doubt helped to discourage salt crime. The block system of patrol has also played no small part in the same desirable end. There is perhaps one paragraph to which we might take exception while considering the question of salt crime.

The Commissioner of Excise and Salt reports that there is now practically no salt crime in Orissa and writes as follows as regards the preventive establishment employed in that division :—"I do not consider that the force in Orissa requires restoration to its sanctioned strength. I have still further reduced it since Mr. Inglis wrote and it is even now quite strong enough to patrol the salt tracts and prevent the recrudescence of crime. Good reason, the increase of cultivation and the cheap price of licit salt have checked illicit manufacture for the present. If scarcity should cause crime to re-appear, the temporary deputation of a few extra men would suffice to deal with it." We should here remind the Commissioner of Excise and Salt that because there are no cases, or very few cases, of salt crime reported, it does not follow that there is practically no salt crime. We ought rather

to ask if the work of the Superintendents, who correspond to Inspectors in Madras, is supervised by a responsible officer. Again the reduction in travelling allowances is not necessarily a good sign, as it in some degree measures the energy of the various officers in patrol. Energy in this direction also brings about a diminution in crime, a result much more to be desired even than detection.

We are glad to see an increase in the gross receipts despite the fall in the duty and the decrease in the expenditure, except in so far as the paragraph above shows a decrease not to be desirable in all cases.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

DICTIONARY OF INDIAN BIOGRAPHY. By C. E. Buckland, C.I.E.

ABOUT this time last year when it was announced in the local papers that Mr. C. E. Buckland had been engaged in compiling a Dictionary of Indian Biography, moderate men most probably looked meaningly upon the announcement, as it proposed to supply a long felt want in the Anglo Indian Literature. That such a work was much needed goes without saying. Without the help of such a work, public writers are constantly liable to commit mistakes in writing about men and things of modern Anglo-India. Without a Dictionary of Indian Biography, most of the names and incidents mentioned in newspapers or official reports or otherwise, remain mere names, call up no memories or associations; the incidents and events themselves lose their significance. Addison refers to the desire of the readers of newspapers to make themselves acquainted with the personality of their authors, the satisfaction of which is the *sine qua non* of interest in their productions. This curiosity is, we believe, universal in all men, and respecting all men spoken of. It is a legitimate thirst and often the *sine qua non* of intelligent understanding of places, things and events. Without a more intimate knowledge of the relations to places, things and events, and *vice versâ*, they are all mere words—names.

As such, the announcement of the publication of a Dictionary of Indian Biography came as a news of great delight to us, and we looked forward longingly towards its day of completion. The book, as published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., is a portable volume of about 500 pages, containing 2,600 sketches of persons, both living and dead, who have been conspicuous in the history of India or distinguished in the administration of the country, in one or other of its branches, or have contributed to its welfare, service, and

advancement by their studies and literary production, or have gained some special notoriety. The period embraced in the volume commences from the year 1750 A.D.—a date, says our author in the preface, which admits of the inclusion of Robert Lord Clive and his contemporaries in Southern India, when the English power in India was being established. The following lines, apologetic in tone, have been written by Mr. Buckland in the preface to afford his critics an insight into the manner in which the book has been compiled :—

"It has been found necessary to treat the lives in an indicative, rather than in an exhaustive, manner. It is impossible to include everybody who has been in India, and nothing has been harder than the attempt to fix a standard of merit to entitle its possessor to inclusion. No one consulted has been able to suggest a criterion of 'distinction.' The titles and decorations of the various Orders of Knighthood afford no certain ground. A complete and full Biographical Dictionary for India could only be undertaken, and might well be undertaken by Government agency or under a financial guarantee of the cost of production. In all the difficulties of the problem, it is only possible to decide, for inclusion or exclusion, upon general principles, general reputation, or notoriety : and the many persons omitted for want of space are likely to challenge the conclusions of the Editor. Again, in such a work, unintentional omissions are sure to occur, in spite of all precautions, but they can be supplied in future editions. In many cases, even of prominent names, sufficient biographical information is not available, or, at any rate, has not come to hand. It is equally impossible to avoid entirely mistakes of dates or facts : the sources of information consulted often disclose discrepancies, which personal knowledge has sometimes been able to determine. Accuracy has been a main object in the compilation, but the short lives cannot be made more accurate than the sources of information permit."

The above lines written apologetically do no doubt disarm the critic of his adverse weapon as they exonerate the author from all charges of inaccuracy and misstatement of facts narrated in the book. To examine the correctness or otherwise

of the volume before us, the critic must be more industrious than the author in every respect, for, we believe, it is a very difficult book for the reviewer to deal in. To find fault with the book not only has the critic to read the sketches *seriatim*, but examine the correctness of every fact stated therein, which involves no ordinary time and labour. To an industrious unsparing critic, the task is not impossible of detecting errors and of finding fault generally with the book, but before attempting to storm his enemies' position, he must prepare himself for the action, undergoing trouble and care of no inconsiderable degree. In judging the merit of a reference book like the present one, circumstances in which it has been compiled must enter into the reviewer's calculation, and as no one is more conversant with them than the author or the editor, he is, we believe, the best judge of such a work as the present one. As such, we congratulate the author for having acknowledged the defects and drawbacks that have obstructed him in bringing out his book as it should be.

In his preface the author has not mentioned the several attempts made in the past, and before his, to compile a Dictionary of Indian Biography. From his silence it is not to be supposed that no attempts were made in the past to supply the long felt want. About 1852 the Rev. William Carey, son of the great Missionary, commenced a social publication on the *Oriental Christian Biography*. The reverend gentleman could not complete his work before his death, which prevented the second edition being taken up by the author, as its first edition quickly ran out of print. It is one of those rare publications which should be reprinted to the profit of the publisher and to the benefit of the public. We believe this was the earliest attempt made to compile a biographical dictionary. In the list of books consulted by Mr. Buckland, we do find its name, but it is now so rare that even the Imperial Library of Calcutta has failed to procure a copy. The next attempt was made by Mr. J. J. Higginbotham of Messrs. Higginbotham and Co. of Madras in 1872 when he published *Men whom India has known*. Of this book only two editions were published, after which it became out of print. Neither the publishers

or the author thought it advisable to reprint the work during the subsequent period. Of Oriental biography, the Asistic Society of Bengal first published in 1870 Mr. Beale's *Oriental Biographical Dictionary*, edited and enlarged by Mr. H. G. Keene. In 1879 Babu Lokenath Ghose published his *Native Aristocracy and Gentry* in two volumes, containing much information about the old families of Calcutta and other places of Bengal, Behar, Orissa, and the North-West. Like its predecessors they too quickly ran out of print, and have not been reprinted since then. These are, we believe, all the serious attempts made to supply the reading public of India with a biographical dictionary.

Before allowing his book to go to the printers, Mr. Buckland gave the public an opportunity of reading his list of names by publishing them in the columns of the *Athenæum*, thereby inviting to bring to his notice any omissions of names that merited recognition. This opportunity was cleverly utilised by three or four contributors to the *Statesman*, among whom Mr. H. E. A. Cotton did Mr. Buckland yeoman service by drawing up a very large list of omissions, of which the author has accepted in his book at least half. Besides several people have helped the author privately either at his request or out of their own accord. An acknowledgment, general in character, appears in the preface for those who have afforded the author assistance and information.

Regarding the book itself, it must be at once said that the plan followed in the work of its compilation is the best and most comprehensive. But whether the plan so excellently conceived is so excellently carried out is more than what we can say. It is true that the author in arranging his sketches in alphabetical order has followed a wise course, but in his attempt to write out the sketches themselves in what he calls an "indicative rather than in an exhaustive manner," we are unable to follow suit. We do not know whether in trying to follow his own "indicative" method scrupulously he has given us such meagre and disappointing notices as of James Hutton (p. 213), James Sutherland (p. 410), George Roe Fenwick (p. 144) Pratap Chandra Rai (p. 347), Longueville Clarke (p. 83), and

several others, which should be largely written upon when better accounts of them are available. Even in the alphabetical order itself we find one or two defects. The Bengalee family-names "Rai" and "Mukerjee" have been spelt differently in two different places. As such, we find the Rai's and Mukerjee's scattered in different places, in pages 298 (as Mookerji), 304 (Mukerji), 347 (Rai), 366 (Roy). This defect in the alphabetical order might have been avoided by giving some cross-references. Walter Reinhard does not appear under "R" but has been put under "S" as Samru. Sambhunath Pandit should have appeared under "P" as Pandit, which is his family name, but we find him under "S" as Sambhunath. In these cases, cross-reference is necessary.

Of the names treated in the book, we do not always find them in full. James *Charles Colebrooke* Sutherland appears simply as James Sutherland, Longueville *Loftus* Clarke as Longueville Clarke, *Petu* Amyatt as only Amyatt, Raja Sir *Tanjore* Madhava Rao as Raja Sir Madhava Rao, and so on. In a book of reference this defect is to be avoided as far as possible. Then, again, we see some of the names misspelt. The *dulce decus* of the old Bengal Civil Service, Augustus Clevland, who has been misspelt during a century, is still appearing as Augustus Cleveland in Mr. Buckland's book (p. 84). Edward Cooke of p. 92 should be Edward Cook, and there should be two n's in the second name of Mrs. Sara Cotes. An industrious critic will be able to enlarge this list of such errors, which we have no time to draw up and no inclination to present to the reader lest it might lead him to suppose that Mr. Buckland is uniformly guilty of such slips.

Regarding the names included in the book, we believe it should be said that the author might have done well by omitting such names as Macaulay, John Bright, Henry Fawcett, Charles Lamb, William Makepeace Thackeray, John Stuart Mill, James Mill, and a host of others, who are two well-known and whose biographical sketches are to be found anywhere without the least trouble. To read the history of these immortal men, nobody, we believe, will think of Mr. Buckland's book, as there are better and more authentic books to consult.

In their place the author might have put in those whom he has been obliged to leave out for want of space, and who have got better claim to appear in a Dictionary of Indian Biography —Robert Knight of the *Statesman*, William Lionan Blanchard, Louis Jennings, George Bowen, John Cochrane, Robert Cutler Fergusson, John Martin Honigberger, Sandford Arnot, S. E. J. Clarke, Henry Mead, Alexander Forbes, Charles Becker Greenlaw, natives such as Shyama Charan De, Shyama Charan Sarkar, Iswar Chandra Gupta, Modhusudan Gupta, Dewan Ganga Govind Sing, Maharaja Krishna Chandra Rai of Nuddea, and a legion more who have got undisputed claims upon such immortality as Mr. Buckland can afford to give them. In fact there are as many good names included in the book as there are out of it, and we wish that in his future editions the author would make room for the good names left out by omitting those among the living upon whom he has thrust greatness and immortality in advance. We do not wish to point them out for obvious reasons, but sincerely believe that their time and claims for appearing in a Dictionary of Indian Biography are still distant and premature. The object of the book is not to create great men, but to mention those who have already made themselves great in the history of India. This is the only disfigurement of the book, for which it has narrowly escaped being immortal, like its heroes.

To rescue from oblivion men who have not got a biographer and who have not even received the doubtful honours of an improving biography, a compiler of a biographical dictionary should chiefly aim at. The earlier Civil Servants of the East India Company are particularly unfortunate in not having found an annalist to chronicle their glorious deeds in the East.

In this respect they have suffered most. If after a century and more, these builders of the British Empire in the East could be saved from forgetfulness and placed on record in an Indian biographical dictionary, some basis might be made thereby on which a future historian might build his annals of the Indian Civil Service. The Bengal Army, the Madras Army, the Company's Artillery and Navy has each got its

separate historian; the soldier politicals have an honourable literature of their own. But the Indian Civil Servants, especially the earlier pioneers, have no record of their own. The events of the early war of the East India Company still move before us in the living pages of the historian Orme. But the glorious deeds of the early pioneers of the great Company are nowhere to be found. We wish the author to do as much as he can to further the above object in his future editions.

We have already said that the sketches have been compiled "indicatively." Speaking generally, they are fairly accurate and well written, though here and there the critic might detect inaccurate statements and slips. In p. 366, speaking of Ramaprasad Roy, youngest son of the famous Raja Ram Mohan Roy, the author makes the following remarks, which may be interpreted by lawyers as defamatory and be taken as libellous by the sons and grand-children of Ramaprasad. Mr. Buckland says:—"His (Ramaprasad's) family had been outcasted for his father's visit to England, but he had purchased re-admission to caste." The remark is very untrue. Raja Ram Mohan Roy never returned from England, and as much did not contaminate his family by mixing with them. His children were never outcasted for his visit to England, but continued to enjoy their unique social position in Bengal Kayastha Society, of which they were the most respected and honoured. Ramaprasad Roy was the head of the Kayasthas of Bengal and was the dictator of all social injunctions of his time. Among his own social folk, he was regarded as *Guru* or headman of the community. To his supreme social position he added his influence of the senior pleader of the Sudder Dewany Adawlut. In his time he led the fashion in the metropolis. The author's remark is ungenerous and cruel and might offend Ramaprasad's present descendants, including his son and grand-children. In p. 128 we are told that Michael Madhusadan Dutt was educated in the Hindu College under Derozio. This is not a fact. Derozio died in 1831 (see p. 118), when Mr. Dutt was only seven years old. He first entered the Hindu College in

1837 when D. L. Richardson was Principal of the College. Mr. Buckland has evidently borrowed the mistake from Mr. Pillar's *Representative Indians* in which, we believe, the same blunder is to be found. Michael Madhusudan Dutt was a genuine pupil of D. L. Richardson, from whom he borrowed his poetical inspiration and inclination. In p. 276, in the account of John Clark Marshman, we find "the *Friend of India* was issued by him and his father, as a monthly, and later a quarterly, magazine, becoming a weekly paper from 1st January 1835." J. C. Marshman had nothing to do with the *Friend of India* that was started in April 1818. It was started by the Missionaries Carey, Ward, and Marshman, father of J. C. Marshman. The name of *Friend of India* was suggested by Dr. Marshman. At first it was monthly, but in June 1820 Dr. Marshman commenced its quarterly series. So from 1820 both the monthly and the quarterly number of the paper began to appear. Of the quarterly *Friend of India*, as edited by Dr. Marshman, only fifteen numbers were published, after which it was stopped by the editor in 1827 for want of support. In this year, too, the monthly *Friend of India* was stopped by Dr. Carey for his failing health. In 1835 J. C. Marshman revived the paper as a weekly periodical, of which he was the editor. With the monthly and quarterly *Friend of India* J. C. Marshman had no connection. It was with the weekly *Friend of India* started in 1835 that he was solely identified. All these facts have been stated fully by J. C. Marshman himself in his "Carey, Marshman, and Ward, or the History of Serampore Mission."

In p. 384 Mr. Walter Scott Seton-Karr, the last God-son of the great novelist, Sir Walter Scott, is represented as a living person. We are extremely sorry to say that the renowned man died in June 1903. In p. 410 the author gives us nothing about the year of death of James Sutherland, who was found dead in his bed on 1st February 1844. His birth date is incorrectly given; it should be 1791, as Sutherland died when he was 51 years old. In p. 83 Longueville Clarke is said to have died in 1860. This is incorrect. Most probably he died in 1863. In 1862 we see him in Calcutta appealing for mercy for John Rudd to Lord Elgin, then Viceroy and

Governor-General of India, who, for the first time, we believe, allowed an Englishman to be hanged for killing a native. In p. 347 Pratap Chandra Rai, the industrious publisher of the English translation of the *Mahabharata*, is thus described:—"Translated the *Mahabharata* from Sanskrit into Bengali, and later into English; the work was printed at the cost of Government." We regret to say that what is stated is the very reverse of what is true. Pratap Chandra Rai was an illiterate man, who was innocent of both Bengalee and English. Neither did he translate the *Mahabharata* from Sanskrit into Bengali nor did he publish any such Bengali translation. The only two Bengali translations of the great Indian Epic now extant were done under the auspices of the Maharaja Pratap Chand, of Burdwan, and Babu Kali Prosunno Singh, of Jorasanko, in Calcutta. Pratap Chandra Rai published the original *Mahabharata* in Sanskrit and published its English translation, which has made him immortal. The actual work of the translation has been done by Pandit Kisan Mohan Ganguli, B.L., who has been granted a pension of Rs. 50 a month by the Government of India for his laborious and valued work. Pratap Chandra first conceived the plain of rendering the *Mahabharata* into English, and to whom belongs the credit of organising the project and bringing it to completion. The Government of India, under Lord Dufferin and all the local Governments, helped him with pecuniary aid, no doubt, but the work was not printed at the cost of Government alone. All the native chiefs helped him liberally. All these facts have been set forth clearly by the translator, and Pratap Chandra's widow in the last fasciculus of the work bringing the translation to a close. Pratap Chandra, though an illiterate man, was remarkably clever and industrious. But for his energy and zeal the Englishing of the grand Indian Epic could not have been finished successfully.

In the account of D. L. Richardson there are two or three slips. We are told that D. L. Richardson became Professor of the Hindu College from January 1836 and Principal in 1839. This is not a fact. From January 1836 Richardson became what they used to call Principal Professor of the Hindu College in the

place of Dr. Tylter resigned. In 1852 he was appointed only a Professor and not Principal of the Presidency College. Besides there are one or two misprints of dates; 1845 should be 1846, at the beginning of which Krishnaghur College was started; 1848-50 should be 1848-49, towards the end of the latter year Richardson resigned his post. In p. 264 Charles Maclean is described vaguely as "in 1798 he was ordered by the Governor-General to leave India for making an insinuation in a newspaper against a Magistrate." The paper in which the insinuation appeared was *The Telegraph*, and the Magistrate against whom Maclean wrote was Mr. Rider of Gazipur. The offence for which he was ordered to leave India was the insinuation against Mr. Rider plus his previous misconduct in quitting the ship to which he had been attached as a medical man and remaining in India without the permission of Government. In p. 195 the author vaguely says that Havelock married a daughter of Dr. Marshman. The daughter was Hannah Shepherd, the youngest of Dr. Marshman's daughters. In p. 129 Dyce-Sombre is said to have married the daughter of Lord St. Vincent without naming her in particular. Her name was Mary Anne Jervis, who afterwards became Lady Forrester when she took another husband.

We do not wish to multiply the list of such slips as are pointed out in the belief that the author is fully cognisant of them and will amend them in his future edition. With all its imperfections the book will be found essentially necessary and useful to those who constantly write on Indian affairs, and who, for want of such a *vade mecum*, are always doubtful about what they write. The author says truly:—"There are Biographical Dictionaries which contain lives of Indian celebrities and there are many biographies of individuals who have distinguished themselves in India. But the dictionaries are large, expensive works, and the separate 'Lives' or 'Memoirs' are often lengthy or inaccessible. There is no single volume of moderate size, containing such information as is sufficient for the ordinary reader, regarding the careers and doings of the large number of persons connected with India, in History, by exploits, services, and writings. The object of this 'Dictionary

of Indian Biography' is to supply this want." We congratulate the author on having produced the book whose usefulness will go on increasing as further amendments and additions are incorporated into it. Still as it is, its importance cannot be gainsaid. By placing a copious biography at the end of the book, its value has been much increased, and we wish to conclude this notice by throwing out the suggestion that in any future editions it would increase the usefulness of his book if the author could cite his authorities at the end of each sketch.

YOLANDA, MAID OF BURGUNDY, by Charles Major. (Macmillan & Co.)

A STIRRING story of the times of Charles the Bold and Maximilian of Hapsburg. The great Duke of Burgundy is painted in very sombre colours, rather more sombre perhaps than history warrants. The language, too, put into the mouths of the historical characters, occasionally has a very modern sound, and in one instance actually degenerates into slang. But the book has a good plot and is very readable.

INDIAN ECHOES, by John Renton Denning. (Blackie and Son.)

THIS book of poems would have been more fitly named "Kipling Echoes." They challenge such constant comparison with Mr. Kipling's poems, and follow so faithfully the very shapes and forms of their exemplars, that they are almost irritating. It is a pity, for Mr. Denning has quite obviously a muse of his own and she deserves to be allowed to speak in her own natural style.

SOPRANO, by F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan and Co.)

AN unfinished story which bids fair on completion to rank with Mr. Crawford's best. The contrast between the old and budding *prima donnas*, and between the shy Englishman and the passionate and unscrupulous Greek, gives balance and interest to the tale, and the droll situation with which the present volume concludes will alone be sufficient to ensure a ready welcome for the presumably consequent *dénouement*.

SHINTO, by W. G. Aston, C.M.G., D. Lit. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

AT this season of awakened interest in all things Japanese this scholarly and sympathetic study of the old Kami cult of Japan should find many readers. "The subject is treated," says the author in his preface, "from a positive, not from a negative or agnostic standpoint, Religion being regarded as a normal function, not a disease, of humanity." The book is charmingly illustrated, and exceedingly well printed.

CARTOONS FROM THE HINDI PUNCH (for 1905).

AN interesting picture history of India for last year. The most striking cartoon is that entitled Sunset, representing the setting of Lord Curzon as the sun amid the troubled waves of Western diplomacy and beneath the lowering clouds of the New Military Administration Scheme. Generally speaking, the likenesses in these cartoons are immediately recognisable, which is more than can be said of the efforts of most continental caricaturists in Europe.

MEHMED TSCHELEBI. Ein ursprunglich turkisch verfaszter Schwank in neupersischer Ubersetzung Ins deutsche ubersetze von L. Pekotsch. Wien, 1905.

THIS is a most valuable addition to the scanty stock of printed modern Persian light literature Candidates for examination in Persian under the new regulations would find it suitable for the advanced course, and might well employ themselves in deciphering its moderately difficult *shikasta* with the help of the transliteration appended.

The play was originally written in Turkish by a Missionary named Viguier and printed in his "*Elémens de la langue turque*," Constantinople, 1790; the translation was copied about 1865, and is believed to have been made about that time.

A HANDBOOK OF THE ORDINARY DIALECT OF THE TAMIL LANGUAGE, by the Rev. G. N. Pope, M.A., D.D. (Clarendon Press, Oxford.)

THE Rev. Mr. Pope is a well-known scholar who has written several very useful works in Tamil. This is the seventh edition

of the Prose Reader, and the fact of the book having run through seven editions speaks forcibly for the usefulness and excellence of the work. The selections are most judiciously made, and the passages are largely varied :—Classical prose, business Tamil, easy stories, Panchatantram, Magisterial business, "Cutchery Tamil," petitions and official correspondence. What is more, the book is eminently fit to be a moral reader, the want of which had long been felt by Tamil students.

[*Note.*—The following articles, written by the Count de Lesdain, describing the adventurous journey concluded in November last by himself and his wife, should be of considerable interest to our readers We print the second one in the original French written by the Count himself All rights of republication and translation are strictly reserved]

ARYABHATA (ARYABHATTA ?), by J. R. Pillai. (G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras.)

THIS booklet is a translation of a lecture on Aryabhatta delivered in Malayalam by M. R. Ry. S S. Pillai. "Of all the classical languages," wrote a writer on the Wealth of Sanskrit. "Sanskrit is that which has the largest literature. The number of Sanskrit books known to be in existence may, without exaggeration, be called stupendous. There is scarcely a department of human activity, not entirely modern, which Sanskrit writers have not dealt with at great length." It must be admitted that considering the absence of apparatus at their disposal, the ancient Hindus developed a knowledge of astronomy which is really wonderful. Many years back Colebrooke wrote, "Hindus had undoubtedly made some progress at an early period in the astronomy cultivated by them for the regulation of time. Their calendar, both civil and religious, was governed chiefly, not exclusively, by the moon and the sun : and the motions of these luminaries were carefully observed by them, and with such success, that their determination of the moon's synodical revolution, which was what they were principally concerned with, is a much more correct one than the Greeks ever achieved. They had a division of the ecliptic into twenty-seven and twenty-eight parts, suggested evidently by the moon's period in days and seemingly their own ; it was certainly borrowed by the Arabians."

It is a sign of the times that Indian scholars are now following in the footsteps of European scholars in ransacking the storehouse of their past.

Aryabhatta (called by the author "the Newton of Indian Astronomy") was born in a village near Patna in 476 A.D. He wrote several works on Astronomy. In India he first asserted that the earth is an "all-round globe," which is very near the truth. It was he, too, who boldly declared that he believed in the "attraction of the earth." Aryabhatta rejected the popular and prevalent idea that the earth is stationary and said that "it turns round its axis once in twenty-four hours."* He calculated the earth's shadow to be 143,621 *yojanas* (1 *yojana*=7½ miles) long. The area of the earth's surface he calculated to be 194,828,287½ square miles. According to modern European investigations, the area of the earth's surface is 197,000,000 square miles. So on the whole the old Indian astronomer was very near truth in most of his calculations and observations. But on some points he was not certain of the truth of his own assertions. He contradicted his assertion about the earth's daily rotation on two occasions, *vide* the second half of the fifteenth verse of the *Kalakriya Pada*, and the tenth verse of the *Gola Pada*.

It is to be noted that in ancient India men were not persecuted for opinion as they were in Europe as late as the time of Galileo (1564 A.D.).

While congratulating the author on his attempt to make popular the theories of an old Indian astronomer, we cannot but express our regret at the shortness of his treatise. Let us hope we shall soon have the pleasure of seeing a more elaborate work on the subject. It is unfortunate, we must remark, that even careful scholars like the author grow careless in accepting as divine revelation all important theories and so fail to trace them to their inception.

POPULAR HINDU ASTRONOMY, PART I, by Sri Kalinath Mukherji. (Hare Press, Calcutta.)

YET another proof of the interest educated Indians are now taking in Hindu astronomy is to be found in the publication

of this laborious work. Babu Kalinath has long been engaged in astronomical research, and he has already published an "Atlas of Hindu Astronomy," which is really very interesting and in which the drawings and arrangements of the figures and symbols (excepting the steamer, which we must say was unknown in ancient India) are well done. "It is time," says Babu Kalinath, "to make fresh corrections in our astronomical calculations for want of which the Hindu almanacs are relapsing into a state of confusion. Futile attempts are being made here and there to correct the positions of the planets, but to do so with any degree of success, it requires actual observations of the heavens carried on by practical astronomers. Book-learning can hardly improve matters. But no observation is possible without astronomical charts and instruments. As to the former, the uncouth and inaccurate, and in some cases obscene, charts of the Nakshatras found in some of the astrological works are the only ones now extant, works on the "*Nakshatra Vidyâ*" being no longer in existence. We have, therefore, to reconstruct an atlas of the Hindu astronomy, but to do so the only course left open is to accept and adopt European charts." And with the help of European charts Babu Kalinath has tried to interpret what is obscure in Hindu astronomy. Just as the exuberance of wild vegetation in India covers ruined palaces and prayer-halls in impenetrable jungles—which remind one of the magical envelopment of the Sleeping Beauty's palace—so an exuberance of legends obscure the truth in India. And it is a pleasure to find men like the author of the present work, whose intellect has been sharpend by Western education, trying to get at the truth, admitting errors, and making corrections where necessary. They should never forget—

"New occasions teach new duties, time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upwards still and onward who would keep abreast of truth."

Books like "Popular Hindu Astronomy" are likely to enhance the reputation of Calcutta scholarship. They give promise of a brilliant future for Hindu Astronomy. And, if—as some would have us believe—the knowledge of astronomy, like the great luminary of the day, rose in the East and the glory unspeakable in the West before which we now stand transfixed

in wonder is but the afterglow of the sun sinking below the horizon. We hope that in this case a familiar physical phenomenon may be repeated and the whole splendour of the West may reappear in the cloud lands of the East to illumine its darkness with transferred lights.

CHANDRASHEKHAR, by Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, translated by Debendra Chandra Mullick. (Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta.)

THE original of this work was reviewed in the *Calcutta Review* as far back as 1875 (vol. LXI). And it was with considerable expectation that we opened the translation. "The whole course of England's mission," says Mr. Frazer in his *Literary History of India*, "is calmly to note the power of the old mark its failing strength, and graft any of its lasting principles of vitality on to new ideals. Nowhere better than in the novels of Bankim Chandra Chatterjee can the full force of this strife between old and new be traced." This has been even more clearly explained by Mr. Phillips in his Introduction to his excellent translation of Bankim Chandra's "Kapalakundala." So eager has been the West to know the *true* East—the East as reflected in the mirror of the Eastern mind, that about half a dozen novels by this gifted Bengalee novelist have already been translated into English and German (*vide* Mr. Blumhardt's Introduction to Mrs. Knight's translation of Bankim Chandra's "Krishnakanta's Will"). Andrew Lang has somewhere said—some arts have been lost, the art of translation has never been discovered. This is very true. But the patience of the reader cannot but get tired when in addition to the drawbacks of the translation he is confronted by the difficulties of obscurity of language. The English of this book—like that of some other translations of Bankim Chandra's novels by Bengalees recently published—requires thorough overhauling. It is always a difficult work to translate a book into another language; it is almost a hopeless task to translate a book into a language which is not one's mother tongue. Unfortunately this is often forgotten by young Bengalee aspirants. But in spite of its shortcomings the book will help the European reader to enter into the spirit of modern Bengalee thought as interpreted by the greatest of modern Bengalee novelists.

BRITISH RULE IN INDIA, by S. M. Mitra. (F. M. Blake, London.)

THE name of this pamphlet—which was published in India some time back under a different and more appropriate name—is a misnomer, for it is only a reprint of three Magazine articles, *viz.*, "Did England Teach India to Drink?" "Mr. Dutt and Indian Famines," "An Alien Yoke: or—a Divine Dispensation?" and the reader fails to understand why it is called "British Rule in India." Perhaps the author was conscious of this fact—for in the preface he explains—"Although these pages are merely a reprint of certain Magazine articles I wrote while in India, and although no alterations whatever have been made in the original contributions, this booklet is by no means a bundle of disconnected thoughts." But the reader may be reluctant to accept this explanation. The author has tried to point out that Englishmen cannot he held responsible for all India's woes. Here we agree with him. That there is another side of the shield is evident from the fact that it was necessary to find out four retired Anglo-Indian officials to be sponsors for this puny pamphlet. But the flourish of trumpets with which this pamphlet has been ushered in is disproportionate. And, though on the whole the author has put his case clearly and the pamphlet is being distributed free we are not certain if the booklet will serve to "stimulate public interest in the vast British Dominions in the East."

A GLIMPSE INTO THE WORK OF THE B. B. R. A. SOCIETY DURING THE LAST 100 YEARS FROM A PARSEE POINT OF VIEW, by Jivanji Jamshedji (Modi. Education Society's Press, Bombay.)

THIS work is a part of the "Centenary Memorial Volume" of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, and contains a review of the papers and notes on Iranian subjects, read before the Society during the last hundred years. It has been the author's endeavour to give a brief outline of these papers and supplement it with remarks of his own. We can well imagine the amount of labour spent on the preparation of this volume. It is a book on which we can congratulate both the author and the Society. Our only regret about the book is that the author, who is so well qualified for the work, has not contributed an independent chapter on the Parsees, giving his readers the fruit of his own researches, which are by no means insignificant.

VERNACULAR LITERATURE.

Veda-prabesikâ (An usher to the *Vedas*) by Umes Chandra Batabyâl. Time was when people in England knew nothing about the Vedas. It is on record that on offering a translation of the *Rig-Veda* to the head of a great English publishing firm the late Professor H. H. Wilson was asked, "But what in all the world is the Veda, or what you call the Rig-Veda?" And to this question—Professor Goldstucker has told us—the Royal Asiatic Society was indebted for one of the most interesting lectures which towards the close of his long and meritorious career Professor Wilson delivered within its walls. Times have changed. And the endeavours of various European scholars have succeeded in making the *Vedas* known in Europe, and popular in the home of the *Vedas*—India, where before the publication of the English translations they were known only to a coterie and, to use Pindar's phrase, "spoke only to the wise." Max Müller has called the *Veda* the first of his Indian friends—"Was it not the bridge that led me from West to East, from Greece and Italy to India, nay, from Dessau to Oxford, from Germany to England?" The endeavours of European scholars have—we have already said—made the *Vedas* popular in India. And a discussion on them has followed. Bengalees should feel proud of the day on which the late Bâbu Umes Chandra turned his attention to the *Vedas*. A finished Eastern and Western scholar he was free from the bias which often disfigures the judgment of scholars of both the schools, and began to investigate

on the modern methods of analysis and synthesis. It is unfortunate he was not spared to give us more than a mere fragment. But the fragment before us is like a fragment of ancient art which we cannot but admire as we wonder at the skill of the artist. The present volume is a collection of 29 papers on various Vedic subjects reprinted—with two exceptions—from the *Sâhitya*. Three of them would prove of especial interest to European scholars, *viz.*, *Soma*, the state of science in Vedic times, and—Was beef-eating prevalent at the time of the *Rig-Veda?* Now what is the *soma*—the drink of the gods? *Soma* was the name of a kind of creeper and was also used to indicate its juice offered to the gods. Martin Haug has called it a "nasty drink." Bâbu Batabyâl has striven to prove that the *soma* of the ancient Vedic *rishi*s was another name for devotion. An opinion has been given currency to that beef-eating was prevalent among the Vedic sages. And Mr. Romes Chandra Dutt has written of slaughter-houses mentioned in the *Rig-Veda*. Bâbu Batabyâl has successfully proved that by the time the *Rig-Veda* was composed beef-eating had been abolished in the Aryân-inhabited part of India through the ordinances of sages and the orders of kings. The *Veda-prabesikâ* is a book which is a masterpiece of original research—a book which will endure as long as the Bengalee language endures.

Riyazu-s-Salatin (a history of Bengal) translated by Râm Prân Gupta. To the student of the history of Bengal *Mutaqherin* is not more important than *Riyazu-s-Salatin*. And the Asiatic Society of Bengal has rendered signal service to the cause of historical research by publishing an English translation of this book. What the Asiatic Society has done for scholars in general Bâbu Râm Prân has done for students whose meagre knowledge of English

precludes the possibility of their consulting the English translation. Though we hold that such works are more useful when written in English than when written in any other language, we do not undervalue the utility of Bengalee translations. It is unfortunate that many Bengalee writers on historical subjects want to win the crown without much exertion. But they should—in all cases—go to the originals and not rely on chance references or insufficient quotations. Hence it is that we are glad to find that books like *Riyazu-s-Salatin* are being translated into Bengalee. On a previous occasion we congratulated Bâbu Râm Prân on a book on the Moghuls in India. The book under review fully maintains the author's reputation The book itself is extremely useful, and the notes by the translator are learned and accurate.

Akinchaner Nibedana (The appeal of the humble). Speaking at the last St. Andrew's Day Dinner Mr. Hamilton said:—"There is *swadeshi* and *swadeshi*. There is a *swadeshi* which means the love of one's own country, and there is a *swadeshi* which means the hatred of another man's. One contains great possibilities of good, and is worthy of every encouragement; the other is an evil pure and simple." The *swadeshi* that we all advocate is a purely industrial movement, which has for its object the improvement of Indian industries and not the damnation of the industries of other countries. That *swadeshi* does not overlook the manifold advantages of international trade; nor does it play with political weapons. It is this *swadeshi* which the writer of the pamphlet before us advocates. The writer is an old man, and a *pandit* of the old school, sober in sense and strong in convictions. And we are glad to find him come out of the seclusion of retirement to give his countrymen his ideas about the

industrial movement and their duties in connection with it. Let us only hope—though we may be hoping against hope—that his countrymen will at least read this pamphlet, even if they refuse to be profited by its perusal.

Palli-bilâpa (Lament over the village). The idea of this poem is evidently taken from Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." And though the author has presented us a picture of a deserted Bengalee village, glimpses of the original are here and there to be had; beneath the Bengalee garb the English original can clearly be discerned. The book ought to be popular now when, in Bengal, boys are singing "Hail, Mother hail!"—and in England Mr. John Burns—as a member of the new Cabinet—declares that it is his ideal that England shall have "smaller cities, larger villages." The author's command over language is not insignificant and the flow of his verse pleasing. This, we guess from the preface, is the author's first public appearance. The modesty with which he has published the book anonymously is commendable; but, unfortunately, it is not shared by the anonymous writer of the preface.

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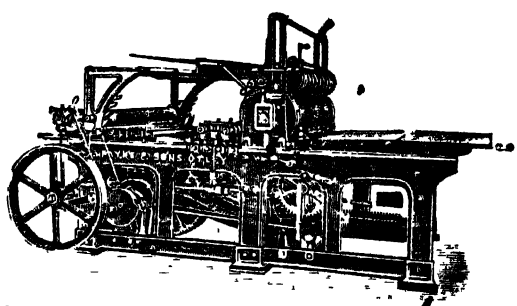
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